THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Democracy is a Bad War Maker—By Lord Northcliffe

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Waterbury $3

Canadian price $3.50

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Stylish in Appearance

Then the whole "get-up" of the watch is smart, stylish, up-to-the-minute in all the little features found in the high-priced watches. Notice the gracefully shaped bow and crown, and the distinctive figures on the dial. An attraction that doesn't show in the illustration is the enamel dial.

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The dealer has both these Waterbury models, which he'll be glad to show you. You can nearly always tell an Ingersoll store by the display of Ingersolls in the window. If the dealer hasn't the model you want, it will be sent on receipt of price by Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.

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Democracy is a Bad War-Maker

Lessons From French and British Mistakes

By LORD NORTHCLIFFE

IT IS inevitable in war that peoples educated in the arts of peace, who have chosen as their leaders men as a rule more able in platform eloquence than in war organization, should suffer at the outset and until they have learned in the bitter school of experience.

As the United States enters into this war I would respectfully urge that before rushing into all sorts of schemes that would eventually delay her success she should study the inevitable blunders that were made by the great democracies engaged in the crusade against Hohenzollern tyranny — Great Britain, France, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland and South Africa, with Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro and, of course, India. Even at the cost of some delay you will save thousands of lives and millions of dollars' worth of material by carefully examining where we went wrong.

Avoidable Mistakes

I NOTICE from the perusal of American newspapers that you are making the same mistakes as the rest of us did at the beginning of the war: the mistakes of confusing energy and enthusiasm with organization; of imagining that war is an exact science like the administration of a string of factories or newspapers; of supposing that the voluntary worker is as valuable a human asset as the paid servant of the state.

I read of orders for all sorts of naval and military supplies, the nature of which we have already proved to be wrong.

I read of orders for standardized material given in such large quantities as to render the constant improvements wrought by war practice almost impossible.

I see pictures of armored automobiles and of other devices that we regard as comparative failures.

Let us take up the vital question of aëroplanes—an American invention. How closely are you in touch with the latest French, British and Italian models—models which have been evolved out of actual air fighting and which are changing every twelve weeks, at most? Not very closely I think.

PHOTO. OF A PORTRAIT FROM THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING BUREAU, LONDON

Lord Northcliffe, Owner of the London Times

I have been at most of the great aërodromes of France and of England. I have spoken with American flying men working for the French, and they have never heard of any close *liaison* between your flying corps and those of the Allies, such as is essential to air success.

Do not imagine that I overestimate the importance of aëroplane efficiency. Each week proves that every one of the belligerents underestimated and underestimates to-day the number and the power of aëroplanes required for reconnaissance, for bombing and for the new method of advancing with infantry or cavalry.

I should not like to be asked to state how much Great Britain has wasted on wrong war material, or how much the Germans have suffered by a lack of the intrepidity displayed by Anglo-Saxon and French aviators.

You can gather something of the importance of air fighting by the fact that Monsieur Briand's government fell owing to its disinclination to reveal the facts to the French Republic.

I should feel happier about your air prospects if your Mexican experiences had been more satisfactory, and if I knew that your commission, including Mr. Orville Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, one of the two inventors of the aëroplane, had recently been to Europe and had there learned the latest truth from personal observation.

The cold, relentless, calculating Prussian machine, with its years of preparedness and its traditions going back to Frederick the Great, has, on the whole, managed this air business wonderfully. Before the war they pinned their faith to Zeppelins and to other gasbag inventions. Their plans were not very efficient.

I met Mr. Orville Wright in Paris after his return from Germany, before the war; and, speaking from memory, I recollect his telling me that the Germans' heavier-than-air machines were cumbersome and over-standardized. He placed no faith in gasbags for land warfare other than as observation balloons; and his predictions have been proved absolutely correct, though most people were then inclined to say that his predilections were due to his affection for his own invention.

Too Many Cooks

AFTER the beginning of the war, when the Germans found their machines were over-standardized and that the engines were too heavy for the wings, their authorities, both naval and military, ruthlessly scrapped the inferior planes and evolved the rapid-climbing Fokker, which has since been succeeded by other models even more perfect.

Autocracies take but little notice of faddists or of politicians' committees. French and British perfection in aërial warfare has been arrived at by the superior initiative and vitality of their flyers rather than by the efficiency of the flying machines provided by the muddled committees and boards of which Democracy is so fond. In these matters, while Democracy is thinking, arguing, squabbling, Autocracy *orders* and is obeyed. Sometimes orders are wrong; and always, of course, the overruled victims of such governments are lacking in spirit by comparison with the more freely bred men of democracies. But, on the whole, the war mistakes of autocracies are not so bad as the muddles and compromises of democracies.

When you come to examine any great success, you will usually find that at the head of it are a few personalities who, sitting round a table at regular intervals, give their *orders* with certain knowledge that they will be carried out without friction or intrigue. Compare Lincoln's position in 1861 with that of the German Kaiser in 1914. Consider the anguish of mind, muddle, disorganization, intrigue and useless waste of human life that took place in your army by reason of politics and wirepulling, as compared with the instant springing to arms of every fighting German in July, 1914. Had that wonderful army that poured through Belgium been inspired by the enthusiasm and the conviction of free men, I do not think that anything could have stopped its progress. It is just that which is lacking in autocratically ruled armies. They go as far as they are told to go, and wish to go no farther.

When, in the early days of the war, I stood behind Ypres and saw what is now known to all the world—that the British had comparatively few men, bad trenches and no ammunition; that the whole German nation was clamoring for the army to get to Calais—I marveled that the Germans could not achieve their aim. The only factor that stopped them was their own lack of dash and their fear of the unknown. The difference between these soldiers and the soldiers of Napoleon the Great, who used to play havoc with

them, was the difference between human automata ruled by machinery as compared with men of individual thought and action guided by a genius.

Mistakes of democracies in war are naturally hidden. In the first outbreak of public excitement, everybody wants to be doing something; everybody has a scheme of his own for winning the war; every politician has his pet general or admiral. The very sincerity and warmth of a great national uprising make it all the more difficult to cope with the situation.

Somewhere I have read that Colonel Roosevelt, in the event of your going to war, would bring several divisions to Europe.

I wonder if the casual reader of these lines realizes what that means—not as to cost, which would, of course, be gigantic—but as to the minuteness of the preparations involved. My own knowledge of war is merely the result of some nine more or less prolonged visits to various Western fronts; but it is quite enough to enable me to visualize some of the things required for bringing these divisions to Europe.

First and above all, there is the health of the contingent. How many lives did we lose at the outset by inclusion in our units of men medically unfit?

Before the war the German physical examination of each would-be soldier occupied the time of two or three skilled medical advisers for from forty-five to sixty minutes. Our own medical examinations at the outset were too often a farce. Medical examination of men for the work of warfare is beset by so many pitfalls that without special training it cannot be undertaken by ordinary civilian doctors. Luckily for you, you have as one head of your army that great soldier, General Leonard Wood, who himself understands medical matters.

It may seem astonishing, but it is a fact, that most of our democratic armies began the war without any card index detailing the whole of a man's qualifications.

All sorts of men rushed to the colors indiscriminately; and when, presently, the demand for engineers, artificers and mechanics for munition-making at home became strident, there was no means of finding out how many of these men were scattered among our armies in France and elsewhere.

A Well-Nigh Perfect Medical Corps

GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG lamented to me lately how much he felt the lack of this knowledge. Will Colonel Roosevelt's troops all be card-indexed? Will they all be absolutely medically fit? Will the right man be in the right place in as many cases as possible in the scramble of rapid preparation for war?

There must be returned invalided officers in Canada who could give valuable hints on the raising and sending across the Atlantic of contingents. They could tell you about all the mistakes we made as to clothing; how they started out with the wrong kind of rifle. They could tell you of the attempts of political influence such as are unfortunately part and parcel of democratic armies at the start of a war—indeed, often long after the start. They might even point out to you the necessity of a careful scrutiny of every man lest he may be a German spy in disguise. We had to eliminate a good many of these from our armies in the early days of the war.

The war has taught us that just as important as air-work, artillery work, the work of rifle and bomb, is the equipment of the medical services. In that matter you cannot do better than to follow our example. Many readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are aware that I have been a ruthless critic of our early days of the war—making criticisms based on personal inspection.

By a fortunate miracle, our Royal Army Medical Corps had, before the war, a staff of men of ability and vision, men who actually saw the size of the operations in the next war. I do not believe it would be possible to better our equipment. There are quite a number of American medical observers who can tell you all about it. Americans who have been both on the German and on the English side have reported that there was no comparison between the two, even so late as the battle of the Somme, when the war was more than two years old. The German medical force broke down entirely and was unable to meet the terrific rush of casualties. I have had that statement directly, not only on the authority of American eyewitnesses but also from other neutral observers.

In the matter of food and all that goes with it, we are also fortunate, having a hard-headed Scotsman—General Sir John Cowans—in charge since the outbreak of the war. In these two matters, but in these only, we were practically perfect. I have had conversations with hundreds of our soldiers, and I have never heard any complaint as to food or medical services; but that is almost all I can say in favor of the material side of our equipment in 1914.

An originating nation such as yours is not likely to follow blindly even the latest results of applied experience in war, yet I believe it would be well at the outset if you did so, and made your material in aëroplanes, guns, rifles, motor trucks and all the rest approximate as closely as possible those used by the English and the French, so that at the outset parts might be interchangeable; so that you could begin the experiment with the latest successes to guide you. In the vital matter of automobile trucks you have nothing to learn. There are thousands of American trucks in every theater of the war, and they have done splendidly.

If you bring an army to France or Belgium, you realize, I suppose, that you will have to bring with it half the mechanics of, let us say, a town like Bridgeport, to carry out the necessary construction repairs. You will have to take over whole French towns for their residence, or build miles of huts for them. The army behind the army in modern war is an army in itself.

The equipment, dispatch and constant reënforcement of an expeditionary force such as yours, whose nearest home base must be some three thousand miles away, is *some* undertaking; but we had a harder task in the case of the Boer War, nearly twenty years ago, when our home base was some seven thousand miles away. We then learned a good deal about transport by sea and land.

The fine American lad who will swing down your New York streets on his way to the transport will probably cost you, apart from his pay, at least fifty dollars a week. Ours, who are operating near home, cost us from thirty to thirty-five dollars.

But the boy with his rifle and his uniform and his enthusiasm is only the beginning of him; the rest of him is some tons of stuff that has to do with him. I will enumerate some of the tonnage he requires.

Let us talk first about his food: I imagine the American soldier, like the British and the Canadian, will not be content to exist upon the soup, bread, cheese, meat and red wine of the Frenchman. I think he will probably not prove to be such a good cook as the Frenchman. I think he will want, in addition to almost unlimited beef, pork, bread and biscuit. All these things will have to be brought from home, for we in Europe have only just enough for ourselves. If you bring mules and horses, you will need to bring hay also, for we have got none for you; and the amount of hay your boy's horse will consume will surprise you.

The American Boy's Baggage

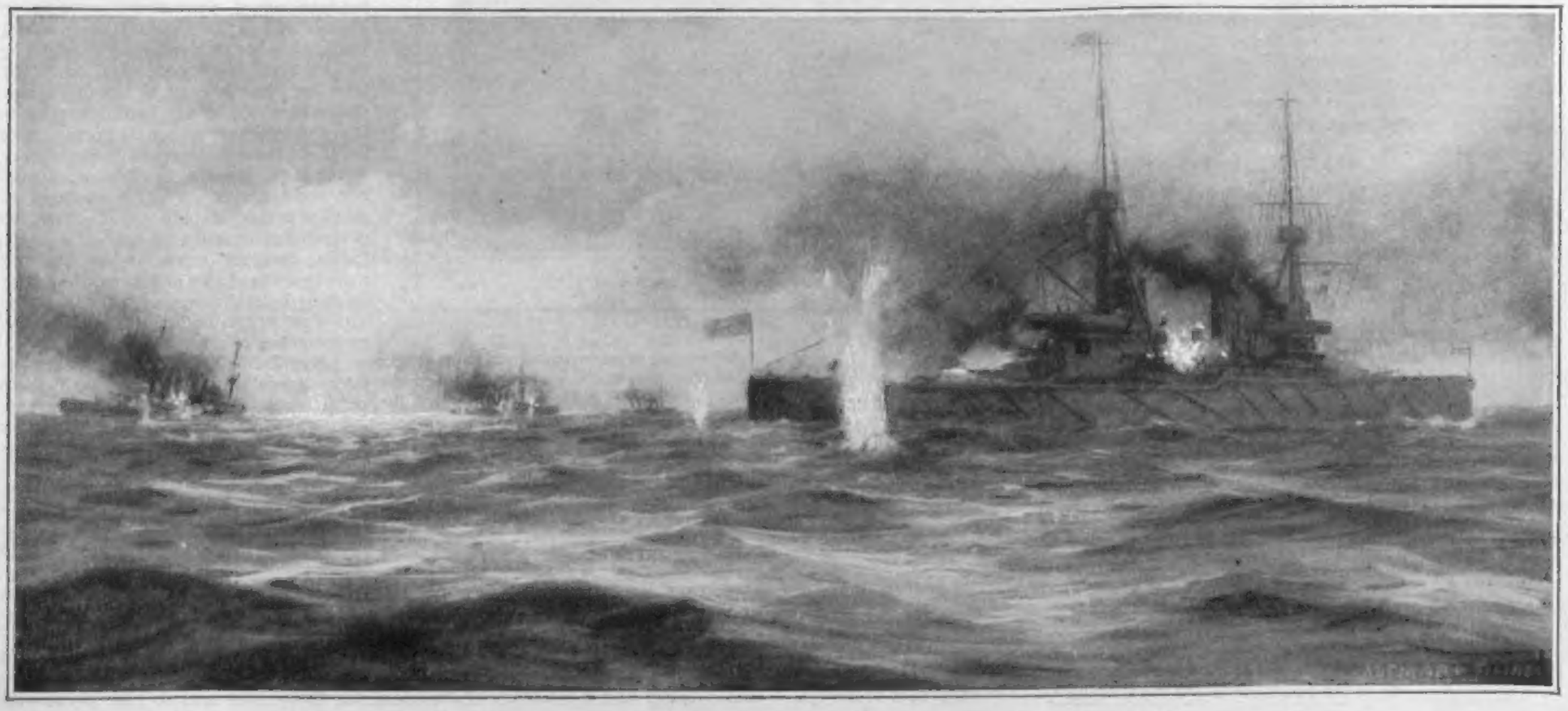
IN ADDITION to your boy's food and that of his horse, there is his spare clothing, which I dare say we can provide, though we can do nothing in the way of spare harness. Think of the tonnage involved in his machine gun, his spare rifle, his revolvers and their ammunition, his steel helmet and other protective armor. Think of his boots. In one exceptional section of the Italian Army, with which I sojourned, the boot ration was twelve pairs per annum! Your boy will have to bring with him all the latest kinds of American boot-making and boot-repairing machinery. You will require a boot plant for making and remaking boots and for the utilization of the waste material, at least as big as the Pennsylvania Railroad depot. Think about his spades for digging and his pickaxes; the tons of barbed wire and of corrugated iron for the roof of his hut; the oil stoves and electric stoves. What, too, about his washing? Is that to be done in France, or sent back home? Our army is equipped with the very latest steam laundries on scales that daze one. The amount of washing required for a hospital of one thousand beds is a surprise to the civilian. In one of our series of hospitals we have thirty thousand beds.

But your boy wants more than these things, in addition to his hospital, which you will have to bring with you and erect. Has it ever occurred to you that he must be amused? He must have moving pictures, talking machines, books, magazines, home newspapers, each of them occupying valuable tonnage and ships. The Y. M. C. A. looks after most of these, and does it wonderfully well.

So when you look at your gallant American boy starting for war, think of some of the things he will have to bring along. I could continue the list, but it would weary you. If you come into the war thousands of American women will be busy making aërial observation balloons, which have proved very useful; thousands of American mechanics will be making moving kitchens on wheels; every tent-maker in the United States will be busy.

Your American boy will need to bring his own locomotives and track not only for narrow-gauge railroads, but for just such trains as those in which I traveled many

(Concluded on Page 51)



THE BRITISH CENSORSHIP

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

IN 1914, when the European war became imminent, Great Britain looked to her Foreign Office and to her army and navy to protect her from her enemies, and to be her weapons of defense and offense; and she regarded the Royal Flying Corps and Scotland Yard as their principal auxiliaries.

The censorship of cables was a proceeding that had been foreseen and quietly planned for by a few farseeing staff officers; but the postal censorship had not been taken into consideration at all, for the simple reasons that it was nonexistent and that no one had even begun to realize the manifold advantages, defensive and offensive, to be gained by an examination of the mails.

To-day the censorship is more important than Scotland Yard or the Royal Flying Corps. Save only the Fleet and the Expeditionary Force, it is the most effective weapon Great Britain possesses; and she would be almost as unlikely to abandon her army or her navy as to dispense with their most valued collaborator.

The censorship has to-day developed into a most extraordinary organization—one of the most extraordinary in the history of the world. It also sets a new precedent for government departments; for, instead of becoming a serious expense to the nation, it not only pays its own cost but even yields the empire a fabulous profit.

While Britain's army costs her more than four billion dollars a year and her navy more than three, the censorship actually saves the government something like half a billion dollars a year! The total annual expense of its operation is only about two and a half million dollars; and it almost repays this sum in each average working day.

Millions Saved by the Censors

THE British Censorship was very humbly born in the first days of September, 1914, in the basement of the General Post Office, in King Edward's Building. In the hurry and anxiety of the days of Mons, Le Cateau and the Marne its advent was unnoticed and unheralded. Its original staff consisted of a dozen volunteers, and its sole purpose was to open letters sent by regular mail from England to Germany and submit them to a cursory examination, with the idea of suppressing any that openly and frankly carried information of military value to the enemy.

No effort was made to interpret the hidden meanings of the spy, to detect his code or bring out his invisible writings. Letters to Holland, Denmark, Belgium, and other countries along the German frontiers, were thought to be innocent and were allowed to pass without examination; at first no organized effort was made to prevent the transmission of messages by courier, by agent, by wireless or by carrier pigeon.

Some of the Expert Linguists in the Uncommon-Languages Department

To-day the British Censorship exercises systematic control over all communications that cross the seas, whether they travel by sailing vessel or steamship, by cable or courier, by wireless or telephone. Each month it minutely examines fifteen million messages! No secret means of communication is too cleverly conceived to evade its watchfulness; no bit of information is of too trivial importance to escape its interested inspection.

It supplies the armies and fleets of the Allies with news of the enemy's military and naval plans—"intelligence" it is technically called—which far exceeds in quantity and quality anything that could be furnished by the most perfect Secret Service.

The members of the censorship trade department, many of whom were selected at the outset of the war for their already wide knowledge of business, have so steadfastly studied, in the aggregate, all German and British trade correspondence that to-day they know more about the market conditions of the world than ever mortal men have known before. It is a well-known fact that the Allies now do nearly all their buying of war material through common commissions.

There is, for instance, a wool commission, through which the entire wool supply for all the Allies is purchased; and there are similar commissions for every other staple article of trade. This is called "unit buying," and is largely carried on in accordance with the information that has been collected, tabulated and supplied by the censorship. This prevents unscrupulous army contractors from fattening upon exaggerated profits at the expense of the war-stricken Allies. This single result of the censorship has saved hundreds of millions of dollars for the Allied treasuries.

The censorship collaborates with the navy in helping it to maintain the viselike quality of Britain's blockade of Germany. It sends the Fleet advance information of the ultimate destination of every important cargo crossing the seas. The total value of cargoes already condemned in prize courts amounts to many hundreds of millions of dollars; and the censorship has not only furnished evidence in ninety per cent of all convictions, but has nearly always discovered the existence and value of contraband cargoes in time to forewarn the Admiralty of their approach days or even weeks before they enter the war zone.

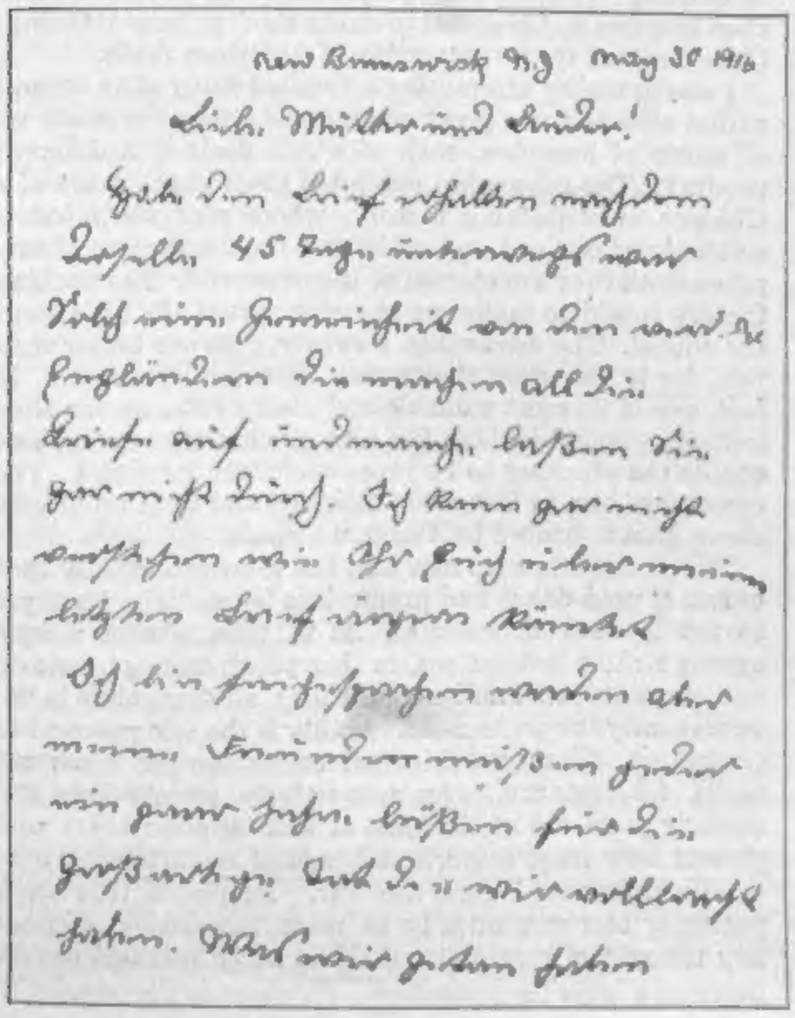
Reams of Evidence

ALMOST invariably it reveals in advance the ultimate destination of contraband shipments, which, consigned in the first instance to neutral countries, are really intended for reëxport into Germany; and reveals it in time to permit of their being detained for trial before a prize court. It helps to annihilate Germany's export trade by withholding all correspondence relating thereto, and by seizing all German goods forwarded by mail. In a hundred ways it assists the navy in preventing Germany from obtaining supplies, money or credit from foreign countries, and thereby brings nearer the ultimate victory of the Allies.

It also detects illegal transactions by British subjects. It has entirely stopped home trade with the enemy, even by the most roundabout routes; it has made it impossible for unpatriotic British individuals to send securities out of England and thereby avoid possible conscription of their wealth; it has practically suppressed profit-making transactions, commonly referred to as "munition mongering," by those British firms not yet under government control. By withholding their mail it has, to a large extent, put a stop to the activities of certain German agents who, in all parts of the world, are engaged in raising the cost of foods and munitions by sending fictitious and extravagant offers to buy broadcast among dealers of neutral and Allied countries.

The censorship each week intercepts and destroys tons of enemy propaganda sent out from Germany to neutral and Allied countries; it forewarns the local governments of Ireland and India of seditions encouraged by Germany; it sealed the fate of Roger Casement before that unsuspecting individual had left Berlin.

It prevents enemy spies from sending military information to Germany, and in many other ways counteracts the German Secret Service. It discovers, tabulates and coordinates the minutest details in the lives of important German agents throughout the world. It could convict hundreds of German-American citizens of treason against



New Brunswick N.J. May 30 1916

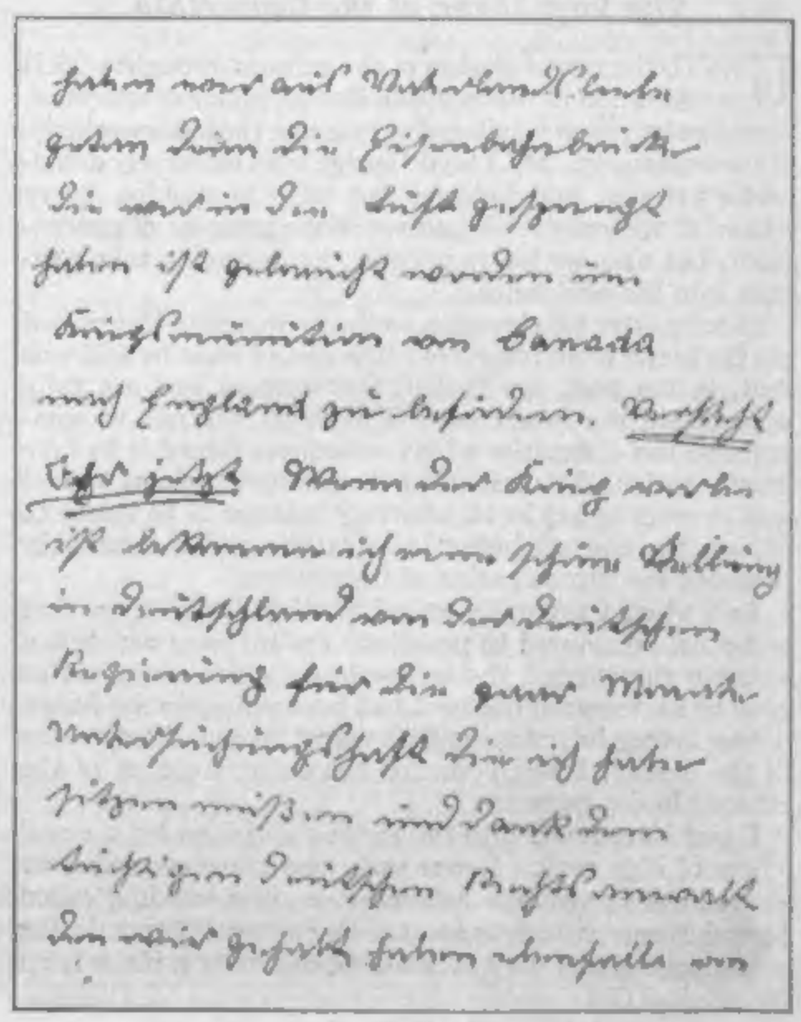
Liebe Mutter und Bruder!

Habe Euren Brief erhalten welcher Zeitlich 45 Tage unterwegs war Bitte wie Gemeinheit von den verd. Engländern die machen all Briefe auf und manche lassen sie gar nicht durch. Ich kann gar nicht verstehen wie Ihr Euch über meinen letzten Brief wegen Kinder

Ich bin freigesprochen worden aber meine Freunde mussten gehen wie gerne hätte ich Euch bei mir gehabt. Und Ihr wir vollends Leben. Was wird aus Leben

THE letter reproduced here was written by a German in the United States to his family in Germany, and is typical of hundreds of others:

Dear Mother and Brother: I received your letter after it had been forty-five days on the way. What a mean trick on the part of those damned English! They open all letters and some of them they do not let go on. I do not understand at all how you could be annoyed over my last letter. I was acquitted, but my friends must each of them suffer punishment for several years for the splendid deed we accomplished. What we did was done out of love for the Fatherland, for the railroad bridge which we blew up was used to send war munitions from Canada to England. Now do you understand? When the war is over I shall receive a good post in Germany from the German Government to make up for the few months I had to spend under arrest. We are thankful to our efficient German lawyer ——



Leben wir auf Rechnung Klerks

gehen Sein Sie Eisenbahnbrücke

Sie war in Sein Stück gesprengt

haben ist gelungen worden von

Kriegsmunitionen von Canada

nach England zu befördern. Deshalb

Ich jetzt Wenn der Krieg vorbei

ist bekommen ich von Ihnen Stellung

in Deutschland von der Deutschen

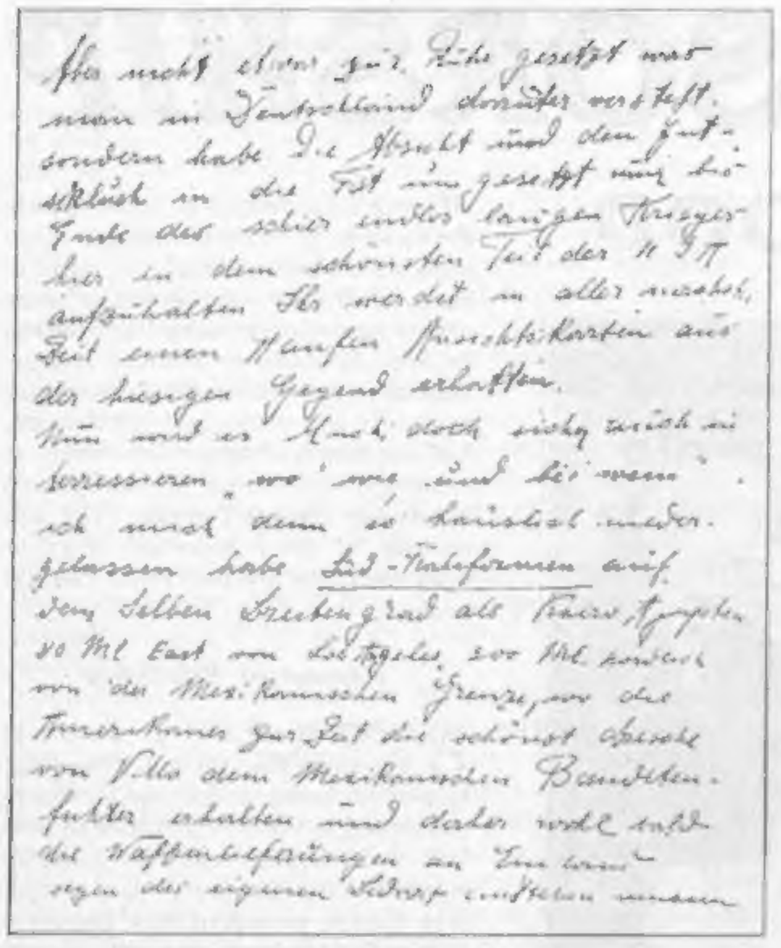
Regierung für die gute Munition

Unterstützung Sie ist Ihnen

Pässen müssen sind Dank Ihren

Briefen Deutschen Botschaft

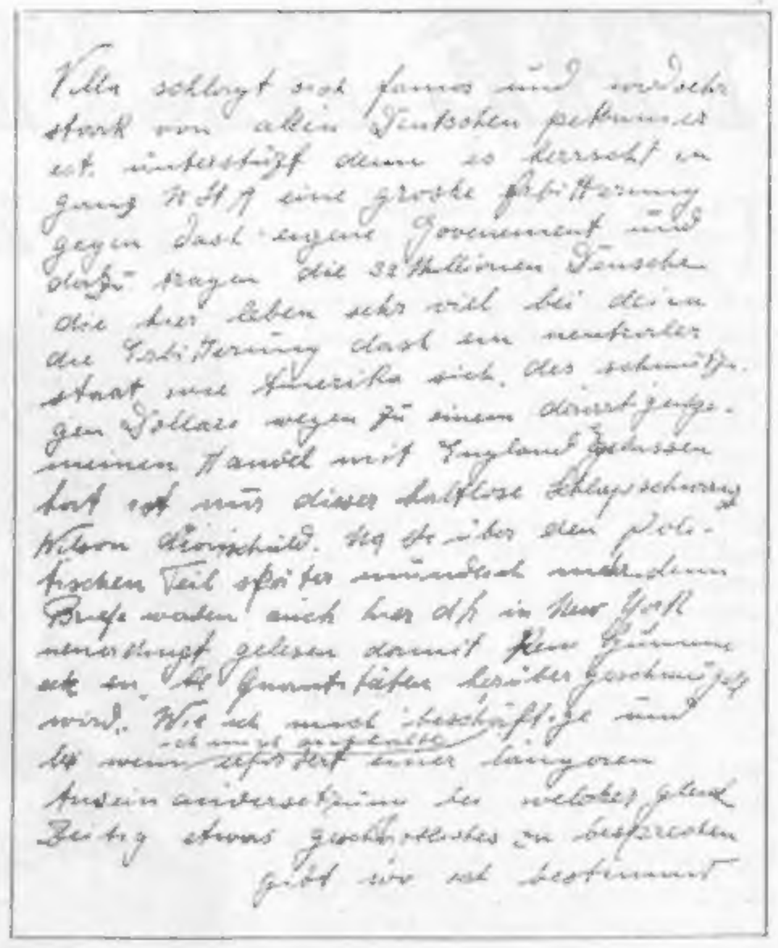
Sie war gestellt haben ebenfalls von



THE two pages reproduced herewith are part of a letter written by a German in California to his parents in Germany.

It will certainly interest you to know where, how and with whom I am so comfortably settled. Southern California, the same latitude as Cairo, Egypt, 80 miles east of Los Angeles and 200 miles north of the Mexican border, where the Americans have just received a good licking from Villa, the Mexican bandit leader. Consequently, they will soon have to give up sending munitions to England on account of their own requirements. Villa is making a fine stand and is receiving strong financial support from the Germans, as there is a bitter feeling all over the United States against the Government, to which the thirty-two million Germans who live here contribute not a little. This bitter feeling, for which that helpless fool Wilson is responsible, is due to the fact that a neutral country like America should, for the sake of a few dirty dollars, enter on such a low-down business with England.

As regards the political situation, I shall later on give you further particulars verbally, because of late letters are certainly read here—that is, in New York—in order to prevent small quantities of rubber, etc., from being smuggled abroad.



the United States; and has, in fact, frequently furnished the American Government with information regarding German plotters and disloyal German-Americans, thereby rendering valuable assistance to the American State Department. It gave the tip that ultimately led to the conviction of Fay, the German dynamiter, and to the expulsion of Boy-Ed, Von Papen and Dumba.

It protects not only the British Empire but the world in general from enemy plots, and forestalls the destruction of factories and the assassination of officials.

In spite of its importance and the vastness of its scope, the censorship is little understood even in England. Because it causes petty annoyances for the average citizen, it is, therefore, treated by him with marked hostility. Grouchy Britons, who would consider it unpatriotic to vent their ill humor upon the army or the navy, make fair game of the censorship. Its very newness, its lack of precedent and the silence with which it works have all led to misconstruction and misunderstanding. The aëroplane and the submarine, which have developed from nothing in so short a time as fifteen or twenty years, have yet been well understood and thoroughly appreciated by the general public, because their work is conspicuous and spectacular.

The British Censorship, which has sprung up like a mushroom in as many months, has failed, even in England, to win public sympathy—because it is so unprecedented, because it works behind closed doors, and because it has been far too preoccupied with self-development to publish briefs in its own behalf.

Until the present time it has been inarticulate toward the public at large. In the famous words of the two-fisted man with teeth it "speaks softly, but carries a big stick."

The Vast Scope of the Censorship

UNTIL the recent change of government brought with it a relaxation in the habitual British policy of reticence, no writer had been privileged to examine the inner workings of the censorship. Mr. Lloyd George is an extremely democratic premier, and believes not only in making every citizen of the empire his partner in the business of government, but also, so far as possible, he desires to take neutrals into his confidence.

Shortly after his elevation to the premiership he granted me the honor of an interview. The gist of what he said was that, in the past, the British Government had not fully appreciated the importance of allowing neutrals to comprehend the difficulties which sometimes forced it to take drastic action. The last thing the new government wished was to seem to act in an arbitrary manner or to refuse to explain the overwhelming justifications which invariably preceded the promulgation of restrictions.

And when I promptly asked whether I might, on that principle, be allowed to penetrate the mystery which had hitherto surrounded the censorship, he was every bit as good as his word; for, after I had been put upon my honor not to betray information that might be of military value to the enemy, I was accorded the entire freedom of the censorship departments.

I was introduced into its various divisions by a naval officer of high rank. It was early one afternoon when we started out to visit the headquarters, in a building called Strand House, which is located in Portugal Street, in the oldest part of the City of London, and only a block from the original Old Curiosity Shop, made famous by Dickens.

On our way thither I expressed the hope that it would be possible to see nearly everything before dinner, so that I might outline a magazine article that night and finish it the next day. The officer's only answer was an enigmatical British Navy man's smile; upon observing which I quickly added that the censorship was certainly worthy of careful study; and that I should, therefore, return the next morning if by chance any interesting tag-ends had been left unnoted in the present visit.

As we approached Portugal Street my escort pointed to a huge modern office building, six stories high, covering a small city block and informed me that it was Strand House. To say that I was astonished would be to state the case mildly.

Upon arrival I was still more surprised to learn that the Wireless, the Cables and the Postal Censorship Departments were so large that they had to be accommodated in separate buildings; and that, moreover, the Postal Censorship not only fills Strand House but also several other large buildings in London and Liverpool, each of which was sub-divided into scores of departments.

During the afternoon, which seemed to pass with uncommon rapidity, I was presented to a number of the chief executives. Seven o'clock arrived before I had met them all and before I had even begun any examination of the building.

I returned early next morning, that I might by lunch-time finish the inspection. I ended by staying all day; and when evening came I had not been able to see thoroughly more than a tenth part of what that one building contained.

I stubbornly made up my mind to see the thing through if it took a month; for, even before I started, I had determined to avail myself to the full of the Premier's permission to gain a comprehensive idea of the censorship and to write an accurate and well-studied account thereof; so back I went for a third day—and then a fourth.

Days grew into weeks. It seemed as if every time a new detail was mastered several additional essential and hitherto undetected items were discovered during the process. The executive staff soon commenced to accept my presence in the censorship buildings as a matter of course. After a time they began to regard me almost as one of themselves. I was allowed every privilege the executives themselves possessed; was even given desk room for my writing and note taking, in that Holy of Holies, the censorship code room. I was allowed the unrestricted run of all the buildings, and was permitted, alone and unhindered, to pry into all the sacred nooks and corners.

Colonel Arthur G. Tidy

Utilizing the German Squeal

I WANDERED from floor to floor and from building to building. I visited all the establishments in London; and then traveled to Liverpool to study the four huge buildings there devoted to the censorship of American mails.

I was in reality attempting a detailed study of an organization akin to some great commercial enterprise made up of scores of branches, each of which dealt in a different product. The censorship reminded me in many ways of a Chicago meat-packing factory, where pigs are injected suddenly at one end and undergo a rapid sequence of surprises until they are ejected at the other end. The packing factory is said to make use of every part of the pig except the squeal. The censorship, however, goes one better than this, for it uses even the squeal. German squeals are, in fact, one of its most valuable and meaty extracts, for they indicate precisely where the war pinches the enemy, and enable the pinching to be proportionately increased. The censorship has, in fact, been designed and built up largely along lines indicated by German squeals.

The censorship is so new and has grown so rapidly that orders of precedence and promotions by seniority have yet to put in their appearance. It is, thus, almost unique among British institutions, in that youth and age, renown and obscurity, title and commonality, all share alike in the opportunity for preferment. Ability is the sole passport to promotion. The two principal executives for American mails, for instance, were respectively twenty-four and seventy years old at the time of their appointment; and several now most important heads of departments were totally unknown before the war. People of title work patiently and patriotically as mere translators, without any thought of employing their social or political importance as a lever for promotion. Nowhere is the wonderful

new democracy of England more in evidence than in the department of the censorship.

Though most of the higher executives were, even before the war, men of wide experience and training, yet they began at the bottom of the ladder in the censorship and won their way to the top by sheer ability. New problems and novel difficulties have had to be faced; and the present chiefs have all succeeded because they possessed originality and imagination, as well as courage and perseverance. They have had no textbooks to guide them. They have had to make their own precedents as they went along. They have sailed uncharted seas.

Taken all in all, they are a cosmopolitan lot. They have been gathered together from the farthest corners of the British Empire, and are especially interesting for the contrasts they make one with another. They include among their number a member of the Foreign Office, a broker, several college professors, a sailor, an author, three soldiers, a colonial administrator, a special constable, two prominent business men, and a college athlete but recently graduated from his university.

They form a team that works splendidly together by combining varied talents and differing experiences into an excellent composite result.

George Sherwin Pearson, C. M. C., the chief postal censor, had been in the diplomatic service and had had wide experience in the East, notably in Constantinople. He is an amateur engineer, keenly interested in wireless telegraphy, and previous to the outbreak of the war had resigned from the Foreign Office, and was spending all his time in his laboratory and electrical workshop. Upon the declaration of hostilities he at once offered his services to his country and was assigned to the censorship, where he has been responsible for the policy since its inception. His services have already won for him companionship in the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Mr. Worthington's Brilliant Career

HIS principal assistant, Mr. Frank V. Worthington, the executive head of the postal censorship, had been Secretary for Native Affairs in Northern Rhodesia and chief executive officer of the Native Department, which controlled many hundreds of thousands of black natives. He is an extraordinary personality—one of the many remarkable men I met at Strand House.

He was educated at one of England's big public schools, which, in the American sense of the word, are not public schools at all. He there distinguished himself by such a profound distaste for Latin and Greek that he never rose above the fourth form.

Mr. Frank V. Worthington

In 1892, when he was eighteen years old, his family secured the promise of an appointment in India, whereupon the young man who had so heartily detested dead languages set enthusiastically to work to master Hindustani in three months. He was, however, never destined to see India, for a sudden change in administration interfered with his appointment and put an effectual stop to his interest in Hindustani.

Nothing daunted, he soon afterward went out to South Africa, arriving at the epoch of the Matabele War, when Cecil Rhodes was carrying through that series of operations which eventually won a large section of Africa for the British Empire. Worthington played a young man's part in those exciting times; and a few years later, at the epoch of the Jameson raid, he was one of eleven Englishmen who rode armed through the streets of Johannesburg and set the example that brought thousands of other Englishmen under arms before night.

He subsequently escaped into Rhodesia in time to participate as a trooper of Matabeleland Relief Force, in the Matabele Rebellion, under Colonel, now Lieutenant General, Plumer. It was at this period that he first came to the notice of Rhodes, one of whose trusted workers he was destined to become. The great Empire Builder was then at the zenith of his splendid career and personally supervised the campaign against the Matabele tribe.

The young trooper quickly realized that his best chance for future success in Africa lay in being favorably known to Rhodes, and he, therefore, hoped that some unforeseen opportunity might occur to bring him to Rhodes' attention. The Empire Builder was, however—for a mere private—well-nigh unapproachable, and the war reached its halfway point without the longed-for chance occurring.

Cecil Rhodes Keeps His Promise

HOWEVER, "where there's a will there's a way," and Worthington coolly decided to manufacture his own opportunity. Acting on the principle that "a cat may look at a king," one morning he approached Rhodes' tent as that great man was shaving himself before a small pocket mirror. Worthington seated himself upon a near-by stone to observe the operation. He watched intently every dip of the brush and every stroke of the razor, until at last the Empire Builder began to be irritated by this scrutiny and ordered his servant to find out what the trooper wanted. The reply came like a shot, "A job after this war!"

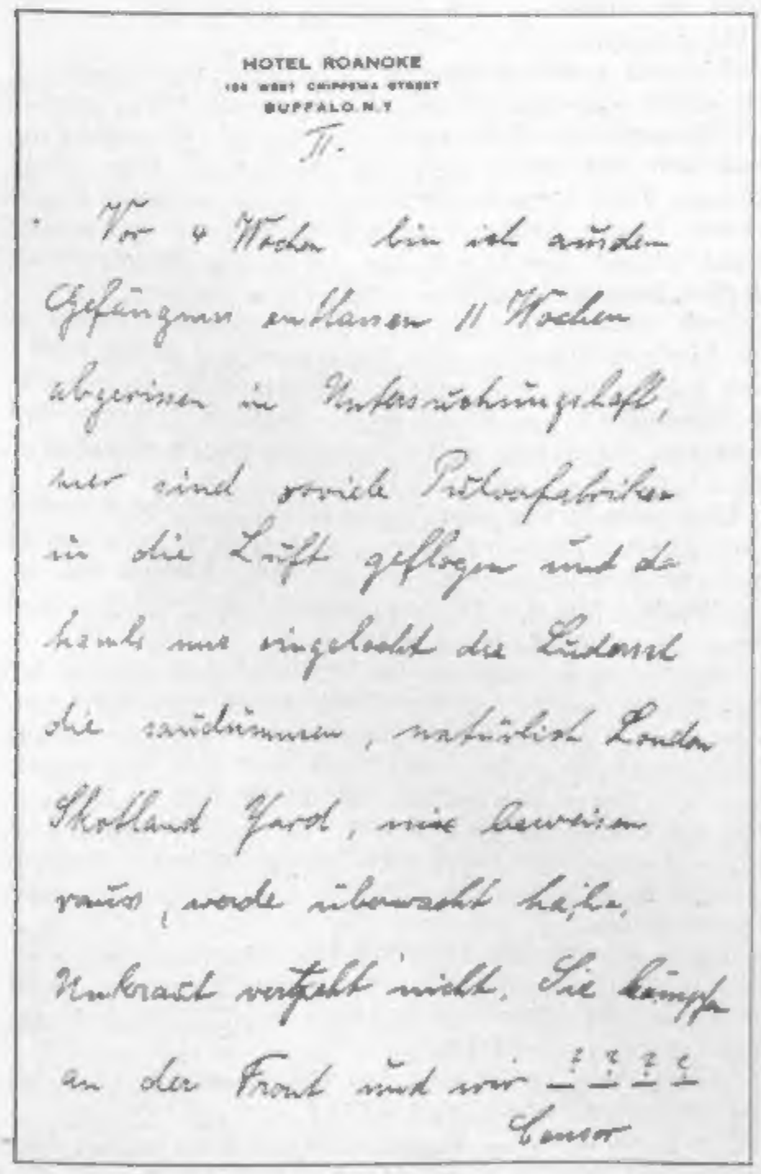
Rhodes appreciated the situation, laughed and said:

"Well! You are forehanded with a vengeance! If you don't get killed come back to me after the war, and we'll see about it." And when the war was nearly over Worthington again approached Rhodes, saluted, presented proofs of his past history, and reminded him of his promise. He was asked to dinner with the staff, followed up his advantage, and eventually received his coveted job.

Thus began a connection that lasted until Rhodes' death. Mr. Worthington's rise was rapid; and in 1901 he became Secretary for Native Affairs in Northern Rhodesia, where he played a large part in many important reforms, one of the most valuable of which was to accomplish the seemingly impossible task of abolishing slavery in a manner entirely satisfactory to the government, the slaves and the owners.

At the beginning of the great war he, like so very many others of England's sons, hastened home to the tight little isle he had so rarely visited during the past twenty-five years, in order to play his part in the empire's battle for existence. Fate led him into the censorship.

(Continued on Page 101)

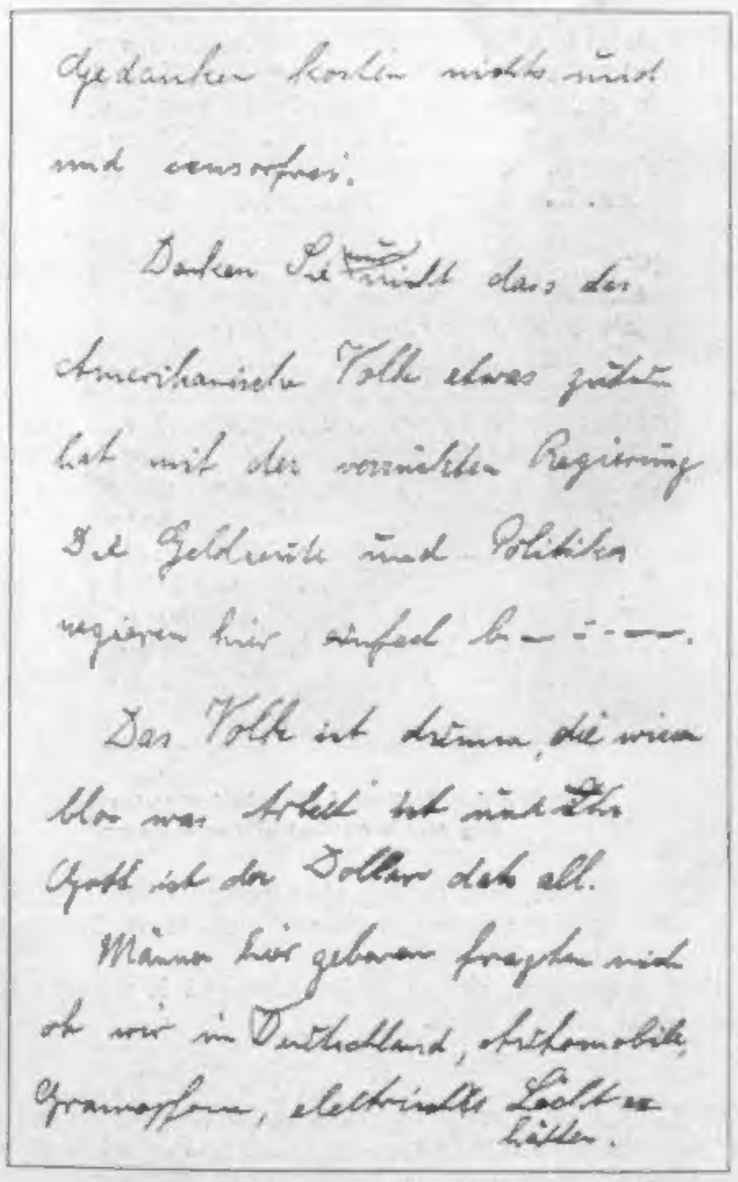


HOTEL ROANOKE
BUFFALO, N.Y.

II.

Vor 4 Wochen bin ich aus dem Gefängnis entlassen 11 Wochen abgesessen in Untersuchungshaft, nur sind soviele Pulverfabriken in die Luft geflogen und da heute nun eingesteht die Lüdorff die verdächtigen, natürlich London Skotland Yard, wie Amerika muss, wurde überwacht haft. Verbrecht verfehlt nicht. Sie kämpfen an der Front und wir — ? — ? — ?

Thoughts cost nothing and are free of censorship.

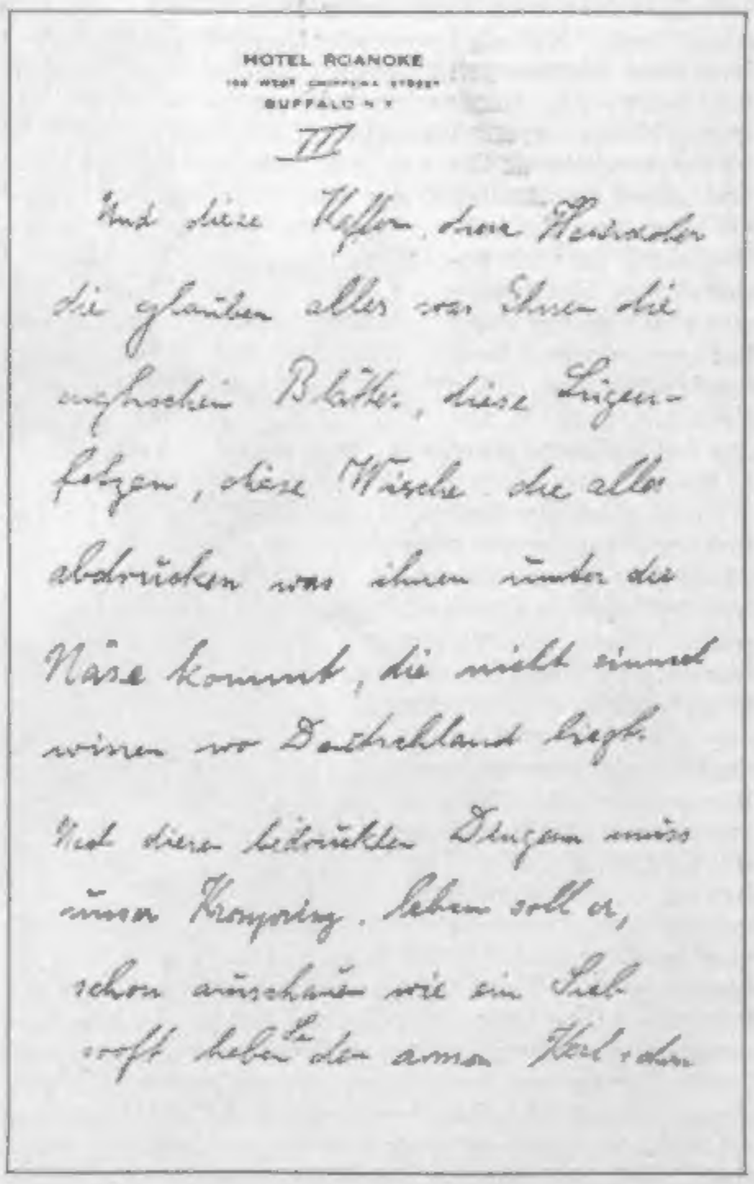


Gedanken kosten nichts und sind censorfrei.

Denken Sie doch das der Amerikanische Volk etwas gutes hat mit der verrückten Regierung die Geldleute und Politiker regieren hier einfach b— — —.

Das Volk ist dumm, die wissen blos was Arbeit ist und Ihr Gott ist der Dollar der ist all.

Männer hier geboren fragten mich ob wir in Deutschland, Automobile, Grammophone, elektrische Licht etc. hätten.



HOTEL ROANOKE
BUFFALO, N.Y.

III

Und diese Kaffern, diese Yokels, die glauben alles was Ihnen die englischen Blätter, diese Lügenfetzen, diese Wische die alle abdrucken was ihnen unter die Nase kommt, die nicht einmal wissen wo Deutschland liegt.

Mit diesen bedrückten Dingen muss man Kompromiss. Leben soll er, schon aussehen wie ein Skelett neben den armen Skeletten

THE letter reproduced above was written by an American citizen in August, 1916. The writer of it, who has since that time been under observation, was recently arrested.

Four weeks ago I was released from prison, after spending eleven weeks under arrest. So many powder mills have been blown up over here that the scoundrels, the silly swine, locked me up. Of course London and Scotland Yard could prove nothing, but I am under suspicion. Ha! Ha! Evil seeds flourish! They are fighting at the Front and we—?—?—?

Thoughts cost nothing and are free of censorship.

Do not for a moment think that the American people have anything to do with the crazy government. The very rich and the politicians run everything over here.

The people are stupid. They only know what work is and the dollar mark is their god, that's all.

Men born over here have asked me whether we have motor cars, gramophones, electric light, etc., in Germany, and these kaffirs, these yokels, believe everything they are told by the English newspapers, those lying rags, those trashy sheets, that believe everything that comes under their noses, and that do not even know where Germany lies. . . .

Gentlemen, You Can't Go Through!

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THERE has been considerable argument about it—even a mention of ethics—though where ethics figures in this case is more than I know. I'd like to take a flat-footed stance as claiming that the end justified the means. Saint George killed the Dragon, and Hercules mopped up the Augean stables, but little Wally Wallace—one hundred and forty-two pounds in his summer underwear—did a bigger job and a better job when the betting was odds-on-and-write-your-own-ticket that it couldn't be done. I wouldn't mind heading a subscription to present him with a gold medal about the size of a soup plate, inscribed as follows, to wit and viz.:

W. W. Wallace—He Put the Fore in Foursome.

Every golfer who ever conceded himself a two-foot putt because he was afraid he might miss it has sweated and suffered and blasphemed in the wake of a slow foursome. All the clubs that I have ever seen—and I've traveled a bit—are cursed with at least one of these Creeping Pestilences which you observe mostly from the rear.

You're a golfer, of course, and you know the make-up of a slow foursome as well as I do: Four nice old gentlemen, prominent in business circles, church members, who remember it even when they top a tee shot, pillars of society, rich enough to be carried over the course in palanquins, but too proud to ride, too dignified to hurry, too meek to argue except among themselves, and too infernally selfish to stand aside and let the younger men go through. They take nine practice swings before hitting a shot, and then flub it disgracefully; they hold a prayer meeting on every putting green and a *post-mortem* on every tee, and a rheumatic snail could give them a flying start and beat them out in a fifty-yard dash. Know 'em? What golfer doesn't?

But nobody knows why it is that the four slowest players in every club always manage to hook up in a sort of permanent alliance. Nobody knows why they never stage their creeping contests on the off days when the course is clear. Nobody knows why they always pick the sunniest afternoons, when the locker room is full of young men dressing in a hurry. Nobody knows why they bolt their luncheons and scuttle out to the first tee, nor where that speed goes as soon as they drive and start down the course. Nobody knows why they refuse to walk any faster than a bogged mooley cow. Nobody knows why they never look behind them. Nobody knows why they never hear anyone yell "Fore!" Nobody knows why they are so dead set against letting anyone through.

Everybody knows the fatal effect of standing too long over the ball, all dressed up with nowhere to go. Everybody knows of the tee shots that are slopped and sliced and hooked; of the indecision caused by the long wait before playing the second; of the change of clubs when the first choice was the correct one; of the inevitable penalty exacted by loss of temper and mental poise. Everybody knows that a slow foursome gives the Recording Angel a busy afternoon, and leaves a sulphurous haze over an entire course. But the aged reprobates who are responsible for all this trouble—do they care how much grief and rage and bitterness simmers in their wake? You think they do? Think again. Golf and Business are the only games they have ever had time to learn, and one set of rules does for both. The rest of the world may go hang! Golf is a serious matter with these hoary offenders, and they manage to make it serious for everybody behind them—the fast-walking, quick-swinging fellows who are out for a sweat and a good time and lose both because the slow foursome blocks the way.

Yes, you recognize the thumb-nail sketch—it is the slow foursome which infests your course; the one which you find in front of you when you go visiting. You think that four men who are inconsiderate enough to ruin your day's sport and ruffle your temper ought to be disciplined, called up on the carpet, taken in hand by the Greens Committee. You think they are the worst ever—but wait! You are about to hear of the golfing renegades known as the Big Four, who used to sew us up twice a week as regularly as the days came round; you are about to hear of Elsberry J. Watlington, and Colonel Jim Peck, and Samuel Alexander Peebles, and W. Cotton Hamilton—world's champions in the Snail Stakes, undisputed holders of the Challenge Belt for Practice Swinging, and undefeated catch-as-catch-can loiterers on the Putting Green.

Six months ago we would have backed Watlington, Peck, Peebles and Hamilton against the wide world, bet dollars against your dimes and allowed you to select your own stakeholders, timekeepers and judges. That's how much confidence we had in the Big Four. They were without doubt and beyond argument the slowest and most exasperating quartette of obstructionists that ever laid their middle-aged stomachs behind the line of a putt.

Do I hear a faint murmur of dissent? Going a little strong, am I? All right, glad you mentioned it, because we may as well settle this question of supremacy here and now.

To save time, I will admit that your foursome is slower than Congress and more irritating than the Senate. Permit me to ask you one question: Going back over the years, can you recall a single instance when your slow foursome allowed you to play through? . . . A lost ball, was it? . . . Well, anyway, you got through them. . . . Thank you, and your answer puts you against the ropes. I will now knock you clear out of the ring with one well-directed statement of fact. Tie on your bonnet good and tight and listen to this: The Big Four held up our course for seven long and painful years, and during that period of time they never allowed anyone to pass them, lost ball or no lost ball.

We Sat Still and Watched Watlington Dig His Way Out of the Bunker

That stops you, eh? I rather thought it would. It stopped us twice a week.

II

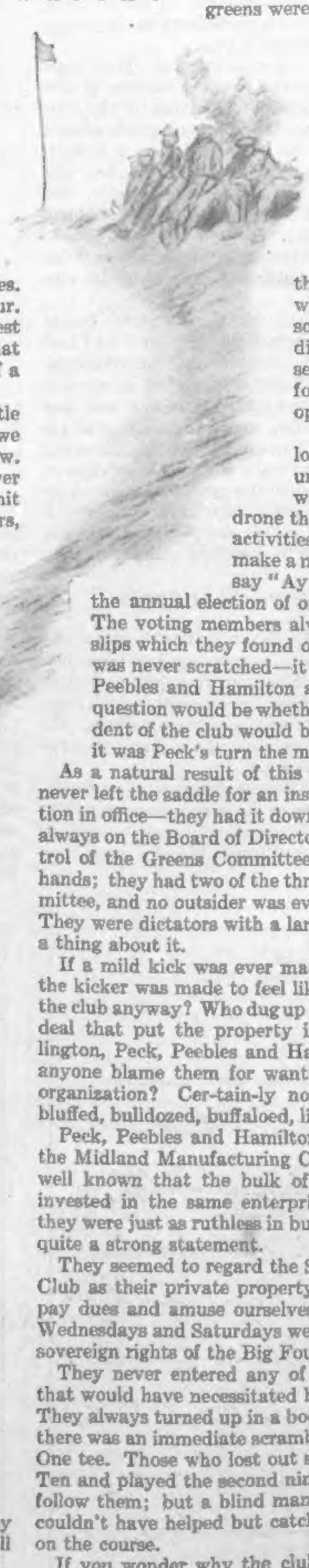
VISITORS used to play our course on Wednesdays and Saturdays—our big days—and then sit in the lounging room and try hard to remember that they were our guests. There were two questions which they never failed to ask:

"Don't they ever let anybody through?"

And then:

"How long has this been going on?"

When we answered them truthfully they shook their heads, looked out of the windows, and told us how much better their clubs were handled. Our course was all right—they had to say that much in fairness. It was well trapped and bunkered, and laid out with an eye to the average player; the fair greens were the best in the state; the putting greens were like velvet; the holes were sporty enough to suit anybody; but—— And then they looked out of the window again.



You see, the trouble was that the Big Four practically ran the club as they liked. They had financed it in its early days, and as a reward had been elected to almost everything in sight. We used to say that they shook dice to see who should be president and so forth, and probably they did. They might as well have settled it that way as any other, for the annual election and open meeting was a joke.

It usually took place in the lounging room on a wet Saturday afternoon. Somebody would get up and begin to drone through a report of the year's activities. Then somebody else would make a motion and everybody would say "Ay!" After that the result of the annual election of officers would be announced. The voting members always handed in the printed slips which they found on the tables, and the ticket was never scratched—it would be Watlington, Peck, Peebles and Hamilton all the way. The only real question would be whether or not the incoming president of the club would buy a drink for all hands. If it was Peck's turn the motion was lost.

As a natural result of this sort of thing the Big Four never left the saddle for an instant. Talk about perpetuation in office—they had it down to a fine point. They were always on the Board of Directors; they saw to it that control of the Greens Committee never slipped out of their hands; they had two of the three votes on the House Committee, and no outsider was even considered for treasurer. They were dictators with a large D, and nobody could do a thing about it.

If a mild kick was ever made or new blood suggested, the kicker was made to feel like an ingrate. Who started the club anyway? Who dug up the money? Who swung the deal that put the property in our hands? Why, Watlington, Peck, Peebles and Hamilton, to be sure! Could anyone blame them for wanting to keep an eye on the organization? Cer-tain-ly not. The Big Four had us bluffed, bulldozed, buffaloed, licked to a whisper.

Peck, Peebles and Hamilton were the active heads of the Midland Manufacturing Company, and it was pretty well known that the bulk of Watlington's fortune was invested in the same enterprise. Those who knew said they were just as ruthless in business as they were in golf—quite a strong statement.

They seemed to regard the Sundown Golf and Country Club as their private property, and we were welcome to pay dues and amuse ourselves five days a week, but on Wednesdays and Saturdays we were not to infringe on the sovereign rights of the Big Four.

They never entered any of the club tournaments, for that would have necessitated breaking up their foursome. They always turned up in a body, on the tick of noon, and there was an immediate scramble to beat them to Number One tee. Those who lost out stampeded over to Number Ten and played the second nine first. Nobody wanted to follow them; but a blind man, playing without a caddie, couldn't have helped but catch up with them somewhere on the course.

If you wonder why the club held together, you have only to recall the story of the cow-puncher whose friend beckoned him away from the faro layout to inform him that the game was crooked.

"Hell!" said the cow-puncher. "I know that; but—it's the only game in town, ain't it?"

The S. G. & C. C. was the only golf club within fifty miles.

III

WHEN Wally Wallace came home from college he blossomed out as a regular member of the club. He had been a junior member before, one of the tennis squad.

Wally is the son of old Hardpan Wallace, of the Trans-Pacific outfit—you may have heard of him—and the sole heir to more millions than he will ever be able to spend; but we didn't hold this against the boy. He isn't the sort

that money can spoil, with nothing about him to remind you of old Hardpan, unless it might be a little more chin than he really needs.

Wally's first act as a full-fledged member of the club was to qualify for the James Peck Annual Trophy—a pretty fair sort of cup, considering the donor.

He turned in a nice snappy eighty-one, which showed us that a college education had not been wasted on him, and also caused several of the Class-A men to sit up a bit and take notice.

He came booming through to the semifinals with his head up and his tail over the dashboard. It was there that he ran into me. Now I am no Jerry Travers, but there are times when I play to my handicap, which is ten, and I had been going fairly well. I had won four matches one of them by default. Wally had also won four matches, but the best showing made against him was five down and four to go. His handicap was six, so he would have to start me two up; but I had seen enough of his game to know that I was up against the real thing, and would need a lot of luck to give the boy anything like a close battle. He was a strong, heady match player, and if he had a weakness the men whom he had defeated hadn't been able to spot it. Altogether it wasn't a very brilliant outlook for me; but, as a matter of fact, I suppose no ten-handicap man ever ought to have a brilliant outlook. It isn't coming to him. If he has one it is because the handicapper has been careless.

Under our rules a competitor in a club tournament has a week in which to play his man, and it so happened that we agreed on Wednesday for our meeting. Wally called for me in his new runabout, and we had lunch together—I shook him and stuck him for it, and he grinned and remarked that a man couldn't be lucky at everything. While we were dressing he chattered like a magpie, talking about everything in the world but golf, which was a sign that he wasn't worrying much. He expected easy picking, and under normal conditions he would have had it.

We left the first tee promptly at one-forty-five P. M., our caddies carrying the little red flags which demand the right of way over everything. I might have suggested starting at Number Ten if I had thought of it, but to tell the truth I was a wee mite nervous and was wondering whether I had my drive with me or not. You know how the confounded thing comes and goes. So we started at Number One, and my troubles began. Wally opened up on me with a four-four-three, making the third hole in a stroke under par, and when we reached the fourth tee we were all square and my handicap was gone.

It was on the fourth tee that we first began to notice signs of congestion ahead of us. One foursome had just driven off and beckoned us to come through, another was waiting to go, and the fair green on the way to the fifth looked like the advance of the Mexican standing army.

"Somebody has lost the transmission out of his wheel chair," said Wally. "Well, we should worry—we've got the red flags and the right of way. Fore!" And he proceeded to smack a perfect screamer down the middle of the course—two hundred and fifty yards if it was an inch. I staggered into one and laid my ball some distance behind his, but on the direct line to the pin. Then we had to wait a bit while another foursome putted out.

"There oughtn't to be any congestion on a day like this," said Wally. "Must be a bunch of old men ahead."

"It's the Big Four," said I. "Watlington, Peck, Peebles and Hamilton. They always take their time."

From where we were we could see the seventh and eighth fair greens. There wasn't a player in sight on either one.

"Good Lord!" said Wally. "They've got the whole United States wide open ahead of 'em. They're not holding their place on the course."

"They never do," said I, and just then the foursome moved off the putting green.

"Give her a ride, old top!" said Wally.

I claim that my second shot wasn't half bad—for a ten-handicap man. I used a brassy and reached the green about thirty feet from the pin, but the demon Wally pulled a mid-iron out of his bag, waggled it once or twice, and then made my brassy look sick. When we reached the top of the hill, there was his ball ten feet from the cup. I ran up, playing it safe for a par four, but Wally studied the roll of the green for about ten seconds—and dropped a very fat three. He was decent enough to apologize.

Any Ordinary Dub Would Have Walked Up to That Pill and Tapped It In, But That Wasn't Peck's Style

"I'm playing over my head," said he.

I couldn't dispute it—two threes on par fours might well be over anybody's head. One down and fourteen to go; it had all the earmarks of a massacre.

We had quite an audience at the fifth tee—two foursomes were piled up there, cursing. "What's the matter, gentlemen?" asked Wally. "Can't you get through?"

"Nobody can get through," said Billy Williams. "It's the Big Four."

"But they'll respect the red flags, won't they?"

It was a perfectly natural question for a stranger to ask—and Wally was practically a stranger, though most of the men knew who he was. It brought all sorts of answers.

"You think they will? I'll bet you a little two to one, no limit, that they're all color-blind!"

"Oh, yes, they'll let you through!"

"They'll ask you to come through—won't they, Billy? They'll insist on it, what?"

"They're full of such tricks!"

Wally was puzzled. He didn't quite know what to make of it. "But a red flag," said he, "gives you the right of way."

"Everywhere but here," said Billy Williams.

"But in this case it's a rule!" argued Wally.

"Those fellows in front make their own rules."

"But the Greens Committee ——" And this was where everybody laughed.

Wally stooped and teed his ball.

"Look here," said he, "I'll bet you anything you like that they let us through. Why, they can't help themselves!"

"You bet that they'll let you through of their own accord?" asked Ben Ashley, who never has been known to pass up a plain cinch.

"On our request to be allowed to pass," said Wally.

"If you drive into 'em without their permission you lose," stipulated Ben.

"Right!" said Wally.

"Got you for a dozen balls!" said Ben.

"Anybody else want some of it?" asked Wally.

Before he got off the tee he stood to lose six dozen balls; but his nerve was unshaken and he slammed out another tremendous drive. I sliced into a ditch and away we went, leaving a great deal of promiscuous kidding behind us. It took me two shots to get out at all, and Wally picked up another hole on me.

Two down—murder!

On the sixth tee we ran into another mass meeting of malcontents. Old Man Martin, our prize grouch, grumbled a bit when we called attention to our red flags.

"What's the use?" said he. "You're on your way, but you ain't going anywhere. Might just as well sit down and take it easy. Watlington has got a lost ball, and the others have gone on to the green so's nobody can get through. Won't do you a bit of good to drive, Wally. There's two foursomes hung up over the hill now, and they'll be right there till Watlington finds that ball. Sit down and be sociable."

"What'll you bet that we don't get through?" demanded Wally, who was beginning to show signs of irritation.

"Whatever you got the most of, sonny—provided you make the bet this way: they got to let you through. Of course you might drive into 'em or walk through 'em, but that ain't being done—much."

"Golf is a Gentleman's Game, Which Doubtless Accounts for Your Playing It So Poorly"

"Right! The bet is that they let us through. One hundred fish."

Old Martin cackled and turned his cigar round and round in the corner of his mouth—a wolf when it comes to a cinch bet.

"Gosh! Listen to our banty rooster crow! Want another hundred, sonny?"

"Yes—grandpa!" said Wally, and sent another perfect drive soaring up over the hill.

Number Six is a long hole, and the ordinary player never attempts to carry the cross-bunker on his second. I followed with a middling-to-good shot, and we bade the congregation farewell.

"It's ridiculous!" said Wally as we climbed the hill. "I never saw a foursome yet that wouldn't yield to a red flag, or one that wouldn't let a twosome through—if properly approached. And we have the right of way over everything on the course. The Greens Committee ——"

"Is composed," said I, "of Watlington, Peck and Peebles—three members of the Big Four. They built the club, they run the club, and they have never been known to let anybody through. I'm sorry, Wally, but I'm afraid you're up against it."

The boy stopped and looked at me.

"Then those fellows behind us," said he, "were betting on a cinch, eh?"

"It was your proposition," I reminded him.

"So it was," and he grinned like the good game kid he is. "The Greens Committee, eh? 'Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? unto Cæsar shalt thou go.' I'm a firm believer in the right method of approach. They wouldn't have the nerve ——"

"They have nerve enough for anything," said I, and dropped the subject. I didn't want him to get the idea that I was trying to argue with him and upset his game. One foursome was lying down just over the hill; the other was piled up short of the bunker. Watlington had finally found his ball and played onto the green. The others, of course, had been standing round the pin and holding things up for him.

I took an iron on my second and played short, intending to pitch over the bunker on my third. Wally used a spoon and got tremendous height and distance. His ball carried the bunker, kicked to the right and stopped behind a sand-trap. It was a phenomenal shot, and with luck on the kick would have gone straight to the pin.

I thought the Big Four would surely be off the green by the time I got up to my ball, but no, Peck was preparing to hole a three-foot putt. Any ordinary dub would have walked up to that pill and tapped it in, but that wasn't Peck's style. He got down on all fours and sighted along the line to the hole. Then he rose, took out his handkerchief, wiped his hands carefully, called for his putter and took an experimental stance, tramping about like a cat "making bread" on a woolen rug.

"Look at him!" grunted Wally. "You don't mind if I go ahead to my ball? It won't bother you?"

"Not in the least," said I.

"I want to play as soon as they get out of the way," he explained.

The Colonel's first stance did not suit him, so he had to go all through the tramping process again. When he was finally satisfied, he began swinging his putter back and forth over the ball, like the pendulum of a grandfather's clock—ten swings, neither more nor less. Could anyone blame Wally for boiling inside?

After the three-footer dropped—he didn't miss it, for a wonder—they all gathered round the hole and pulled out their cards. Knowing each other as well as they did, nobody was trusted to keep the score.

"Fore!" called Wally.

They paid not the slightest attention to him, and it was fully half a minute before they ambled leisurely away in the direction of the seventh tee.

I played my pitch shot, with plenty of back-spin on it, and stopped ten or twelve feet short of the hole. Wally played an instant later, a mashie shot intended to clear the trap, but he had been waiting too long and was burning up with impatience. He topped the ball, hit the far edge of the sandtrap and bounced back into a bad lie. Of course I knew why he had been in such a hurry—he wanted to catch the Big Four on the seventh tee. His niblick shot was too strong, but he laid his fifth dead to the hole, giving me two for a win. Just as a matter of record, let me state that I canned a nice rainbow putt for a four. A four on Number Six is rare.

"Nice work!" said Wally. "You're only one down now. Come on, let's get through these miserable old men!"

Watlington was just addressing his ball, the others had already driven. He fussed and he fooled and he waggled his old dreadnaught for fifteen or twenty seconds, and then shot straight into the bunker—a wretchedly topped ball.

"Bless my heart!" said he. "Now why—why do I always miss my drive on this hole?"

Peck started to tell him, being his partner, but Wally interrupted, politely but firmly.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you have no objection we will go through. We are playing a tournament match. Mr. Curtiss, your honor, I believe."

Well, sir, for all the notice they took of him he might have been speaking to four graven images. Not one of them so much as turned his head. Colonel Peck had the floor.

"I'll tell you, Wat," said he, "I think it's your stance. You're playing the ball too much off your right foot—coming down on it too much. Now if you want it to rise more ——" They were moving away now, but very slowly.

"Fore!"

This time they had to notice the boy. He was mad clear through, and his voice showed it. They all turned, took one good look at him, and then toddled away, keeping well in the middle of the course. Peck was still explaining the theory of the perfect drive. Wally yelled again; this time they did not even look at him. "Well!" said he. "Of all the damned swine! I—I believe we should drive anyway!"

"You'll lose a lot of bets if you do." Perhaps I shouldn't have said that. Goodness knows I didn't want to see his game go to pieces behind the Big Four—I didn't want to play behind them myself. I tried to explain. The kid came over and patted me on the back.

"You're perfectly right," said he. "I forgot all about those fool bets, but I'd gladly lose all of 'em if I thought I could hit that long-nosed stiff in the back of the neck!" He meant the Colonel. "And so that's the Greens Committee, eh? Holy jumping Jemima! What a club!"

I couldn't think of much of anything to say, so we sat still and watched Watlington dig his way out of the bunker, Peck offering advice after each failure. When Watlington disagreed with Peck's point of view he took issue with him, and all hands joined in the argument. Wally was simply sizzling with pent-up emotion, and after Watlington's fifth shot he began to lift the safety-valve a bit. The language which he used was wonderful, and a great tribute to higher education. Old Hardpan himself couldn't have beaten it, even in his mule-skinning days.

At last the foursome was out of range and I got off a pretty fair tee shot. Wally was still telling me what he thought of the Greens Committee when he swung at the ball, and never have I seen a wider hook. It was still hooking when it disappeared in the woods, out of bounds. His next ball took a slice and rolled into long grass.

"Serves me right for losing my temper," said he with a grin. "I can play this game all right, old top, but when I'm riled it sort of unsettles me. Something tells me that I'm going to be riled for the next half hour or so. Don't mind what I say. It's all meant for those hogs ahead of us."

I helped him find his ball, and even then we had to wait on Peebles and Hamilton, who were churning along down the middle of the course in easy range. I lighted a cigarette and thought about something else—my income tax, I think it was. I had found this a good system when sewed up behind the Big Four. I don't know what poor Wally was thinking about—man's inhumanity to man, I suppose—for when it came time to shoot he failed to get down to his ball and hammered it still deeper into the grass.

"If it wasn't for the bets," said he, "I'd pick up and we'd go over to Number Eight. I'm afraid that on a strict interpretation of the terms of agreement Martin could spear me for two hundred fish if we skipped a hole."

"He could," said I, "and what's more to the point, he would. They were to let us through—on request."

Wally sighed.

"I've tried one method of approach," said he, "and now I'll try another one. I might tell 'em that I bet two hundred dollars on the suspicion that they were gentlemen, but likely they'd want me to split the winnings. They look like that sort."

Number Seven was a gift on a golden platter. I won it with a frightful eight, getting into all sorts of grief along the way, but Wally was entirely up in the air and blew the short putt which should have given him a half.

"All square!" said he. "Fair enough! Now we shall see what we shall see!"

His chin was very much in evidence as he hiked to Number Eight tee, and he lost no time getting into action. Colonel Peck was preparing to drive as Wally hove alongside. The Colonel is very fussy about his drive. He has been known to send a caddie to the clubhouse for whispering on the bench. Wally walked up behind him.

"Stand still, young man! Can't you see I'm driving?"

It was in the nature of a royal command.

"Oh!" said Wally. "Meaning me, I presume. Do you know, it strikes me that for a golfer with absolutely no consideration for others, you're quite considerate—of yourself!"

Now I had always sized up the Colonel for a bluffer. He proved himself one by turning a rich maroon color and trying to swallow his Adam's apple. Not a word came from him.

"Quiet," murmured old Peebles, who looks exactly like a sheep. "Absolute quiet, please."

Wally rounded on him like a flash.

"Another considerate golfer, eh?" he snapped. "Now, gentlemen, under the rules governing tournament play I demand for my opponent and myself the right to go through. There are open holes ahead; you are not holding your place on the course ——"

"Drive, Jim," interposed Watlington in that quiet way of his. "Don't pay any attention to him. Drive."

(Continued on Page 66)

"Members of the Greens Committee and One Other, You Do Not Make the Rules on Third Avenue"

Putting the Bee in Herbert

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

HE WAS a nice young man. In fact the moment you saw him, you knew you were looking at a perfect young gentleman. In appearance he was somewhat dark, somewhat slight, and had a lot of hair which was always carefully parted on one side. He never raised his voice, never swore, never used liquor or tobacco in any way, shape or form. He played the mandolin a little, sang tenor a little, played chess a little, used the broad "a" a little, and looked particularly well in white shoes and trousers. So perhaps you won't be altogether surprised when you hear that he was one of the seven hundred and fifty clerks of the Consolidated National Bank—that financial Gibraltar which stands like a citadel in lower New York, its magazines full of money and its battlements full of loans that could be called at a minute's notice. His salary was twenty dollars a week and his name was Herbert Macklin.

The year before our story opens, Herbert had done a rather rash, a rather temerarious thing—and yet a rather old thing, too—one of the few things, indeed, which have been done as far back as Adam. Not to make any further mystery about it, he had taken unto himself a wife, and because I doubt if a better way could be found in which to sketch you his character, I now shall tell you as briefly as possible about—well, let us call it The Courtship of a Nice Young Man.

Herbert had gone to Asbury Park for his vacation that year and had "put up"—to use his own phrase—at a bully boarding house on Second Avenue. There were lots of bully people there—people who amounted to something, you know. There was Mr. Carroll, for instance, a broker; and Mr. Smart, who was an officer or something in one of the big insurance companies; and Doctor Eagan, the specialist, of course; and the Reverend Mr. Wilson, who had one of the biggest churches in a smart New Jersey suburb. Moreover, Mrs. Kingsland did things in style—regular clerk at the desk, Mr. Bloomer—regular colored boy in livery, a regular head waitress in the dining room—oh, something like a place, I assure you, and a place where a young banker from Wall Street was properly appreciated, let me tell you that!

"A Person is Somebody in the Country. But Here—Buried Alive—the Way We are—in This Noisy Old Street—With No Future or Anything ——"

In this atmosphere Herbert felt himself expand as a rose will swell in the Junetime, felt ambitious stirrings in his breast, knew that he had the makings of a great man in him—and never looked better in his life. It was while he was in this dangerous state that he glanced across the table one evening and found himself looking into a pair of admiring blue eyes which belonged to a girl who had arrived that afternoon. The moment she saw that Herbert had caught her, she dropped her eyes and blushed.

In his heart Herbert felt the same sensations that Keats must have felt when he first read over his Ode to the Nightingale, the same sensations that Napoleon felt when he thought he could conquer the world.

He made a little joke to his neighbor on the right, a nice little joke in which the broad "a" was not forgotten. Across the table Blue Eyes smiled at her potato salad, as though she knew she was seated at a feast of humor and a flow of wit. Pressing on to new triumphs, Herbert turned to his neighbor on the left and repeated an epigram, on the price of gasoline, which he had read in the paper that morning. Across the table, Blue Eyes almost imperceptibly nodded her head. Herbert drew a full breath and, partly to conceal his emotions, he hid his nose in his teacup.

"Just wait," he thought, "till she hears me play the mandolin!"

Practically speaking, it was all over then. Of course there were a few details that had to be followed. As soon as tea was over, for instance, Herbert asked Mrs. Kingsland to introduce him. He was wearing his white-flannel trousers that night, also his serge coat, his Lord Chesterfield collar and a Pekin panama of such aristocratic shape that the sweat band had a golden crown embossed upon it. From which you can form some slight idea. Blue Eyes was wearing green silk and black lace, with a sweater to match. She was sitting near the steps of the veranda, looking down the avenue at the moon which was lifting itself, in crimson glory, over the edge of the ocean. Somewhere an orchestra was playing. Fairy boats, festooned with paper lanterns, made magical moving splashes of color on the ripples of Deal Lake. Her name was Nellie Carter.

"Do you introduce with or without?" asked Herbert—which was downright inspiration.

"With or without what?" she smiled.

"Shaking hands."

They shook hands, as pretty a picture as you could have found on the Jersey Coast that night, standing there on the veranda, as though it were a stage, with that beautiful background of music and lights, and Mrs. Kingsland's boarders playing the part of appreciative audience. Herbert, those newborn stirrings of nameless ambition in his breast, felt himself rising grandly to his part, felt a heavenlike confidence, a mastery of circumstance, an intoxicating ability to say the right thing, to do the right thing, to win and hold the admiration of the whole world and especially of this blue-eyed girl in green silk and black lace, whose hand was still in his and who was smiling at him shyly through her eyelashes.

"What do you say to a turn on the boardwalk?" he asked.

"Oh, lovely!"

So down the veranda steps they went together, down into the beautiful night, down into the beautiful adventure, Herbert carrying his hat in his hand, to let the breeze blow in his hair, and humming an air from Lucia, humming like an artist and looking every inch a star.

They chatted a little then—it matters not what the words any more than it matters what the treble score is saying to the bass in the intermezzo. It is enough to know that the music is moving and will sometimes make the throat ache with the indefinable pleasure of it. So Herbert and Nellie spoke together, as they sauntered down the boardwalk, past the boat houses, past the Arcade, and on and on till they came to the very end, and there they stood and listened to the waves and looked at the moon, while Herbert drew such full deep breaths of oxygen that he had to put his hands on the rail, as if to steady himself and hold himself down to earth.

Now, as it happened, Nellie's hand was already on the rail; and also, as it happened, Herbert's hand closed over hers.

"Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat!" said Nellie's heart.

"Flippity-flop! Flippity-flop!" said Herbert's.

Practically speaking, of course, it was more than over then, especially when Nellie sighed a little and leaned for a moment against his arm, just before she drew her hand away.

And such a week followed for Herbert—a week that was worth a lifetime, a week that couldn't have been improved upon by prince, potentate or any other person! They told each other their histories and their hopes. She lived in a Connecticut village. Her father had been a country lawyer who had died and left her nothing but a houseful of furniture and a roomful of books. She lived with her aunt. She had graduated from high school three years before. She was the librarian and the local correspondent of the Morning Journal and the Afternoon Bulletin. Also when she was a little girl they used to call her Golden Top, and did Herbert think her hair was really red?

And then of course it was Herbert's turn, and after he had told her what he thought about her hair, he told her his dreams of getting on at the Consolidated National, of being a teller, of being an officer and, in due richness of time, of succeeding old Philander B. Melville himself.

"Somebody's got to be president when Mr. Melville's through," he earnestly told her, "and why not I?"

To which she as earnestly replied:

"Oh, Herbert! I'm sure you will!"

That was the night when he broke his bedroom window. It stuck a little when he tried to open it, and he gave it such a mighty tug that the sash broke in his hands, as though it were made of candy. The next day Nellie went home and the next day but one Herbert was back at the bank again, working away at his adding machine.

Every night he wrote to his Nellie and every morning he had a letter. And such letters she wrote him! It wasn't for nothing that she was a librarian and a local correspondent of the Morning Journal and the Afternoon Bulletin. And every other Saturday afternoon, Herbert packed his mandolin and suit case and went abeauing—with that old-world figure who swam the Hellespont having nothing much on him. They talked it over for a long time—whether they should wait until he received—say—twenty-five hundred a year or whether they shouldn't wait. At the end of the year Herbert received a rise to twenty dollars a week and, because they saw in this the hand of Providence, they decided that it would almost be wicked if they waited any longer.

So the following spring they settled down, three flights up, in the Bronx, with a carload of furniture and books which had been Nellie's father's. And that, which is just the point where ninety-nine stories out of a hundred end, is precisely the place where this, our story, begins.

II

GENTLEMEN, gentlemen, I wish you would think over a question or two, if you will be so kind. Do you ever stop to wonder what other men's wives really think

about them? Take Mr. A., for instance, whose income is ten thousand a year! What do you suppose Mrs. A. thinks about him when she sees other men—with regular fools for wives—who can easily make their fifty thousand a year? And take Mr. B. with his fifty dollars a week! What do you suppose his wife thinks about him when she sees other men, homelier men, younger men, men with extravagant wives, climbing up past her husband on every side and leaving him simply nowhere in that great race which is sometimes called success?

According to the immemorial theory, I believe, each of these ladies thinks that her husband is the greatest man that ever lived—the wittiest, handsomest, busiest, smartest and best. She thinks—according to the aforesaid theory—that there never was a man who reasoned so shrewdly, who prophesied so accurately, or who had such a sovereign cure for colds.

But away down deep in the bottom of your heart, what do you really think about it?

So far as Nellie was concerned, for the first twelve months of her married life, she fully subscribed to the immemorial theory. She was too happy in the present to bother with the future, too proud of her Herbert to doubt his ultimate ability to make good. And, in truth, Herbert wasn't far from being an ideal young husband, playing the mandolin a little better, teaching Nellie to play chess, using the broad "a" with a little more distinction and looking so well in his clothes. He loved his wife with all his heart and soul, but his salary stayed fixed—fixed—fixed at twenty dollars a week.

Yes, and for the second year, and for the third year, Nellie still regarded herself as one of the luckiest of women. It is true that she needed more clothes than she could buy, and there were lots of things she liked but couldn't afford, and as the cost of living continued to wind its upward spiral she had to skimp more and more upon the table, until I would rather not tell you what she had for lunch when Herbert wasn't there.

But, if anything, Nellie took a pride in these economies. She felt she was helping her man over a hard place in his life and that when they were rich it would be one of her deepest, truest pleasures to whisper to him—in those sentimental moments which a wife understands so well: "Herbert, do you remember when I had to turn that old silk petticoat four times?" or "Herbert, do you remember when I used your waistcoats to patch your trousers and no one ever knew?"

But very, very gradually the fact of that stationary salary began to grow upon Nellie's consciousness. "Bert," she said one night, "are all the clerks at the bank young men?"

"Why, no, honey. We've got some pretty old boys among us. Melville's been talking about pensioning the clerks when they get to be sixty, but it's never amounted to anything yet."

"And these old clerks, Bert: I suppose they draw an awful lot of money every week?"

"Why, no, honey. About the same as the rest of us. Eighteen, twenty, twenty-five—it all depends on what they do, you know."

Listening to this, Nellie felt that she had suddenly taken a step downward in life, the same as a careless pedestrian will sometimes unexpectedly step off the curb and get a jolt.. But she said nothing more that night.

The next day, feeling that a good walk would do her good, Nellie went window shopping. Now once upon a time, if she had seen a woman in a handsome set of furs, Nellie would have said to herself:

"I'm going to have a set like that when Bert's ship comes in—only glossier and with not so many tails!"

And so with everything else that she saw and admired. But that afternoon, although she bravely tried to play various tunes upon the calliope of hope, she simply couldn't get up steam. She felt small and down and under. Yet even then she wouldn't consciously blame her Bert.

"It's that old Melville," she told herself. "He has the power and he keeps everybody under. Poor Herbert! It's a shame he has to work for such a man. No wonder he begins to look so pathetic at times—well, hardly that, but so—so—so settled down and done for and nothing more ever to be expected!"

On the way home, Fate laid another straw upon the accumulating load. Not far from Nellie lived a stylish little woman, very dark, with blue-black hair, and you will understand the following incident better if you really know what brunettes think about blondes and what blondes think about brunettes. Well, out came Mrs. Black in a brand-new suit, gave our Nellie such a look, jumped into a brand-new touring car and grandly rolled away.

"A new car!" thought Nellie. "And that was her husband at the wheel!" And then in a gush of emotion which she simply couldn't bottle up any longer, she thought, "Oh, if Herbert could only do something! If he could only do something like other men!"

It had taken her four years to get as far as that. Nevertheless, she felt traitorous and wicked, and wondered if she could ever look her husband in the face again.

In short, when Herbert came home, Nellie was more affectionate than ever; and in truth Herbert had grown—in all respects but the one—into the most lovable husband imaginable, playing the mandolin better than ever, playing chess so well that Nellie could hardly beat him, sounding the broad "a" like a little John Drew, and sometimes sighing to himself in his sleep—a mournful sound which always touched Nellie's heart.

But that evening, when Herbert had finished his dinner and sat reading the paper, in smoking jacket and slippers, just like the picture of an ideal husband, Nellie sat opposite him, darning stockings, and for the first time in her life she began studying Master Herbert, studying him intently, as though he had become a very important problem and she had to know the answer right away. Presently she looked down at her work again, and two warm tears fell on her thread. It was thus perhaps that Marie Antoinette used to look at her poor Louis. It is thus perhaps that a mother sometimes sees her backward son.

III

NOT long after that Herbert came home one night and found his wife in tears.

"It's nothing," she sobbed. "I—I'm only feeling foolish—that's all."

To prove it she was soon laughing and chatting with a vivacity that brought a red spot to each of her cheeks.

"Oh, Bert," she said after the dinner things were cleared off, "did you see the article which Mr. Melville wrote for one of the magazines—The Difficulty of Finding Ten-Thousand-Dollar Men?"

"Yes," said Herbert dryly. "Melville's a great old boy for keeping his name before the public."

"But is it true, Bert? Really? Is it hard to find a man worth ten thousand a year?"

"So Melville says," said Herbert, more dryly than before.

"No, Bert, seriously though. Take—take yourself, for instance! Is there any reason why you couldn't fill a position at ten thousand a year?"

"I don't know of any."

"Then why don't you tell Mr. Melville so? Why don't you go right up to him and say: 'Mr. Melville, I've been reading your article, and I want to tell you that I'm a ten-thousand-dollar man and as good as any!'"

The Chairman of the Executive Committee Rested His Hands on the Head of His Cane and Looked Herbert Up and Down and Through and Over

"He wouldn't believe it, you see."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know, honey. Because I couldn't prove it, I guess."

"But, Herbert, how can you ever prove it, unless he gives you a chance to prove it?"

Herbert made a gesture—that wave and twist of the hand which says "That's it, you see." But Nellie couldn't see it that way. All she could see was a fading vision, a disappearing dream, a procession of successful men and women who were always hurrying past her, like that swarthy little thing who lived up the street. She waited a few minutes for her voice to become steady and then she went at it again:

"Mr. Melville says that the world needs men with original minds."

"That's what they all say."

"And natural-born leaders!"

"Like Philander B. Melville! Three cheers for good old Philander B."

But a few nights later when Herbert went home and found his wife in tears for the second time that week, he began to see that it was no cheering matter. As a matter of fact, Nellie had come to a crisis in her life, and she simply had to have it out and over with. She was tired of skimping, tired of trying, tired of hoping, tired of everything; and if Bert couldn't get on at the bank, she wanted to move back to her home town with him. General Atwood was building an addition to his mill and Bert could get something to do in the office.

"And a person is somebody in the country, but here—buried alive—the way we are—in this noisy old street—with no future or anything ——"

As you can see, there was nothing very deep in the words she said, but if you could have seen poor Nell as she said them, shaken with sobs, her nose red and shiny, her cheeks wet and mottled, you would have known that the feeling behind the words was deep enough. It was deep enough for Bert at any rate, and, seeing his Nell like that, he suddenly felt himself taking one of those downward steps in life. With a feeling close to fright, he knelt by the side of her chair, both his arms round her, and if he cried a little, too, he wasn't the first poor man whose eyes have filled at seeing his wife in tears, and probably won't be the last.

For nearly half an hour, then, heart spoke to heart in disjointed sentences, reciting the lines of the great tragedy called Failure, and then they comforted each other until at last peace fell upon them—that peace which is like the calm that follows a storm—and they blew their noses and smiled at each other with a depth of tenderness which neither had seen in the other's eyes before.

"We'll have our dinner," said Nellie, "and that'll make us feel better." She went into the kitchen and Bert began to lay the cloth in the dining room. There was a swinging door between them—a door with a pane of frosted glass through which they could see each other's shadows though indistinctly and through which they soon began to talk.

"Bert!"

"Yes, honey?"

"Isn't it queer?"

"Isn't what queer?"

"The city and the way people live here. I've been thinking it over a terrible lot lately. Now take Mr. Melville! Was he born in New York?"

"No; I think he came from some little town in Illinois."

"There! And nearly every prominent man you ever hear about was born in some little place. Do you know what I've been thinking, Bert?"

"No, honey."

"Well, you mustn't laugh, but I've been thinking it out why country boys get along in the city so well. It's because they go ahead just as if New York was nothing but a big village and, the first thing you know, they are up among the leading citizens—just the same as they would be in a little town. You never lived in a little town, did you, Bert?"

"No; I was born and raised here."

There was silence then for a time—that deep silence which sometimes seems to hang over the sea. But even over the sea, far away and unseen, ships can talk to each other and sometimes tell a fogbound vessel its proper course.

"Oh, Bert!"

"Yes, honey?"

"You remember that article by Mr. Melville—about the difficulty of finding ten-thousand-dollar men?"

"Yes, I remember."

"And you remember how hard he said it was to find men of initiative?"

"Ye-es."

"And natural-born leaders?"

"Ye-e-es."

Nellie swung the door open.

"Bert," she said, "I've been thinking it over all this week and wondering what I'd do if I were a man and wanted to make a name for myself here in New York. And honestly and truly, Bert, if you'll only promise to help me—you and I, together—we could have an awful lot of fun! Anyhow, ten thousand a year is well worth trying for, and if we don't get it we can always go back home!"

And as for Herbert, presently I will tell you how he looked at Nell.

"All we've got to do," she said, "is to pretend that New York is nothing but a big village with a weekly paper, and act just as if we were nice bright people who lived on Main Street and always took a hand in everything that went on. Now the last winter I lived at home, I'll tell you some of the things we did. For one thing there was an awful lot of mud in the streets. So we got up a petition and called

on Mr. Gallup, the first selectman. And just to make it stick in his mind, every one of us took a little pailful of mud and he had the streets fixed right away."

"But great scott, Nell, you couldn't do that here!"

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, there's no mud!"

"No; but there are plenty of cobbles, aren't there?"

And as for Herbert, he gave her another of those same looks.

"Another thing we did," Nellie continued, "our grange got up a checker contest with a neighboring grange, and I'm sure we could do something like that here."

"A checker contest!" Herbert almost groaned.

"And another thing—we organized a male quartette to sing at the chicken potpie supper that the ladies of the Congregational church got up."

"A chicken potpie supper!"

"Yes; and another thing, I remember that one winter the boys got up a turkey shoot!"

"But, honey, honey," he almost groaned again, "that might have been all right in your village, but you couldn't do anything like that here!"

"Yes, you could! You wait till I've dished up—it won't take a minute—and then I'll tell you what I've been thinking."

They talked things over till the clock struck twelve, and for a long time after that Herbert lay awake while Nellie slept the sleep of satisfaction. He was the first to awake, too, and looking at Nellie—as he had looked at her so often the night before—he blinked his eyes as husbands have blinked their eyes since time immemorial, with that naïve air of astonishment which always seems to say:

"Who is this woman that I call my wife?"

IV

PHILANDER B. MELVILLE, President of the Consolidated National Bank, sat in his office the next morning, one of the most picturesque figures in the Wall Street district that day. Contrary to the theory that bank presidents invariably wear tailed coats, white-edged waistcoats and striped trousers, Mr. Melville was dressed in gray tweeds and was sporting a lavender tie. Contrary again to the notion that bank presidents are always either signing important documents or making momentous decisions, Mr. Melville was looking at a photograph of his residence on Long Island and wondering how he could get it into print. He was thus engaged when a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in!" he cried.

Herbert entered. He was a little pale perhaps and slightly nervous, but—thinking of Nellie—his shoulders were thrown well back, and he had the unmistakable air of a young man who has something important to say and who is going to say it.

"Mr. Melville," he said as soon as he had introduced himself and placed his card on the president's desk, "I read your article about the difficulty of finding ten-thousand-dollar men."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. And I want to tell you that I'm a ten-thousand-dollar man, and I'm going to prove it to you."

"How?"

"By showing that I possess originality, initiative, leadership."

"Go ahead and show it!"

"Thank you, Mr. Melville. Every Tuesday till further notice I shall drop in here and hand you a newspaper clipping. In that way you will have a permanent record of my case—a record which will prove beyond a doubt, according to your article, that I am worth ten thousand a year."

At that Herbert bowed and marched from the room, leaving Philander B. Melville in a mixed state of interest and surprise. Wall Street's most picturesque figure found himself thinking of the interview many a time before the day was over—and especially after he had called for Herbert's record.

"Seven hundred and fifty clerks here in the Consolidated National," he thought, "and he's the only one of the lot with enough spunk in him to come and speak to me about that article. I'll give him credit for that if he never does anything else."

But Mr. Melville didn't need his "if." As a matter of fact, Herbert started things going that very night and was soon as busy as a bee in apple-blossom time. As soon as he finished his dinner, he carefully dressed himself, gave Nellie a three-star kiss and climbed the stairs to the top floor of his flat house. Then, until half past nine, he became a busy discursive figure, ringing bells, climbing stairs, knocking on doors, going up and down elevators, waving in his hand a paper which looked like a petition, laughing a little, joking a little, using the broad "a" a little—a gentleman, every inch of him, inspiring confidence and securing signatures wherever he went. The next night and the next this strange operation was repeated, while Nellie in her room inked herself to the knuckles in the throes of literary composition.

"Ten Thousand a Year is Well Worth Trying for, and if We Don't Get it We Can Always Go Back Home!"

And as if all this wasn't puzzling enough, Nellie stole out of the house one night, at nearly twelve o'clock. She walked halfway up the block to where the gas company had been digging a hole that day. On the edge of the sidewalk the laborers had left a neat pile of Belgian blocks, and, after looking this way and that, Nellie suddenly picked up one of those big cobbles and slipped back home. There were some strange maneuvers then with a scrubbing brush and a bottle of gold paint. And when the following Tuesday rolled round and Herbert handed Mr. Melville a newspaper clipping, these obscure events suddenly became as clear as day, as a dark stage leaps into light when the proper switch is turned on.

It was a half-column story and, if I were to tell you how many times Nellie had written and rewritten certain parts of it, you would marvel no longer at the ink upon her knuckles, or the frown of concentration which had almost taken up permanent quarters just underneath her bangs.

"Mayor Gets a Gold Brick," was the promising headline.

"The Norris Avenue Association called at the mayor's office this noon," the story began, "to complain about conditions in their neighborhood. The delegation was headed by Herbert Macklin of the Consolidated National Bank.

"Mr. Macklin is the chairman of the association.

"'Mr. Mayor,' he said, 'my business deals with figures. I have calculated how many reasons there are why Norris Avenue is the noisiest street in the Bronx, why there are times when we can get no sleep up there and why the street ought to be asphalted. It may surprise you to know that there are 167,512 of these reasons. To prove it, I have brought one with me.'

"At this point Mr. Macklin unwrapped the package which he had been carrying. It contained a Belgian paving block gilded in a rich dull finish.

"'Mr. Mayor,' continued Mr. Macklin, 'paving blocks have many uses. Prisoners at hard labor find them indispensable. But as a city pavement in a residential section we contend that the paving block is a gold brick, pure and simple. We have, therefore, decorated this sample and ask permission to leave it here, partly to serve the city as a door stopper and partly to remind you of our suffering!'"

The President of the Consolidated National Bank read through to the end and then he turned and looked at his surprising bookkeeper, who respectfully returned his gaze.

"Mr. Melville," said Bert, "this clipping shows that I possess originality, initiative, leadership. Though it may not prove that I am a ten-thousand-dollar man, it shows at least that I am worth twenty-five hundred a year. A week from to-day, I shall have another report to make to you, demonstrating my increasing value. Thank you, sir."

So saying, our Herbert bowed and went back to his adding machine. And that was that.

V

FOR the next day or two, Herbert spent all the time he could find in another mysterious manner. He went round to the different departments of the bank, whispering to the clerks. If you had been in the foreign-exchange room, for instance, you might have seen him come slipping in and working his way down the long desk, whispering a few words into each ear as he passed. It was evidently a question that he was asking, and nearly always the answer was either a shake of the head or some such strange reply as "Sure; like a calf!"

Here and there, however, he received a different reply. Then there would be a whispered conversation lasting a minute or two, and Herbert would hurry back to his adding machine, looking as Lord Napier probably looked that time when he thought he was going to square the circle.

And on Thursday evening, if you had called at Herbert's flat up in the Bronx, you would have seen at once that something unusual was going on there as well. Nellie was wearing her prettiest dress. She was sitting at the piano, playing Rosalie, and clustered round her were Herbert and three other young bankers, tunefully raising their voices in song. They were there the next night, and also the next, while in the daytime Nellie began inking her fingers again and mailing the merriest articles to the newspaper editors—one of the most industrious and enthusiastic little press agents that old New York had ever seen.

For three days the editors seemed to turn a deaf ear, but on Sunday the Star published one of Roth's funny cartoons, entitled Music on Wall Street. There was one scene showing two brokers singing a duet on the stock exchange:

"What am I offered for United Shoe?"
"Seventy-two! Oh, seventy-two!"
"Is it your desire, sir, to make me laff?"
"I'll go a little higher, sir! Make it a haff!"

In other scenes, employers sang dictation to their stenographers, a cop sang an aria to a pushcart man, paying tellers serenaded ladies who would have to be identified. On every hand were rounded mouths and bars of music, and under the picture the following paragraphs appeared:

If the sweetest music is always described as golden notes, why shouldn't there be music on Wall Street? Because there is no answer to this question the employees of the Consolidated National Bank have organized a male quartette under the leadership of Herbert Macklin.

"We are the most harmonious office force in New York," said Mr. Macklin last night, "and our quartette can prove it."

The Sub-Treasury is expected shortly to take up the challenge. Meanwhile Cartoonist Roth offers the above suggestions for a musical Wall Street.

On Tuesday afternoon when Herbert entered the president's office, Mr. Melville looked as though he didn't know whether to growl or to smile.

"He's seen it," thought Herbert, quaking a little. And, as soon as he had placed the cartoon on the desk, he quickly said: "I see in the papers that the bankers hold their annual banquet on Thursday evening."

"Well?" demanded Philander, who looked as though he had decided to growl.

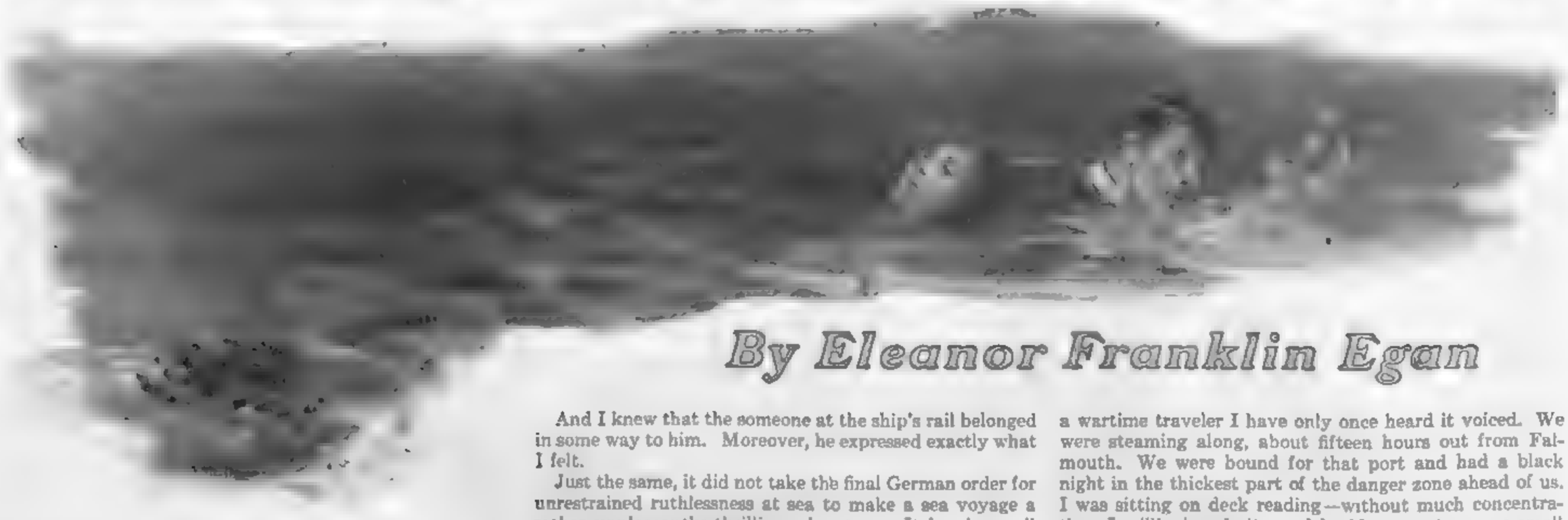
"And you're the chairman of the entertainment committee."

"Well?"

"That's the reason I organized the Consolidated Bank Quartette, Mr. Melville, so you can put us on the program for two or three parodies and have the songs printed on the menus. You could get some rattling-good newspaper man to write the parodies—bright clever stuff that will put everybody in a good humor. Then at the top of the song you could have a line—Music by the Consolidated National Bank Quartette. Don't you see, Mr. Melville? It would be a good thing for you and a good thing for the bank,

(Continued on Page 82)

IN THE DANGER ZONE



By Eleanor Franklin Egan

"THERE was no panic among the passengers."

That is what one reads in newspapers nowadays when another ship is sunk; and it makes one feel that the habits of old Human Nature are not so fixed after all. The miracle of collective coolness in the face of peril in its most hideous aspect has become matter-of-course by virtue of anticipation and preparedness. The first law of Nature has not lost its place at the top of the list, but nobody goes to sea any more without a firm determination to make that law conform to newly established standards of human conduct; and nobody goes to sea any more without being fully prepared for anything that ruthlessness may conceive. By calmly expecting the worst, and only secondarily hoping for the best, the adventurer into the zones of frightfulness provides himself with a sort of nerve-shock absorber. It amounts to definite and sustained mental resistance to the sudden impact of terror, and it makes for sober action in emergency.

Since the Lusitania was sunk, I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean four times, the North Sea twice, the English Channel five times, and the Mediterranean in several different directions; and in consequence of my varied experiences and observations on these occasions my mind these days dwells upon the sea almost constantly. I am engaged all the time in mentally bolstering up the courage of those whose courage is absolute and needs no bolstering—those who go down to the sea in ships when every safeguard has been removed and every principle of decency and humanity has been definitely set aside. If it were necessary I might, even under such circumstances, be able to go myself; but somehow, knowing what I know, I do not believe I could.

Ready for the Worst

THIS is more or less what I was thinking when I saw the first ship sail out of New York Harbor the day after diplomatic relations were broken off between the United States and Germany. Many other ships have gone and returned since then; but in the casual-seeming manner of that first ship's departure the world was witness to a display of courage that was spectacular, even for these courageous days. British poise and dependability of character were never better exemplified, even though defiance of the Great Unknown has become so usual as to be no longer remarked.

The skipper "warped her out into the stream"—which I believe is what they do in correct nautical phrase—as matter-of-factly as he might have done had the big German Vaterland been following him on a peaceful voyage to a friendly Plymouth, and thence to her own home port. He blew a shrill warning to some small craft to get out of his way, and the watching excited thousands on shore, and on everything afloat in the harbor, mistaking this signal for a parting salute, "let go" a response that was little short of hysterical.

Inexpressible admiration for the spirit of the thing was in every whistle-blast, in every shout, in every breath that was breathed.

Beside me on the dock stood a man. His hands were thrust deep in his overcoat pockets and his soft hat was pulled down low on his forehead. His eyes were fixed on someone at the ship's rail—a passenger—and his lips were half open in a curious unhappy kind of smile. When the great shout went up and the whistles began to blow he squared his shoulders back and muttered to himself:

"God All-mighty!"

And I knew that the someone at the ship's rail belonged in some way to him. Moreover, he expressed exactly what I felt.

Just the same, it did not take the final German order for unrestrained ruthlessness at sea to make a sea voyage a rather unpleasantly thrilling adventure. It has been all of that these two years past. Not since the Lusitania was sunk has anyone set sail across the Atlantic—the one-time "pond" of casual-minded travelers—without the almost blasphemous blessings of all his friends. "Bon voyage!" used to be a sort of verbal bouquet, to be lightly tossed over deck rails to smiling, happy voyagers, but it has become a fervent prayer; while tearful loving anathemas heaped upon the venturesome one's "Damned foolhardiness!" long since became the accepted substitutes for "Good-by and good luck!"

Until German submarines began to raid off our own coast there was a period of comparative calm for the traveler on a transatlantic ship. Going toward England, one had five or six days in which to anticipate the danger zone; while, homeward bound, one spent the first three days in a kind of nervous dread, and was afterward able to settle down to normal existence for the remainder of the voyage. But when I crossed, just before the declaration of the final German intention, we were warned that they had already been sowing mines in the North Atlantic, and nothing more was needed to make apprehension practically continuous. Everybody laughed, of course; but the laugh had a hollow sound. In any case it meant that passengers were duty-bound to keep life preservers in handy places all the way over; and if there is anything one does not like to have in evidence all the time it is a life preserver.

It is amazing how well we have learned to behave! To cover chilling anxiety with an air of confident unconcern is not so easy after all, but to "behave badly" at sea became long since one of the most contemptible of offenses. "It just isn't being done, you know," as our English friends would say. I can write only of the days before the averages as to safety and danger were reversed; but, even then, the precautions sometimes taken in one's behalf were not exactly conducive to serenity of spirit.

At the edge of the declared and defined danger zone, going eastward, the lifeboats were always swung out, life rafts were loosened on the decks, and life preservers were made promptly available in all parts of the ship; and not to be able to watch these grim preparations as coolly and with as little expressed interest as though they amounted to nothing more than a boat drill in ordinary times was to court a special kind of disgrace in your little world afloat. Then, if it happened to be a well-conducted ship, an officer would approach one with a matter-of-course, nothing-to-be-excited-about air and ask:

"What is the number of your lifeboat?"

If you had read the little notice tacked on your cabin wall you were able to answer.

"And which side is it on?"

"Starboard, sir."

"And which is starboard?"

They nearly always asked that question—or at least the Dutch officers did; though I believe no part of this little ceremony was ever so usual on American ships. A Dutch captain in the North Sea told me that about nine persons in ten, even though they might know the difference between port and starboard, would go wrong on it in an emergency, simply because they would have to stop to think. He considered it a wise precaution to substitute left and right in all landsmen's minds in order that they might be able to think in their own language, and, therefore, quickly. This captain had lost two ships, but never the life of a passenger.

Lifeboats swinging free over a sea that is stocked with deadly uncertainties have a very definite lure. The thing is that you just do not express it. In all my experience as a wartime traveler I have only once heard it voiced. We were steaming along, about fifteen hours out from Falmouth. We were bound for that port and had a black night in the thickest part of the danger zone ahead of us. I was sitting on deck reading—without much concentration, I willingly admit—and beside me sat a very small Englishwoman, a charming, kinky-headed, little gray-eyed person, who was going over to see her husband, a Canadian officer, and to show him the baby he had never seen. The baby was asleep in a gocart close to his mother's chair. Suddenly she turned to me and said:

"Aren't you nervous?"

"No; not at all," I replied, though she would have been quite right not to believe me. Far be it from me to make any boasts.

"I am," she said. "I believe I am terror-stricken. I know it's silly of me, but I can't help it. It is all I can do to keep away from those lifeboats. I know I could never get into one of them if anything happened; and I want to wrap baby up now and go and sit in one of them until we get through this. Don't you think I might do it? Wouldn't you go with me?"

I had to explain that the captain would probably do something awful to us if we attempted such a thing; and that in any case we should only be adding to the nervousness of all the others. No; I thought we had better not attempt it. As we talked along she righted herself without much difficulty and got rather ashamed of what she called her "idiotic selfishness." But it did not seem to me to be so idiotic. Quite natural, I should say, considering the pictures of past horrors with which our minds are filled. She had not seen her husband for more than a year; he was to get his first leave in all that time in order that he might meet her in England; he had never seen his little son; and afterward he would have to go back to—Somewhere in France.

Like Quills Upon the Fretful Porpentine

WHEN we were landing I saw them together in the Customhouse at Falmouth. The man was well over six feet tall and he had all the tonic tone of the great Northwest in the lift of his head. She couldn't have kissed his top vest button without getting a chair or something to stand on; though, come to think of it, he had no vest buttons to be kissed. He was in khaki, of course, with a close-fitting military jacket hooked up tight under his handsome chin. One just liked him right on the spot. No wonder she wanted to live to get to England! He had the little white bundle of son high up in his arms, the way very tall men seem always to think a baby must be carried; while she was hustling round, opening trunks and boxes for the baggage inspector and being very efficient and self-reliant—and the happiest woman in all England.

I seem to see little ghosts of drowned children trooping up to look upon this picture—little ghosts of drowned children clinging to the dripping wraiths of yearning women who look as though they had carried with them, even into eternity, a great fear.

Up to the first of February danger probably lurked thickest in the North Sea, and only the urge of necessity could induce anyone to cross to Holland—necessity or something which bore in one's own mind a sufficient resemblance to necessity. The nature of the necessity had to be defined for the benefit of the British authorities to begin with, of course; but that was not so difficult, once one was identified as a friend.

Of the two Dutch steamship companies operating between England and Holland the one the general public depended on had lost all its ships except an old side-wheeler, which was running between Queenborough and Flushing. This company had some new twin-screw steamers; but these their owners refused to risk, and they

were tied up to their piers at Rotterdam, waiting for the war to end. The other line—the Batavia—was always booked up weeks ahead by British and Dutch diplomatic and business agencies; so the casual traveler's choice of accommodation was exceedingly limited—limited to the old side-wheeler, as a matter of fact. When I crossed on her the Germans had just been getting in some fine strokes of destruction, and I remember laughing to myself at the thought that my hat was concealing from public view the only evidence of apprehension on my part that I was unable to control. My hair stood on end all the way. Otherwise I was quite normal; my hand was steady; only I knew that my voice, being measured in its cadences, was an indication that I was engaged in keeping a muffler on my heart action. A week or so later that last poor old useful boat struck a mine and went down. Then for a while there were no boats at all.

By midnight everybody had to be aboard at Queenborough; and the advice was to get to bed and get a little sleep if one could, because the captain would start at his own time, or the tide's time, and passengers would all be called a good half hour before the danger zone was reached; the danger zone beginning out beyond the lightships. At that point everyone was required to be up and fully prepared to take instant care of himself.

I was almost ashamed to leave my cabin before the call came; but it seemed I had had all the sleep I needed the night before. At any rate, I was very wide awake; and I made myself believe that I was tremendously interested in the merely picturesque aspects of a sail out through the shipping at the Thames' mouth under a morning moon. However, there was no need for me to be so scrupulous about my behavior, since when I got on deck I discovered that I was probably the last one up. I found, also, that I could go back to my cabin and get my rugs and overcoats and dressing bag and life jacket, and stow them on deck in a handy place, without being different from anybody else.

An Annoying Little Episode

IT WAS broad daylight by the time we passed the boundary of the safety zone, and from there on I began really to learn what it is definitely to expect the worst. The sea, being misty and gray and rolling in high waves that cut hills and valleys in silhouette against the horizon, added something to the discomfort even of myself, a traveler unacquainted with the miseries of seasickness. As for some of the others—well, they do say it is a fearful thing; and I can quite believe that some of those poor people were making mental comparisons that were wholly in favor of U-boats and mines.

On an order from an officer I located my lifeboat and bestowed myself and my belongings in its immediate vicinity. Then came one long extraordinary day during which my mind dwelt on little else but the revolutions of the big side wheels and a subconscious wish—I may call it that—that they would hold still instead of churning round incessantly in that careless noisy way, threatening to strike something with every turn they made. Yet I was quite prepared for the explosion, with my soul's hands pressed tight against my soul's ears—so to speak. And I was greatly comforted by the knowledge that for cargo the boat carried nothing but three thousand empty barrels packed in her hold in a way to insure a long period of buoyancy in case of disaster.

It was along about noontime that the earnest little Christian appeared making the most of an unprecedented opportunity. I was talking with a war-relief courier, a man who spent his entire time traveling back and forth across that strip of water; a human shuttle, carrying in safety the threads of business between two great branches of a philanthropic institution. He was a volunteer worker, too old for army service, and rejoicing in the chance that had been given him to do his "bit" in this way. He made me think of the English mother who began her answer to her son's first letter from France after he had been home on leave: "Dear Neddy, I was so glad to get your letter and to learn that you had arrived safely back in the trenches." Not so funny! The trenches might be regarded as a haven of refuge in comparison with the open and constant danger of this man's field of work.

But of course the earnest little Christian would not be thinking of anything like that. He was on his way to Holland to gather materials for a campaign in the interest of Belgian refugees; he, too, was a volunteer worker, and was just so serious about it that, on that ship at least, it is a wonder he didn't cause a riot. Perhaps he was a religionist rather than religious, since really religious persons are always quite highly intelligent. I offer the distinction for what it is worth and because I hate to be caught in a failure to appreciate a godly man.

He did not get after me, though I probably should have come next if he had been more successful with the courier. I had already observed him going about the decks engaging one person after another in what seemed to be very solemn conversation, and had been rather amused by the breadth of his gestures as compared with the narrow-chestedness of his general aspect. He sidled up to where we were sitting and, laying his hand caressingly on the shoulder of my gray-haired, wrinkly-browed companion, he said:

"Brother, do you love the Lord?" Before the courier could mobilize his combative forces, he went on: "Do you realize that at any moment you may be called upon to meet your God? Have you made your peace? Are you prepared?"

Now I leave it to anybody—was that the time or place for such work, worthy though it might be considered under almost any circumstances? The poor little man was utterly sincere, but his brand of sincerity was too much for my sense of humor. I got up and leaned against the rail and looked thoughtfully out to sea, while the big man proceeded to express himself.

"Say," he said, "you little umpty-umpty-ump-ump! Is that the kind of talk you've been handing out to this nervous bunch?"

I think I should explain that the courier was a Canadian and that he spoke a language quite familiar to American ears. Not once was he actually profane, though his dots and dashes and figures of speech could have been translated into nothing but blasphemy. In the original they could have been printed anywhere. He proceeded with measured and low-toned emphasis to read the little evangelist a sermon on common horse sense and the fitness of things. Among other things he said:

"Do I love the Lord? Am I prepared? Say, you—this is my three hundred and sixteenth trip across this beautiful blue sea since it got to be what it is. Feel that life jacket of mine and you'll find it's still wet. I've been sunk twice and I expect to be sunk some more. I'm prepared for anything that may happen to eventuate, and I think maybe that proves that I love something; but it ain't anything you'd be able to understand."

He drawled delightfully. There was more in this general strain, but by degrees the "worker in the vineyard" backed off and stopped the flow with his protesting palms. And he got in a fine parting shot.

"My poor, poor brother," he said, "I am greatly concerned for your unhappy soul, and I shall pray for you."

"Well," answered the unregenerate son of the prairies, "you go on and pray your silly head off; but if I catch you speakin' to another passenger on this boat before we get to Hinter Lightship I'll drown you with my own hands. I swear I will!"

In Holland I found that the open way to England was a matter of the gravest concern to everybody, and that people talked all the time about the comings and goings of ships. When a ship was captured or sunk one heard little more than the quiet observation: "Well, they got the So-and-so." But it was like another turn of the tightening screw on the general nervous tension. The traveler arriving in safety was received with congratulations, especially if he had come part of the way in a rowboat—with all his duffel gone to the bottom of the sea—as a good many did while I was there. Then, of course, would come the necessity for booking return passage; and this I found was like preparing for a reckless plunge in which one's unventuresome acquaintances took a sort of morbid interest. Nearly everybody wanted to stay "right where he was at" until the war was over.

The Longest Way Round

FROM my own standpoint, and from the standpoint of a good many others caught in Holland and wanting to get out, the sinking of that last old ferry boat was one of the most annoying things that ever happened. She struck a mine close to her home port and went down in two pieces; though fortunately the empty barrels kept her afloat until everybody left alive after the explosion got safely away. Then what were we to do? I believe the company had another old tub tied up somewhere, but announcement was made that no future sailings could be expected.

A rumor got round that this was an exaggeration, and that the company would resume business even if one of the new and highly prized twin-screw steamers had to be risked; but this rumor was quickly followed by a strike of sailors and stewards, and that ended all our hopes for the time being. I was solemnly advised both by the shipping authorities and by my own Legation at The Hague to make up my mind to remain in Holland for another month at least. The ships of the other line were all booked full that far ahead, and no power on earth could induce one of their Dutch captains to carry an extra passenger. They would take all they had room for in the lifeboats and not another one for love or money.

There were several of us in the same predicament, and we spent days following up everything that in any way resembled a possibility, comparing notes afterward on our respective and various failures. Then it was that I thought I had a brilliant inspiration.

"Why not go on one of the Holland-America Line ships all the way round to Falmouth?" I said.

Why, of course! That was exactly what we would do. There were sailings every week and the ships were big and comfortable and safe. They went all the way up the coast of Norway, to be sure, cut through the aurora borealis, and came down round Scotland. It would take eight days and be very expensive; but anything was better than being tied up in Holland for an indefinite period. So two of us

(Continued on Page 90)

THE GRYPHON

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

About gold, I have heard this: There is a great store of it in India, beyond the Ganges, which is guarded by a gryphon; and the one-eyed people from over the water attempt to steal it from the gryphon, who defends it. —DIODORUS SICULUS, *The Historian*.

ONE would have thought, as she leaned back in her chair and, turning away from her son and his intended, looked across the lawn, that there were tears in her eyes. There probably were. The Countess of Oriel could always fit her voice and looks to every occasion. And this was an occasion on which a certain mistiness of the eye was required. A mother should show some sign of pathetic sorrow when she meets the woman who is to absorb the life of her son. So the Countess of Oriel was patrician-ly affected.

"It is hard to let Ulick go," she smiled across at the girl; "but it's not so hard as it might be, because I know in whose hands he is."

The girl murmured something embarrassedly, and the son fidgeted with his watch chain. The countess, for all her pathetic smile, was studying the girl with an eye that searched like a surgeon's probe. Little to her, the countess decided. Her face was pretty enough, in a sweet way, with that dim mass of black hair and the startled black eyes. The mouth was sweet. A slight and delicately molded chin showed no great force of character. A sweet and pretty girl, and that was all. The sort of girl, she laughed to herself inwardly, that she had expected Ulick to like, and the sort of girl, she laughed again, that would think Ulick, for all his weakness, a king among men. She had been afraid that Ulick would have chosen some strapping Amazon, with a will of chilled steel, whom it would have been difficult to manage.

But this girl would do.

"You are both so young," she sighed. She looked at her twenty-two-year-old boy, clean-cut, slim, handsome, too, with his fair round features and blue smiling eyes. He had his father's indeterminate chin, though, and the same look of good-natured kindness about the mouth and eyes. That she didn't care for. There wasn't enough hardness about him, enough savage determination to conquer.

"But if you are going to be married, well, you're going to, and I won't object. I don't know that marrying as young as possible isn't the best thing in the long run. You will take care of him, won't you, my dear?"

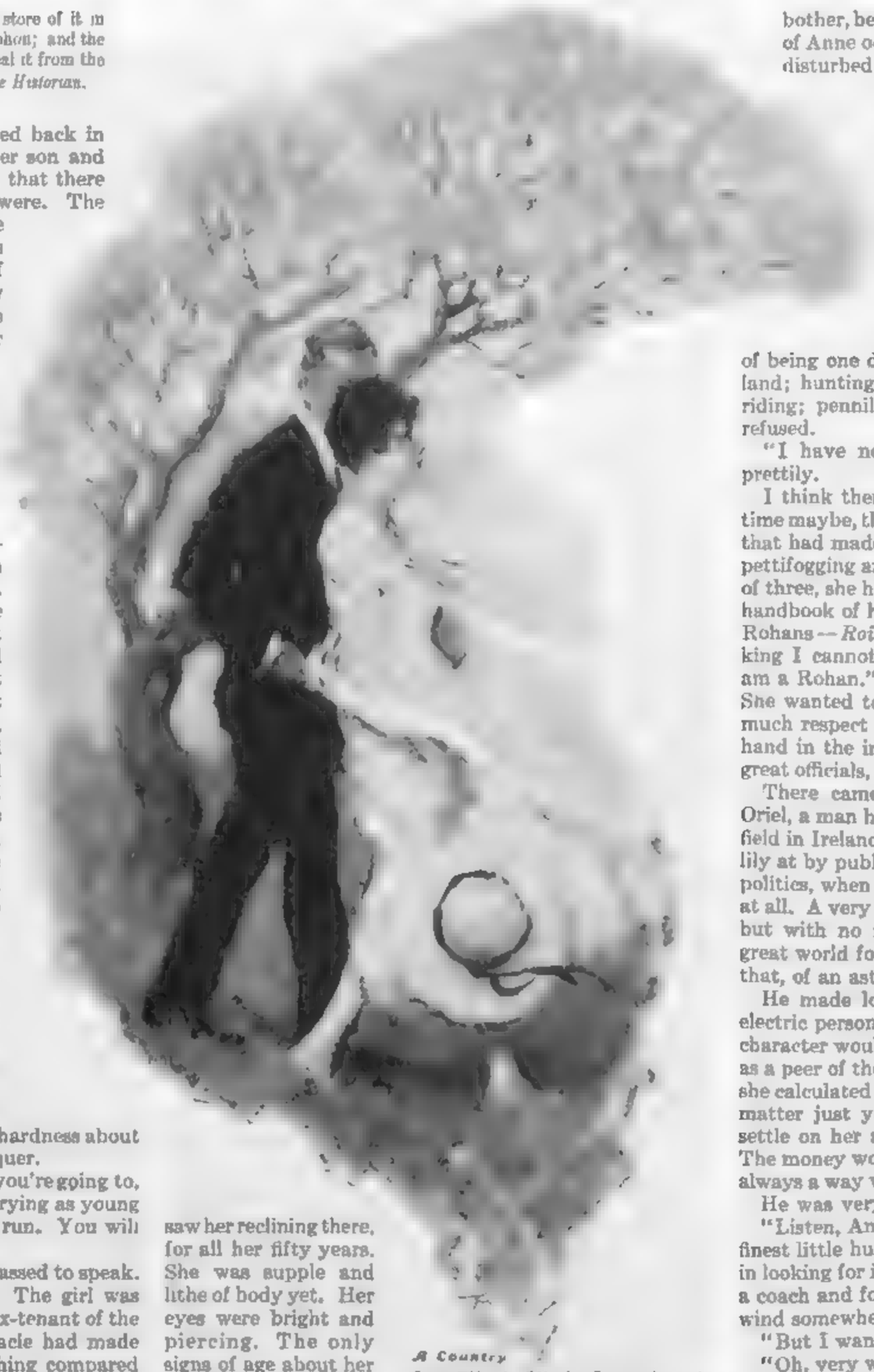
The girl nodded; she was still too embarrassed to speak. The countess smiled. Another good sign. The girl was conscious that she was only daughter of an ex-tenant of the estate—of farmer stock, who by some miracle had made millions in America—and that she was nothing compared to the Countess of Oriel, even though in a few months the Countess would be dowager and the ex-tenant's daughter would bear the title and dignity. Again the son fidgeted with his watch chain.

Across the lawn in the little wood, through the silence of the May afternoon, they could hear the gentle noises of the birds and the whinnying laughter of squirrels. From the river running past them a trout rose in the air for a fly, and was poised there for a moment in an iridescent glimmer. From the gatekeeper's lodge a line of smoke rose high in the air, in a straight blue column, so little did the wind move. To the right of them, two miles away, Slievegullion's brown bulk loomed up in a sort of golden haze. Beneath them, in the valley that rolled seaward, the great fertile acres of orchard land showed like a stunted forest. From the town to the left there came faintly not the sound but the sense of the big linen mills, busy with flying shuttle and purring loom. Here and there, above the intervening trees, could be seen glances of the vast chimneys, reaching skyward like titanic lances.

"I am not going to speak another word to you," the countess said. "You're dying to run off. Run away now, and be together as much as you want to."

The girl thought as she went off with the boy that her future mother was the most wonderful woman she had ever seen. It seemed to her that she had been in the presence of some kindly but mighty pontiff.

The Countess leaned back and closed her eyes. A twenty-five-year-old tension had snapped, and now that the quarry which she had pursued for a quarter century was within her grasp the weariness of the chase was telling on her. A fine woman, one would have called her, as he saw her reclining there, for all her fifty years. She was supple and lithe of body yet. Her eyes were bright and piercing. The only signs of age about her were the heavy lines of determination about mouth and eyes, and the hair that was silvering, and that was, even when silvering, more attractive than when it had been sloe-black. Not a pretty woman, by any means, what with her overlong patrician face and the beaked Churchill nose. Not even good-looking. Handsome in a powerful way. But her looks were the least thing about her.



A Country Into Which All the Legendry of Ireland is Gathered Exerted a Sort of Magic on Their Hearts

A man would never have loved her for her countenance, or would never have been repelled by it. He would have been attracted or repelled, or crushed, by the spirit that blazed through it.

"The most dangerous woman in Europe," Edward the Seventh had called her, "if she only had the weapons to be dangerous with."

She watched her son and the girl disappearing fast into the copse, the pair of tweed-clad figures drawing closer together the farther they drew away from the house. The thought of what they were feeling for each other evoked in her mind the memory of her own courtship and marriage. She had been twenty-five when it happened, and one of the three daughters of Canon Churchill of Armagh Cathedral. The canon was the youngest brother of a cadet line of the Marlboroughs, and was glad to get the living. A gentle, ineffectual man, in whom the strain of the victor of Blenheim had weakened to the proportions of water. He was not much interested in the cure of souls, and much less in ecclesiastical advancement. He spent his days in appreciating an excellent old port and in preparing an edition of Propertius. There were his three daughters, of course, Marjory, Jane and Anne. The eldest two caused him no bother, being as ineffectual as himself. But the thought of Anne occasionally spoiled his palate for the port and disturbed the cadence of the stately Latin verses.

"I cannot understand that girl," he would confess to himself. "A very unrestful personality." He shrugged his shoulders. "But I suppose one must have a cross of some kind."

But the cross was soon removed from his shoulders by bell, book and candle. Anne married. She was married with fitting ceremony to Ulick Fitzhugh Fitzjohn, Earl of Oriel. Others had asked her to marry them, young clerics of the diocese, who held out to her modestly the possibility of being one day wife of an archbishop, and mighty in the land; hunting squires, hard-drinking, hard-swearing, hard-riding; penniless subalterns of the barracks. All these she refused.

"I have never even thought of marriage," she lied prettily.

I think there must have blazed up in her, for the last time maybe, that ambitious Marlborough spark—the spark that had made a great soldier and a national hero out of a pettifogging and ill-born wastrel. All her life, from the age of three, she had wanted power. At fifteen, in some moldy handbook of heraldry, she read the arrogant motto of the Rohans—*Roi ne puis; duc ne daigne; Rohan suis*—"a king I cannot be; a duke I do not condescend to be; I am a Rohan." That phrase made her ambition concrete. She wanted to have as much power, as much dignity, as much respect as any person in the kingdom; to have her hand in the intrigues of dynasties, in the rise and fall of great officials, in the settling of public polity.

There came along Ulick Fitzhugh Fitzjohn, Earl of Oriel, a man her own age; a man known on every hunting field in Ireland; respected by his tenantry; laughed kindlily at by public officials for his manifest lack of ability in politics, when he allowed himself to be drawn into politics at all. A very kindly and gentle man, a gallant sportsman, but with no more understanding than a marionette of great world forces and national affairs, and in addition to that, of an astonishing meagerness of purse.

He made love to her, attracted by her strength and electric personality, as an easy-going and somewhat weak character would be. She accepted him. With his position as a peer of the realm and with her ambition and strength, she calculated she could rise far. The lack of money didn't matter just yet—there was so little that he could only settle on her a jointure of three hundred pounds a year. The money would come later, she decided. There must be always a way where the will is so strong.

He was very proud of his bride and very enthusiastic.

"Listen, Anne," he told her: "I'm going to get you the finest little hunting cob in all Ireland. I'm going to start in looking for it to-day. And another thing: I want to get a coach and four, and teach you to drive it. I'll raise the wind somewhere ——"

"But I want to go to London," she protested.

"Oh, very well," he gave in listlessly.

There was something very definite in her mind. She knew that of all the Irish peers Oriel stood highest with the old queen. Somehow the very conservative and careworn and lonely lady had been impressed by the easy-going and reckless sportsman. She had asked him some questions about Ireland, and he had told her the truth, and though the truth was little to her liking, she appreciated his fearlessness.

The Countess of Oriel decided that something might be made out of this. There were fat governorships to be given away. With the pulling of a wire here and another there Oriel would be certain of an appointment. They might send him back to Ireland as viceroy. Less competent men than even he had been thrust on India. There was New Zealand. There was the Cape. From any of these a man might come back an authority on colonial government and, rising up among his peers, become oracular. Something like that, and the career would be commenced.

He received his appointment. A commission from the queen gave him greeting and the governorship of the Bermudas. The queen had recognized him as honest, but she was shrewd enough to recognize him as lacking in ability, and she was too conscientious to allow any incapable man to make ducks and drakes of a colony. She put him where he could do least harm or no harm at all. Anne was furious.

She accompanied him out there, and for two years she stayed with him. They had been four years married when their son was born. She recognized there was nothing to be done with her husband, so she decided to go home.

"I am returning to England," she announced.

"Why?" he asked foolishly.

"Why?" she sneered back. "Oh, just because I abominate lilies and loathe onions, and the *opéra bouffe* seascape bores me to death."

She went off, and I rather believe he was glad to see her go. She must have been a terrible woman to live with. The going of the boy cut him dreadfully. He might have resigned and gone home, too, but he was the sort of man who stuck to a post when he was placed there. He died a year after she went back; of malaria, it is officially recorded. The facts are different. Homesickness broke his spirit—the loneliness for the dashing hunting meets of Oriel, for the trout rising to the cast of the fly, for the whirling of a dogcart over the black Irish roads. He was keenly sensitive to the disgrace of his wife's leaving him. And after she left he drank rather heavily—which is a word to the wise. At any rate, after that his body went to pieces and his spirit was not interested enough to hold it together, but deserted it and winged its way back to its beloved homeland.

So Ulick Fitzhugh Fitzjohn, eighth Earl of Oriel, died, and Ulick Fitzhugh Fitzjohn, ninth of that line, and little over a year old, reigned in his stead. For twenty-two years the Countess of Oriel managed the estate and nursed her ambition; and her ambition, instead of growing weary and dying, became more strong and muscular every day. She still saw herself for twenty years yet playing with destiny, powerful as a prime minister, and respected and known as much as a princess royal. Other women of her class were exercising that power. At their week-end parties ministers formed cabinets, and members of parliament were elected before their constituents saw them. The old issue of Home Rule had risen again, and a greater game than ever was in progress, that of suborning the army. Women of title were playing with civil war as a juggler tosses a ball. And she, the most capable and the most ambitious of them all, was not in it.

"In a little while, though," she told herself with a smile, as she lay back in her chair and watched her son and his sweetheart come along the riverside toward the house. "In a very little while."

For years now—for twenty-two years, to be exact—she had been planning a marriage like this for her son, a marriage of his title with millions of money. She had the position and she had the brains, and shortly now the money would be hers too. It would be Ulick's, of course, but Ulick would use it in any way she wanted. She had brought him up so as to fall in with any wish she would state. There had been one danger all along, though: that the girl with money whom Ulick would marry might be strong and antagonistic enough to keep it.

But luck was running her way, after the barren hands of twenty years and more.

Without any intrigue on her part, without any planning, Ulick and this most eligible of candidates had fallen in love, without her knowing a thing of it.

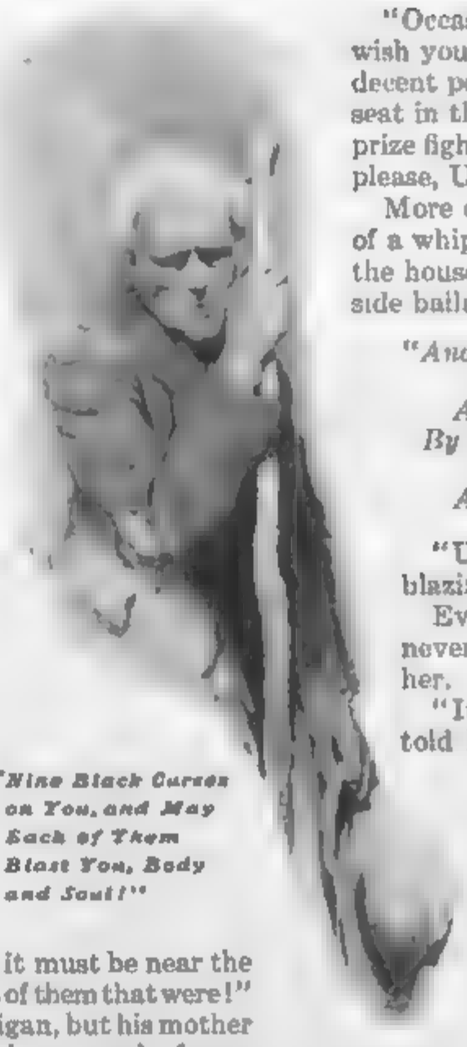
The pair crossed the lawn toward the terrace, and she saw the girl's face transfigured by happiness and trust as by a halo. Yes, she nodded again, the girl would do.

II

AT WHAT age he had begun to fear his mother he could never decide, but he knew that, as far back as he could remember, no action of his had been taken, no thought formulated, no word spoken, except under the shadow of that dark and terrible personality.

She seemed to have formed in her own mind a type of person whom the Earl of Oriel should be, and to that type she made him rigidly adhere, crushing in him, as far as she could, every natural instinct of his own people. He could remember, when he was seven years old, riding along the country roads on his little Shetland pony, and his mother beside him on her black cob. He looked so gallant there, with his erect seat, with his flaxen hair and his merry blue eyes, that the hearts of the country people jumped within them. They had known his father so well, strong farmer and drover, fiddler and beggar too. They wanted him to stop and talk to them.

"Threescore and fifteen years old I am," old Miles McGuigan, the piper, stopped him; "threescore and fifteen. I mind your grandfather, boy, and I mind your father too. With my own eyes I've seen him, the age that you are, riding on his pony along the selfsame road. Ay, and there was the same white hair on him, and the same look in his face. And when I saw you coming along the road, I said to myself it must be near the grave I'm getting, and I seeing the ghosts of them that were!"



"Nine Black Curses on You, and May Each of Them Blast You, Body and Soul!"

He wanted to stop and talk to McGuigan, but his mother smiled a quick and gracious smile, and a very aloof one, and he had to content himself with an embarrassed word. They cantered off.

"Nine black curses on you," the piper swore after her; "nine black and ancient curses, and may each of them blast you, body and soul! The ruin and death of one good man you were, and you're planning to be the ruin and death of another!"

He loved the places his father had loved—old Benburb House, half Norman castle and half Queen Anne cottage, with the little river flowing beside it, teeming with trout; the bulk of Slievegullion Mountain behind, blue and hazy, heather-clad and tunneled, with its enchanted lake on the summit, and with always a pheasant whirring high into the air from the bracken, or a badger slinking between the rocks; the scent of the orchard lands in May—the sweet odor of the apple blossoms and of the miles of hawthorn hedges, and the wind bringing down the smell of the mountain heather. And in winter, too, he loved the glistening roads with the healthy frost on them, with the white moon overhead seeming only an aperture through which light came, and no sound at all but the barking of a dog on the trail of a rabbit or the booming of a distant loon.

But even as much as he loved this, he was glad to get away from it, in order to escape from his mother. It was with a feeling of being released from jail that he faced the bleak prospect of Harrow. There at least she would not be always after him, making regulations of conduct under the guise of suggestions, or choosing his friends. She had a knack of making remarks that cut like a knife. Once she found him boxing in the stables with one of the stable boys, a once famous lightweight.

"Occasionally, very occasionally," she purred, "I wish you would have five minutes' conversation with decent people. It will help you when you take your seat in the Lords. The manners of stable boys and prize fighters would be rather out of place there. Do, please, Ulick!"

More often her manner was sharp, like the crack of a whip on his flanks. He strolled one day through the house, forgetting her presence, singing a countryside ballad:

"And when Mother Death with her cool arms shall embrace me,
And lull me to sleep with sweet 'Erin go bragh,'
By the side of my Kathleen, my young wife, oh, place me;
And forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh."

"Ulick!" she snapped at him. Her eyes were blazing. That was all!

Even at Harrow she gave him little respite. She never allowed him to be long without a visit from her.

"It was quite a struggle to send you here," she told him. She hinted rather than told of privations. "You have no idea how hard a struggle it has been. Your father's affairs were in a scandalous condition when he died. It will be harder still to send you to Trinity."

In London and Dublin she had a coterie of friends who had been impressed by her strength of will into seeing things from her standpoint. They would look at the boy reproachfully.

"You must be good to your mother when you grow up, Ulick," they told him. "She has gone through a great deal for your sake."

At home during the holidays his mother would put it more strongly.

"I don't like to speak of it, Ulick, but I have had a very unhappy life. Your father was not everything he should have been to me. I had to leave him—it was too terrible!" She would sigh and pause. "I could have married again, a score of times, but I wanted to care for you myself." Then she would add another shackle to the bonds of discipline and duty. She would appeal to his sense of chivalry. "I am a very lonely old woman, Ulick, and I have only you. You mustn't desert me ever."

"Of course——" he would mumble embarrassedly. "Of course ——"

But this story of hers hardly accorded with the legends of his father that were told on the countryside. Small things, it is true, but which fired the lad's imagination. He heard how the dead earl had once fought a carter on the road who was ill-using his horse, giving away forty pounds' weight and knocking the man unconscious after fifteen minutes' gruelling fight. He heard also the story of how his father, returning from the hunt, had found an old beggar woman sitting on a ditch, her feet cut and blistered. She wanted to get to Scarva, she said, three miles away. He jumped from the horse, put her in the saddle, and walked at the mount's head until he brought her home.

"And him a belted earl!" the countryside murmured in awe.

At Trinity, too, he heard things which disquieted him more than ever. Mahaffy greeted him with a pathetic smile.

He Joked With the People, Talked With Them, Danced With Them, as His Father Had Done Before Him, and His Grandfather Too

"I taught your father Greek," he said with that grand manner and faint lisp of his. "A great sportsman and a gallant gentleman. A poor scholar, I am afraid, but it is one of the most kindly memories of my old days."

Cooper, too—old Sir Bryan Cooper, him with the reddest of faces and the whitest bristling mustache—slapped Oriel on the back in Grafton Street.

"Damn me," he swore, "if you're not the living image of your dad! If you're half as good a man, though, you'll do. Damn me, you'll do! There was a man for you! If it hadn't been for that damned Bermuda ——"

A question had long been shaping in Oriel's brain. He asked it:

"Sir Bryan, what possessed father to go to Bermuda? He could have been so happy at home."

"Ask your mother, my lad," the old baronet replied; and that was all that could be got out of him.

In the Kildare Street Club another disquieting thing had happened. He had been sitting in the reading room when Dowson, a young barrister and member of parliament, came in talking to Moriarty, the solicitor-general.

"If that woman ever got her hands on any money," Dowson was saying, "she'd tear the country to pieces. She's got her knife into Carson, and she hates the Devlin bunch just as badly. She'd found a new party, man alive ——"

Some occult flash of inspiration told the boy that his mother was being spoken of. An instant later he was sure. Moriarty caught sight of him.

"Shut up, you ass!" he warned Dowson.

All this fitted into a fine parquetry of event, a mosaic of conviction that put him on his guard. He distrusted her as much as he feared her. His father! His teeth clenched at the light she had put the dead man in. He felt an overwhelming desire to go and accuse her to her face of the vague things he knew. A few weeks later he decided he would. On his twenty-first birthday the estate was turned over to him. The gray family solicitor made no secret of how affairs had been administered. The boy was told there had been no need for skimping. His income, though modest, with his mother's jointure, had been sufficient for their needs. Legacies left him by relatives—the rich Close farm, for instance, from his godfather, and some house property in Belfast—had been sold by her and turned to her own ends. The dead earl, careless always, had given her some blanket power in his will, and she had used it shamelessly. The young earl might have let that go, but other matters roused his fury—the peddling of the shooting on Shevegullion as though it were a huckster's stock in trade; the sale of family portraits, painted in periods of affluence by famous artists. Heartless, sordid business that, he felt, would make the line of honorable dead hot with shame in their graves!

"What did my mother do with this money?" he asked the solicitor.

"Your mother was very much interested in a couple of elections, and doubtless, in the excitement of the contests ——"

That was enough! He would hear no more!

With his face flaming he strode out of the offices and galloped madly home. He sprang through the door and into the drawing-room, his hands clenched, his eyes bloodshot.

"Mother!" he called.

She came toward him, on guard as always. Her step betrayed no excitement. Her calm firm eye was like the glisten of a gun barrel.

"Yes, Ulick," she said. "What is it?"

But the one and twenty years of fear and discipline had done its work. The mere sight of her, the calm but compelling gaze, the firm lines about the mouth, the eternal poise, the frigid voice—all conquered him. The fury died in him and the anger wavered, and a sense of terror turned his resolution to water.

"It's nothing," he blundered in answer, and he rushed from the room, livid, shaking, nauseated with his own cowardice.

III

GREAT were the occasions—and few they were, perhaps three in the year—when he could contrive to be alone at Benburb House for a month. At those times his mother would be visiting in France, perhaps, or in London, and there were things on the small estate to be attended to, beyond the rigid jurisdiction of agent and lawyer, and to him the management of these would fall. Then for a glorious month he enjoyed himself, hunting in the winter, or fishing in summer, or simply riding about the roads. On these occasions, too, the old ideal that the countryside had of the Oriel earl was realized. He joked with the people, talked with them, danced with them, as his father had done before him, and his grandfather too. He went to fair and wedding and festival. It was on an occasion such as this that he met Neysa Darcy.

It was on a quiet April afternoon in Newcastle. March had just passed and there was still the tang of cold in the air, but the leaves had budded and there were faint sprays of white on the hawthorn bushes. He had come over in the dogcart, and was wandering on foot through the sunlit streets of the sleepy old town, when he met Palmer, rector of Ballinard, a bluff old Trinity man, whose sermons had the soporific effect of opium, but whose reminiscences of the hunting field sparkled like a heady wine. With him was a young woman.

Oriel will describe to you what Neysa Darcy was like the day he met her in Newcastle town, and his description will be an appalling failure. One gets the impression from his words that he was a victim of the most terrible earthquake that ever befell humanity, and that amid the ruins of the crumbling universe he beheld a vision more sublime, more beautiful, more majestic than Minerva, in shining panoply, springing from the head of Jove. But if Oriel cannot describe her, I think I can: A small, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, with cool slim hands; a shy, blushing and timid girl, with a voice, low and clear and modulated, that has in it something of the quality of a golden bell. There is no feature in her face that one can seize and comment on, but what none can miss is that spirit of love and trust and loyalty of hers, that shines in her eyes, that shows in her mouth, that is suggested by every little gesture she makes. One could see from a first glance at her that she required someone to take care of her, someone to protect that freshness and illusion from all the world, and someone on whom she could lavish her trust and love. And still and all, one feels, for all her softness and fragility, that having found her someone, if disaster were to meet him she would follow him barefoot to the icy edge of the world.

Palmer, the rector, introduced them.

"A new neighbor of yours," he explained, "at least for a month. A daughter of an ex-tenant of your father's, and of an old friend of mine—William John Darcy, the fruit man. You know the name?"

Of course Oriel knew the name! It was a byword for wealth in the countryside. Everybody knew the story of William John Darcy, of Derryogue, who had gone to America, a lad of thirteen, barely forty years ago, and who had now as many millions as he had had dollars when he entered the country. His vessels sped along the Caribbean waterways, laying Central America under tribute for fruit to feed the States.

"Yes," the rector was saying, "her father let her come over here for a month to see what the old place was like. She's staying with us, and has gone wild over it ——"

"How are you going home?" he asked the rector.

"In the trap."

"Let my groom go home with the trap," Oriel stuttered. "I'll take you both home in the dogcart."

"Do let us go, Uncle Edwin," she pleaded. The rector was amused. He had noticed the winsome interest in her eyes as she looked at Oriel, and he had noticed the boy's open-mouthed astonishment as he looked at the rector's visitor.

They spoke hardly a word together as they whirled along the road homeward, but each of them was vibrant somehow with the other's presence. The four miles whipped by like as many yards. When they reached the rector's the girl's cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"It isn't anything like a motor car, of course," Oriel said as he helped her down.

"It was splendid," she breathed, and her eyes shone as though there was a delicate suffused light behind them. Oriel turned to the rector.

"There was something I wanted to go over with you some of these days, sir," he said. "Nothing very important, but I think I'll drop over ——"

"Nothing very important, eh?" the rector laughed. He looked at both of them, and unconsciously both of them blushed. "You can come over to dinner to-night, if you want to. And I think that's what you mean."

He rode the half mile to Benburb House in a state of exaltation. He astonished the household by breaking into loud and extremely doleful songs, so happy did he feel; and immediately after that would come a burst of silence, in which he would sit down and marvel at her, so much wonder and mystery did she seem to contain. He had met girls before, hundreds of them—the hard-riding, swearing, smoking gentlewomen of his own district, who knew the points of horse and dog as well as any man; the polished, sophisticated débutantes of Dublin and London; the honest, handsome country girls of Oriel. These he had known and spoken to, though never even the slightest flirtation had taken place. But this dark, sweet, magnetic little lady had caught him as in a swift noose. He was like a lover in The Thousand and One Nights, who, having glimpsed a woman for an instant only, falls ill and is like to die.

He went to the rector's to dinner that night, and his usually healthy appetite forsook him in the miracle of watching her eat. She had changed into an evening frock, and it occurred to him he had never seen anything so transcendently beautiful and gracious in his life. They spoke very little to each other, but by smiles and the light in their eyes it was evident how happy they were at being together.

"Good-night" they said reluctantly, and it seemed to both of them, as the words passed, that their minds and hearts were hammering out messages to each other that no words could have ever expressed.

He took her riding next morning, and a tremor shook him as he caught her foot in his hand and swung her into the saddle. He had the rector and the rector's wife and her to dinner at Benburb House, and pride dilated within him at the idea of her sitting beside him in that ancient, honorable home.

(Continued on Page 37)

"I Don't Know That Marrying as Young as Possible Isn't the Best Thing in the Long Run"

Russian Democracy at Work

By ARTHUR BULLARD

Not Wanted

IN THE spring of 1906 I bought a ticket to the National Flower Show in Moscow. It admitted me to a large barnlike exhibition hall, where there were a great many people and very few flowers. The crowd was a prosperous, fashionable one, and they had evidently come to the show not to look at things, but to talk. I wandered about, rather depressed by the lack of flowers, but interested in the types from all parts of Russia, and at last encountered an acquaintance. The wife of a notoriously reactionary bureaucrat, she herself was an important person in the Constitutional Democratic Party.

"How do you like our flower show?" she asked. "Rather like Hamlet without the Danish Prince, isn't it? I am having some friends to tea this afternoon. They will interest you. I'll expect you at four."

There are two sorts of teas in Russia: The continuous performance, which you always find brewing in the samovar whenever you happen to call; and the more formal teas, to which one is especially invited.

This was the formal kind. On a long table in the reception room there was an imposing assortment of giant hors d'œuvres—a boar's head, a mammoth smoked sturgeon, a baked ham, a roast pheasant, a great bowl of caviar and a mountain of sandwiches. After greeting the hostess the guests picked up a plate and fork and foraged for themselves.

There were a dozen or more people there when I arrived. After ten minutes or so of struggling to keep up a conversation in my limping Russian, I was suddenly embarrassed to discover that I was the only man in the room. There had been a number about when I came, but they had all disappeared.

A man and his wife entered; and after a few words of greeting he left the hostess and slipped through a doorway at the end of the room, and once more I was the lone representative of my sex. I was not sufficiently familiar with Russian etiquette to know what to do. Ought I to follow him and leave the ladies a clear field?

I decided it was best to confess my embarrassment; so I joined my hostess and asked for directions.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked.

A new man had just arrived and I was introduced. He was, if I remember rightly, president of the provincial zemstvo of Tamboff.

A Secret Meeting of Russian Patriots

"THIS is an American journalist," my hostess explained. "He would be much interested in your meeting and you can trust to his discretion."

The president of the provincial zemstvo took me under his arm and led me through the mysterious doorway.

"We cannot meet openly," he said, "because of the police regulations. We have arranged this flower show as an excuse for coming to Moscow, and Marie Petrovna has kindly lent us her library for our committee meeting."

It was rather exciting. Only a few months before, the barricades had been up in Moscow and the snow on the Boulevard of Tver had been red with blood. The machine guns had triumphed. The reaction was at its height. Mere presence at an illegal meeting was ample excuse for a sentence to Siberia.

There were about twenty men in the library—staid, prosperous, sound-looking men. There was no long hair or red shirts or impassioned oratory. It reminded me strikingly of an occasion when, as a student, I had had to appear before the board of trustees of my college. These were the same substantial, safe-and-sane type of men.

And they were meeting here in defiance of the police to discuss—revolution? No; not at all. They were planning relief work in the famine-stricken province of Samara.

One of them was just finishing a report as I entered. He had gone to St. Petersburg to find out what the government was going to do.

"It is just the same," he said, "as during the war with Japan. The Red Cross funds have been stolen. They have appropriated one hundred thousand rubles; but we shall not get more than ten thousand."

Another delegate told of negotiations with the Minister of Railroads. "We shall have to send in relief by the river," he said. "The Minister and his friends have invested heavily in grain. They have made a corner, and are speculating on the famine."

The representative of the zemstvo of Nijni-Novgorod said that he could arrange barge service on the Volga to ship in wheat and break the corner. The other zemstvos along the river promised to get grain to the landing stages. Others pledged money. A delegate from the West said that his zemstvo had just stocked up in apothecary stores and would send their surplus and a couple of druggists. The Kharkoff Zemstvo offered to send doctors and nurses, and some volunteers to help in organizing soup kitchens. And so, in this quiet, unemotional, businesslike way, the zemstvos—forbidden by law to cooperate—got together to relieve the famine.

The next week I went down through the starving provinces with some of these zemstvo workers. The Germans in Belgium did not interfere with our relief work as much as the Russian Government, in time of peace, interfered with this campaign of mercy.

Nothing I saw in all my stay in Russia—not even the blood on the snow—stirred my anger against the bureaucracy so much as this.

The men of the zemstvos had to risk the prison mines of Siberia, had to concoct a flower show and meet in secret, under shelter of a tea party, to plan the work of feeding the hungry. The government officials not only speculated in famine prices and stole the relief funds, they hunted like criminals the men who tried to relieve the victims of their crimes.

And besides acquiring a new and more bitter contempt for the bureaucrats I gained from this trip through the famine belt a new respect for the Russian people. Even the police, puffed up with their triumph over the Revolution, could not stop the zemstvos. For each worker they threw into prison, two more volunteered. Consignments of food were maliciously sidetracked. Every possible obstacle was put in their way. But with superb steadfastness, by a miracle of what Krapotkin calls "mutual aid," the zemstvos fed the hungry.

Prince Lvov—now Premier of New Russia—was the driving power in the organization of this relief.

The zemstvos were created in 1864 as local government boards of very limited powers. There is a council for each county and a central board for each province. Not content with the narrow limits assigned by law, the zemstvos have developed no end of extralegal activities. They are the standard bearers of civilization among the vast rural populations of Russia. They might be compared to our social settlements, only they have to do not with city slums, but with the villages of the countryside. All the uplift work done for Russia's hundred million peasants is done by them. They maintain schools for children and adults. Their agricultural experts are gradually improving the farming of the nation. They employ doctors and nurses and pharmacists.

Prince Lvov's Great Achievement

THE zemstvos are not exactly democratic in their organization, as the councils are controlled by the landlords. But they are intensely democratic in their activity. The more reactionary of the landed aristocracy live in the cities and do not interest themselves in these local boards. And of even greater importance is the fact that the employees of the zemstvos, the doctors and teachers, are all men and women from the universities—almost without exception Radicals.

Inevitably the bureaucrats have been bitterly hostile to the zemstvos. And for a generation now there has been open warfare between this local democracy and the Central Government over the effort to create a National Union of zemstvos.

If these local government boards, already grouped in provincial organizations, were allowed to achieve a National Union it would mean a democratic government within the autocracy. The reactionaries have fought doggedly against this project. And the final accomplishment of this aim, in the face of ruthless opposition, has been Prince Lvov's great contribution to his people.

(Continued on Page 61)

AN EVENING IN SOCIETY

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"BUT," said Major Lawford, "I can't see there is so much in it, as matters stand. If you charge them five hundred apiece, that's only a thousand dollars. You must pay Bowes at least half of that—there are a great many things he can't get charged on the family bill. Then you'll have to pay something to the guests, won't you?"

"As for the guests," broke in Mrs. Hartleigh abruptly and somewhat impatiently, "a real dinner will pretty nearly get them. There's Millie Davis. She hasn't had a job this season, and she's saving up her costumes, because she thinks she may get a part in stock. So she can dress it, and I'll put up the whole thing to her as a lark. Besides, she'll go anywhere for good liquor. The best thing about Millie, for this part, is that she gets haughty when she drinks too much.

"Then there's Willie Whittle. He's got a dress suit. Lord knows it may be in hock, and maybe I'll have to come through to get it out. We won't have to watch him, I reckon. Whatever else he does, I never heard that he was bothered by booze. He'll come for the dinner. I don't know," she continued reflectively; "but I'll let it go at that. A party of six for a starter—you and me, and Millie and Willie, and the two suckers. I didn't tell you, did I, that I'm going to make each of them believe that the other is hot society?"

Major Lawford snorted a British snort.

"You didn't tell me anything," he said.

Mrs. Hartleigh familiarly patted his cheek with a hand somewhat wrinkled, but still very presentable.

"No," she said; "this isn't your branch of the trade, Bob. You deliver Bowes—and you do your own fishing for the male sucker later. I didn't even show you the bait, did I?"

She crossed the somewhat dingy parlor of the parlor-and-bedroom suite that had been the heart of her web for many another crooked game, and took up from the table a set of newspaper clippings, all alike except for diversities of type. She selected one and passed it over. It read:

> A. A.—A lady in reduced circumstances, but with highest connections in New York Four Hundred, will introduce a few select clients, either lady or gentleman, into New York society for consideration. Address Society, care of the Journal.

Mrs. Hartleigh waved her hand toward the table, which held besides the clippings a battered novel, a lace-paper box still containing three chocolates, a powderpuff, scattered items of kid curl papers, and a pile of letters in envelopes of various delicate colors.

"These are the answers from triflers," she said. "I bet half of them come from seminaries and college boys. This Mrs. Luffington, of North Platte, wrote too. But I picked it out of the lot for genuine. The man—he wrote first, and then called. While we're talking about advertising, they both saw the ad in the same paper—the Marriage Journal. I told you the breed of suckers we're after are the very sort to read that paper."

"What kind of people are they?" asked the Major; and a shade of past British respectability seemed to cross his puffy eyelids, his bristling gray mustache and his somewhat high complexion—the racial instinct for the properly introduced.

"Mrs. Luffington is a widow from North Platte," said Mrs. Hartleigh. "Wads and wads of money, I reckon. Her clothes are a scream—expensive-looking, but everything wrong. Oh well—what's the use of talking on that line to a man? The fact is, she's awfully pretty, and it's going to be part of my graft to fix her up. I went to see her at the Hotel Hamblen.

"Says she has a suite there. I haven't seen it yet. But she's a free spender and has lots of sparklers—real ones. Our luncheon check was nine dollars! We always meet in the parlor. And she's crazy—just crazy—to get into New York society.

"I wish," she added, "there was some way of looking her up in North Platte. Do they publish a Blue Book, or anything, out there? Blond and pretty. I bet she didn't get widowed by death. I bet it's a divorce. That's why she doesn't talk much about herself—except she says she'll stand the expense. She's thinking of renting a New York house as soon as I get her established. That shows money. Oh, it's a good lead!"

"What about him?" asked the Major.

A smile crossed the faded countenance of Mrs. Hartleigh, whereon wrinkles were fighting a drawn battle with massage.

"I think you're going to find him easy fruit," she replied. "Well, he's a mighty nice fellow—I'll tell you that. Name's McLeod—Waldo McLeod. He'd be very gentlemanly looking if he only knew how to dress. He showed up wearing a come-easy tie. Tall; dark. The breezy Western stuff. He's just struck it rich in Alaska, or some place where they dig for gold. He says he don't want to get into society—exactly. He just wants to see how they play that game. Of course the truth is he's crazy to get in, but he's ashamed to let on. Otherwise he's a good imitation of a regular man."

The Major stirred in his chair and looked uncomfortable, as a Briton is likely to look upon the birth of a new idea. A man whose habits have got him out of the British Army in spite of family connections; who has served a jail term in Shanghai through his peculiar ways of making a living; who has subsisted in New York upon the manipulation of crooked cards and the sale of still more crooked mining stocks, cannot be said to lack imagination. But it was the imagination of his race—slow. He returned again to the subject with which he had begun the conversation.

"But how much is this going to stand us?" he asked.

Mrs. Hartleigh made a rapid mental calculation.

"Well, I talked it over with your man Bowes yesterday. When the Van Winklers went to Italy and left him in charge of the house, they laid off the rest of the servants. That means he'll have to hire two footmen and an accommodation chef. He thought we ought to have a maid to take care of the ladies when they come in; but I don't think that's worth while. The suckers will never know the difference. He's got to get the chef from one of these regular accommodation places. It can't be done any other way. But he's going to get friends of his for footmen—grafters of his own kind, I reckon. It's just as well. If we had a lot of accommodation servants they might give it all away."

The Major nodded at this piece of worldly wisdom, and Mrs. Hartleigh continued:

"He's got uniforms, or whatever they call them—liveries—for the two footmen. He says he can get the wine from the family cellar—he don't dare sell off the wine, because books are kept on it; but if he shows the boss the empty bottles it will be all right. Regular champagne too! But he must have some provisions. A simple dinner is my idea—I've already told the suckers that New York society is going in for extreme simplicity this year. He can give 'em mutton chops if he wants and they'll never know the difference. I think I'll offer him a lump sum of four hundred dollars, and make him pay his expenses out of that. If he kicks I'll raise the ante to five hundred dollars. That's two-fifty or three hundred for each of us just for a starter. Say"—Mrs. Hartleigh made one of her magical mental shifts—"he isn't going to try to blackmail us, is he—Bowes?"

The Major pulled his mustache and snorted.

"Not likely," he said. "Very, very unlikely. I told you how I happened to come across him here; but I didn't tell you everything. He used to be butler in England for—for a connection of mine. He peculated terribly." The Major's countenance expressed horror of sin. "There was a complaint before a magistrate, or something of the sort. At any rate he ran away. He left a wife and children. And he's married again here. Of course Bowes is not his name. How he got the recommendations to obtain such a situation, I don't know. Forged, perhaps. I'm holding all that over him. Besides ——" The Major checked himself and made a gesture that batted Bowes out of consideration, which said as plainly as words: "The lower orders attack a gentleman? Stuff!" He pulled his mustache again. "Bowes himself suggested that the Van Winklers were sailing for Italy and that he might make some use of the house for profit. A clever servant, Bowes—and a great rascal!" The Major shot out this last with a genuine moral indignation.

"Well, he was a capital prize," said Mrs. Hartleigh. "That was your part—delivering Bowes. Goodness knows I've had all the rest of it up to me, besides thinking out the game in the beginning. He—this Waldo McLeod—is a rich Westerner; and he plays poker—I got that out of him. Then he'll be sure to want to plunge in stocks. Of course that's up to you—he's your game and I won't break in. Have I told you whom you're going to impersonate?"

Instead of answering, the Major looked at Mrs. Hartleigh with a mournful and inquiring eye. Though he had known Mrs. Hartleigh for a long time, though they had for years followed parallel crooked paths, this was the first time they had ever worked together on a job. Her swift mental turns, together with her assumption of mastery, seemed quite to baffle him.

"You're W. Pelham Betts," she said. "I've been watching the society columns. Look here"—she burrowed about among the letters and papers on the table and produced a photographic reproduction clipped from a Sunday Supplement—"you would pass very well for him in a crowd. Same forehead; same build; same mustache. He's in town, too, which helps. My part's the risky one—passing off Millie Davis as Mrs. Van Winkler. That little widow from North Platte is just bound to read the society columns and the gossip weeklies. Of course the Van Winklers are abroad, so they won't be mentioned much; but some of the society columns are just as likely as not to have something about them in the notes from the Riviera. Unless I arrange an alibi for that—nighty-nighty!"

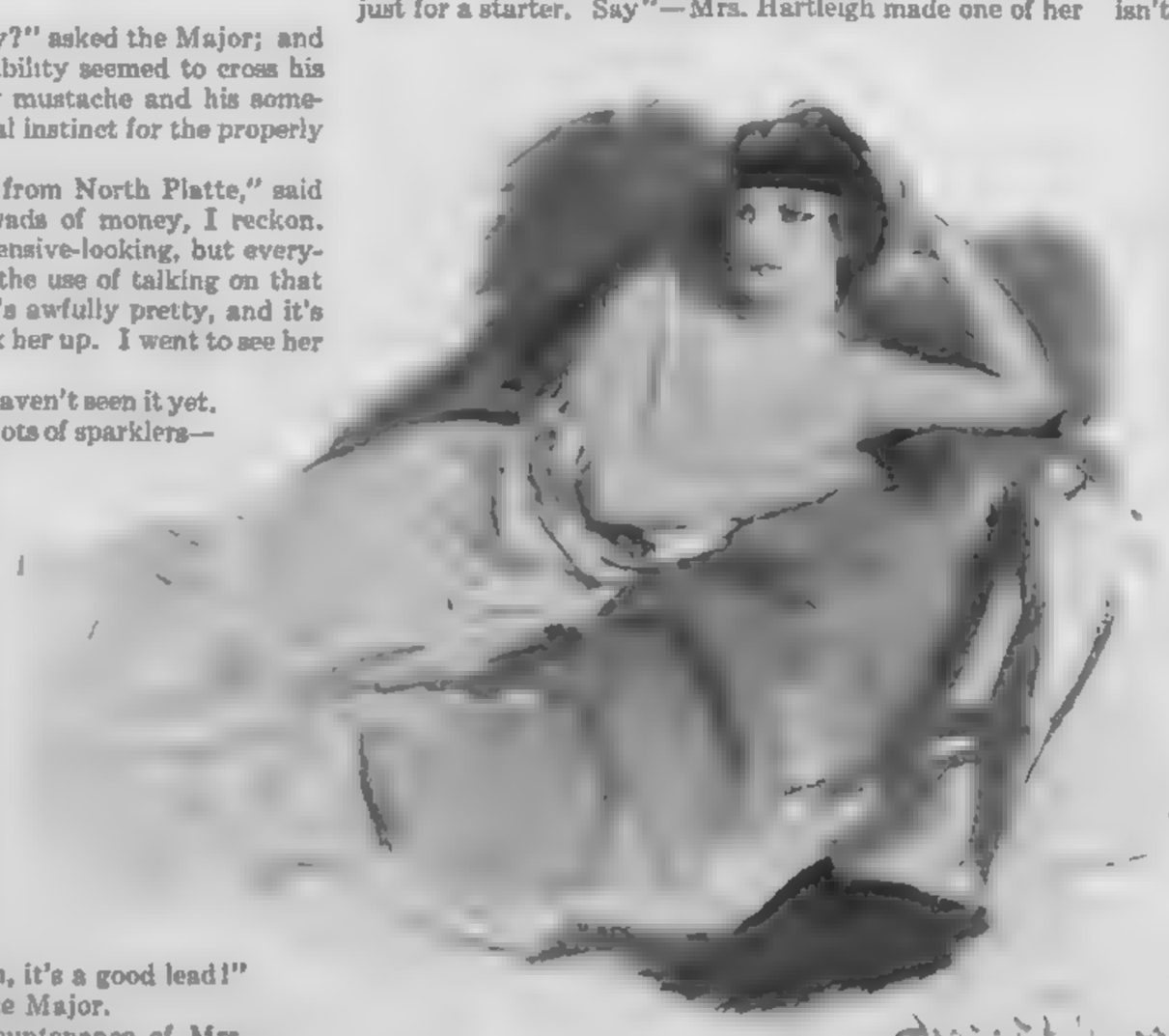
"What's your play with her?" asked the Major.

"I don't know exactly," said Mrs. Hartleigh. "I must think it out. First, I've got to teach her she isn't dressing right—that won't be hard, because she realizes she isn't correct. I'll steer her against Rano for clothes and Thompson for furs. They'll sting her when I give them the wink and split with me fifty-fifty as commission. I'm telling her these are swell, exclusive places, you understand. And if she looks like the kind of sucker who'd die rather than squeal and get it all in the papers, I can do business at Hopkins' with phony jewels. Then, maybe she plays bridge. Anyhow, it's for Wednesday evening. I'll show up with her at the Van Winklers' at eight. You be there, sure, by half past seven with Millie and Willie Whittle—he's going to be Mr. Van Winkler, you know."

The Major rose, buttoned his morning coat over his round but still shapely waist, and reached for his correct hat. "It sounds rippin'!" he said.

Then he laughed a short British laugh. In repose his face, though a little puffed, looked distinguished, for he had a straight clean-cut nose, a well-trimmed iron-gray mustache, and a full head of hair flecked with white at the temples. When, however, his lips curved to laugh he looked a little what he was; the mouth came out of the process shapeless, somehow, and the teeth were fanged. "A good joke—my eye, a good joke!" he exclaimed.

"I'm glad you're taking it that way," Mrs. Hartleigh smiled back; "but please remember that it's a winter's living for me. I wonder," she added, "if we really haven't found something new? If it works this time there may be millions in it!"



"She's Awfully Pretty, and It's Going to be Part of My Graft to Fix Her Up"

II

FORTUNE favors the ingenious; and the minor details of a well-laid plot fit into each other like machine teeth into a ratchet. Take the detail of Mrs. Hartleigh's costume,

for example. When she advertised for clients she announced herself as a lady of New York society in reduced circumstances.

"Perhaps it's not quite clubby—what I'm doing," she said to Mrs. Luffington at their first meeting; "but it's done all the time, both here and in London. The Duchess of Titherington, for example—she kept herself going for years in that way. The dear Duchess is a woman of the most irreproachable position and the greatest charm. Everybody understood there—here it is done more quietly. I can't guarantee a real social success, of course. I simply introduce you to the best people and let you make your own way."

So now, as they rolled along the rainy light-shot pavement of Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Hartleigh, wearing her own clothes, looked a vision of decayed splendor. Her evening gown was the gown of year before last, remade; but she still kept a tall, slim figure, and its black net and steel beads became her. Her faded yellow hair, falling now into one harmonious towlike color after years of experiments with various tints, seemed far less chemical by night than by day. She had done it with extreme simplicity.

However, she had been obliged to break into working capital for some things. Her black evening hat had been purchased "in the frame" only the day before, and so webbily trimmed with maline—by Mrs. Hartleigh's own hands—that its effect was to soften the face beneath it. There were other items, also; as new black silk stockings.

The woman who sat beside her, muffled up to the ears in a long fur coat, was little, just out of her first youth and pretty in a piquant way. As the street lamps of Fifth Avenue flashed intermittent belts of light in and out of the limousine—Mrs. Luffington, at Mrs. Hartleigh's advice, had hired a presentable car instead of a taxicab—it made gilt and silver glints on a mass of genuine golden hair, rich and fine. It made high lights, too, on a pleasingly pointed little chin, on a delicate nose, lightly tiptilted; on a pair of wide-open engaging eyes, which appeared like pools of violet ink under the lamps, but which morning would reveal as blue, just tinged with green. She sat now regarding her social chaperon, her look all innocence, mingled with anticipation.

Even a man would have seen that there was something subtly wrong with Mrs. Luffington's gown—would have perceived, at least, that it did not go with Mrs. Luffington's type. Somehow it seemed theatrical, while the lady who wore it looked domestic. It was of black lace, embroidered in brilliants, and made over flesh-colored crêpe de Chine. The flesh-colored fabric, adjacent to the skin, had a naughty Gallic effect of making exposed areas seem too large. All this was accentuated by embroidery in brilliants, which took the form over the bust of a great star, carried out in a series of smaller stars on the skirt draperies. A brooch of colored stones, shaped like a lizard, clung to the corsage. The limousine buzzed along and Mrs. Hartleigh rattled on:

"Now about the people you're going to meet. I preferred to get the Van Winklers on an evening when they were almost alone, rather than to bring it off at a large function. Mrs. Van Winkler—Alice—is a dear! She has the real manner—but kind, very kind, and democratic. Willie Van Winkler, her husband—well, everybody knows him! A stunning polo player—though you wouldn't know it—he seems so insignificant. Then, you're meeting Mr. Betts—W. Pelham Betts, you know. I advise you"—here Mrs. Hartleigh's manner grew kittenish—"to set your cap for him. Every cap in New York has been set for him since his wife died three years ago. He's lived so much abroad that he has the real English accent and manner—as often happens among us. Then, there's Mr. McLeod—they're inviting him for me, just as I got them to invite Mr. Betts for you."

"Yes; I've been reading about Mr. Betts in the society weeklies," said Mrs. Luffington. At the mention of the society weeklies a shade of anxiety passed over Mrs. Hartleigh's eyes. "But I haven't heard about Mr. McLeod. What sort is he?"

"Dear old Waldo! It's not strange you don't see his name in those horrid weeklies. If you want to know who isn't in society, or what society isn't doing, read them!" Here Mrs. Hartleigh was building fences against future trouble. "We look them over now and then just for amusement. Why, they've said people were right in town, to my certain knowledge, when they were in Europe or at Palm Beach. And those awful snapshots they publish of us—something ought to be done about that! I've know them to print a picture of a dressmaker's manikin as Mrs. Van Winkler—Alice herself! Mr. McLeod's is a very quiet set—old Washington Square people. That is why the weeklies never heard of them! But it's exclusive of the exclusive. Strange about him, too"—here Mrs. Hartleigh paused a moment to round out the corners of her plot—"he is an out-of-doors man; and he spends much more time in the West, shooting the chamois in Colorado—or whatever you shoot out there"—Mrs. Hartleigh, born in the South, was of Broadway broad—"and riding after bulls on his ranch, than he does in New York. There isn't a member of his set who looks and acts it less.

"And do you know—I learned to-day that, though they're related, he's never met Mrs. Van Winkler before! Such things are always happening with us, my dear—society is getting so large and scattered! By the way," she added as an afterthought, "in case you talk to him don't mention any of his exploits. He's peculiar. When he's in New York he likes to be considered just as one of us."

"Certainly—of course!" said the widow from North Platte. "Give me all the points you can."

She gazed out of the window. They had glided into the Park Circle by now; they were running past the blurred mass of gold that was the Sherman statue. The lights, reflected below by winter-wet asphalt and grass, shone indistinct above, through leafless branches. Then she turned back to her social mentor and smiled brightly, excitedly.

"I just don't know how to act!" she said. "I can't tell you all this means to me!"

Mrs. Hartleigh patted her cheek.

"We like people to act naturally," said Mrs. Hartleigh; "just be yourself. When you don't know what to do, don't do anything. Of course there are little minor points. For example ——" She caught one of Mrs. Luffington's little gloved hands and held it up to the light. "Oh, of course, you wouldn't do that!" exclaimed Mrs. Hartleigh. "But I wanted to make sure. Once, my dear, a Western woman appeared at the house of a friend of mine with rings outside her gloves."

"Oh," Mrs. Luffington exclaimed, "how dreadful! But we don't do that—even in North Platte."

Mrs. Hartleigh laughed a rippling laugh. Then, quoting from Manners and Social Usages, in which she had been reading deeply that morning:

"You know, then, do you, that you wear them to the table and remove them before you unfold your napkin, and put them under your napkin on your lap? And don't let the forks and table things bother you. If you will just remember to begin taking forks from the left, you'll need to think of nothing else. When in doubt, watch me and do as I do. Oh, here we are now!"

The car had slowed up and stopped before a thin, high house, distinguishable from others in the same row only by a rather elaborate Colonial doorway, sunken below the level of the street.

"I'm terribly excited!" said Mrs. Luffington as they alighted from the automobile.

She looked it. The lights in her eyes had burst into flames.

"You dear thing!" said Mrs. Hartleigh. "I remember just how I felt at my own début—that was before we lost our money. Return at eleven," she said to the chauffeur; "that's about the time we usually break up at the Van Winklers'"—this to Mrs. Luffington. "When my chaperon came for me ——" And reminiscences of Mrs. Hartleigh's début occupied the time while they were descending the steps and waiting for the footman to answer their ring.

"Here's Regards—Here's Looking at You!" Said Mr. Van Winkler

III

"JUST a moment, my dear," said Mrs. Hartleigh a few minutes later. They stood, all primped and ready, in a white-and-gold boudoir on the second story of the Van Winkler house. "I want to see whether Alice is downstairs yet."

As she slipped out she picked up, with affected carelessness, her gold-mesh bag, a relic of old prosperity, and always the last of Mrs. Hartleigh's possessions to go to the pawnshop in time of adversity. For she had been seized with an afterthought. Bowes had demanded his four hundred dollars—she had beaten him down to that figure—cash in advance; whereupon Mrs. Hartleigh had that afternoon performed the miracle of collecting in advance from her clients. The remaining six hundred dollars was in that bag. If she left it in the boudoir—no, Bowes was not to be trusted.

Outside, in the hall, Mrs. Hartleigh paused behind a conveniently open door and rapidly transferred the roll to her stocking. She returned in a moment and, announcing carelessly "No; she's gone down," tossed the mesh bag on a dressing table.

They had reached the foot of the staircase when a liveried servant, with his back to them, opened the door in answer to a ring; and a young man entered. Mrs. Hartleigh had her eyes fixed on this new guest; and for once, observing as she was, she lost something. The servant was Bowes. Scarcely had he looked this new guest full in the face before he wheeled, walked away with all the speed possible to a perfectly trained English servant in livery, and disappeared through the doorway at the rear of the hall. The guest stood still for a moment, visibly embarrassed by this lack of attention. Then a footman came from the same door at the end of the hall through which Bowes had disappeared, and relieved the guest of his hat and coat.

"Well, how do you do, Mr. McLeod?" said Mrs. Hartleigh.

"Hello! What's the good word?" said Mr. McLeod.

"Let me present Mr. McLeod, Mrs. Luffington," said Mrs. Hartleigh.

Mr. McLeod enveloped the hand of the North Platte widow in his own and fairly pumped her arm.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," he said cordially.

He was a tall, supplely built man of about thirty-five. He had a keen, alert face and a pair of good, steady brown eyes. One could see at once that his body had been used. He moved with the graceful ease of an athlete, an out-of-doors man. It is pretty hard to go wrong with male evening clothes; still, it may be said that no man in New York was so far advanced in his dress that night as Mr. McLeod.

Mrs. Hartleigh had been reading other matters than Manners and Social Usages—for example, What the Man Will Wear, in the theater programs. She had noted that "a dainty and unobtrusive originality will feature the evening dress of the truly smart man this season. For example, the lightly figured silk evening tie, with narrow black piping, illustrated on page 12, relieves the conventional monotony of unmitigated black-and-white, while introducing none of the banality so common among the unelect."

In words of one syllable she had passed the information along to Mr. McLeod that afternoon when she gave him his final rehearsal for his first appearance as a society man, and collected her five hundred dollars in advance. So now, as he stood there, still holding the hand of the widow from North Platte, who looked pleased but slightly embarrassed, a tie of the narrowly piped design recommended by What the Man Will Wear decorated his pillarlike throat.

"Pleased—very pleased—to meet you," said Mr. McLeod; and together the three drifted across great rugs into the drawing-room, the footman announcing their names as they advanced.

Mrs. Hartleigh edged close to Mr. McLeod and whispered in his ear:

"One of the most charming women in New York society—this Mrs. Luffington. Remember, she's never met Mrs. Van Winkler before. That's a curious story—family estrangement. I'll tell you all about it sometime."

They advanced toward a group that resembled a scene from the First Act. On a big davenport near the antique Italian center table half reclined Mrs. Van Winkler, as impersonated by Millie Davis. Her pose was between that of Madame Récamier and that of Cleopatra. Before her increasingly dissolute habits made her useless for any company that hoped to perform six nights a week and two matinées, Millie Davis had made a minor reputation by playing duchesses and peeresses in the American runs of Drury Lane melodramas. At this moment she was wearing the first-act costume of Lady Ellismere in The Rajah's Ruby; and, though the part she was impersonating was called Mrs. Van Winkler, she was living the rôle of Lady Ellismere.

Willie Whittle was seated on a low divan at her feet, leaning his elbow on the davenport and indulging in conversation. Willie Whittle, cast now for the part of Mr. Van Winkler, was trim, though insignificant, in his dress clothes. It had gone hard with him since the reformers closed the race tracks, for which he had once been a successful tout. Now, besides picking up unconsidered trifles of half-crooked Tenderloin jobs, he acted off and on as extra man in moving pictures. It was a movie part he was impersonating now—the society villain.

After much bargaining, he had made Mrs. Hartleigh pay him ten dollars for his appearance in her little society drama. That was twice what he got in the movies, and he was putting such soul as he had into the work. His gaze, as it rested on the false Mrs. Van Winkler, gave an impression of insolent haughtiness. The Major, impersonating W. Pelham Betts, but still to be known to us as the Major, stood by the glowing fire, toasting his shins. He alone radiated the proper aura of mingled amiability and indifference; for he alone was not playing a part.

As the group approached, the false Mrs. Van Winkler rose. She had a superb, long figure, which had been her best asset on the stage. Her Lady Ellismere costume of blue-and-gold, with a splash of gold brocade over the bodice, set it off to advantage. Her close-up make-up concealed most of the lines in her face. The slight puffiness under her eyes, which make-up could not conceal, merely gave her the world-worn, blasé air appropriate to a Sunday Supplement conception of high society.

"So this is Mrs. Luffington, and Mr. McLeod—chahmed I'm suah!" said the false Mrs. Van Winkler in a voice that sounded as though her mouth was full of warm mush; and "Delighted!" said the false Mr. Van Winkler, accomplishing an elaborate bow.

Mrs. Luffington hesitated for a moment, as though uncertain of what manners to adopt, and ended by dropping an elaborate curtsy. As for Mr. McLeod, he went, in his simple, direct, masterful way, straight to the mark. He strode forward and held out his brown, muscular paw. The false Mrs. Van Winkler extended her own hand limply.

"Awful glad to know you!" he said, pumping her arm.

Mrs. Hartleigh advanced and kissed Mrs. Van Winkler.

"My dear Alice!" she said. "Palm Beach has certainly done wonders for you! Don't play this social game too hard again."

Then Bowes, who had been told to rush things through, evidently took his cue. Nevertheless, it was not Bowes but one of the footmen who appeared at the door and announced:

"Dinner is served."

Mrs. Hartleigh, naturally nervous over the first staging of her production, noted this with irritation. Her readings in Manners and Social Usages had taught her that she was not getting her money's worth out of Bowes. The chapter on Service announced unequivocally that in establishments of this class and scale it was the butler himself who announced dinner. She smothered her annoyance with a sweet smile as Mrs. Van Winkler waved a languid hand toward Mr. McLeod to signify that he was to take her in to dinner. Mr. McLeod appeared to be a great hand-shaker. Looking bewildered, but still willing, he seized her hand again and pumped it. Then, perceiving that Mrs. Hartleigh had taken the Major's arm, he rapidly tucked Mrs. Van Winkler's hand under his own and started toward the dining room.

"I get you," he remarked. "We lead the hike."

As he did so he glanced back over his shoulder and caught the full, liquid green-blue eye of Mrs. Luffington fixed on him. It would have been apparent to any observing outsider that Mr. McLeod had been taken at once with the beauty of the widow from North Platte. A look of something like intense admiration crossed his comely, sun-browned countenance.

As for Mrs. Luffington, she regarded him for a moment and dropped her eyes. As though reading coquetry in this, Mr. McLeod addressed her directly.

"Follow us and you'll wear diamonds," he said.

Then he turned his attention to his hostess.

"Swell shack you've got here," he said; "some house, believe me!"

"Ah, yes; but small, as you have doubtless observed," said the latter with her haughtiest air—"a mere bijou. One spends, after all, little time in New York. There are so many places to go—Newport, for example. Garden City, too; and our villa at Tuxedo."

Mrs. Van Winkler paused, as though her luxuries were distasteful to her. She swayed to the foot of the Van Winkler Chippendale dining table.

For an Instant Mr. McLeod Showed an Evident Intention of Breaking the Neck of His Host

"At my right," she said to Mr. McLeod, and "At my left," to the Major.

Then, having learned in the dinner scene of For King and Country that this was the thing to do, she waited for Mr. McLeod to seat her. Mr. McLeod started to sit down, seemed to perceive that something was required of him, observed the Major seating Mrs. Luffington, and awkwardly imitated the motion. Mrs. Luffington glanced over at Mrs. Hartleigh, as though waiting for her cue, and, observing that her social mentor was beginning to unbutton her gloves, followed suit. There was an awkward pause round the table, broken by Mrs. Hartleigh.

"Alice dear," she began, striking in the beginning the proper note, "are you going to Mrs. Vandervere's reception on Tuesday? Or does the prospect bore you?"

"Oh, a little; but I'll drop in, I suppose," said the hostess. "There's a dinner or something that evening, and I believe there's a *thé dansant*—my social secretary has the program somewhere. The height of the season is very confusing in New York—don't you find it so?"

She was addressing this remark to Mrs. Hartleigh, but she could not forbear at this moment to let her eye wander in the direction of Mrs. Luffington, just by way of seeing what effect she got out of her acting. And Mrs. Luffington, thinking that the remark was addressed to her, choked ever so slightly on her grape-fruit maraschino, colored a little, and responded diffidently:

"Very."

"My lady's maid," Mrs. Van Winkler went on, "is so busy now getting me ready for all these things! She says she scarcely hangs up one set of costumes before she gets down another."

The imitation Mr. Van Winkler, at Mrs. Luffington's left, seemed to think that he belonged in the conversation. His eye had been following the movements of the servants as though he wanted something. It came at last—the sherry. By special arrangement with Bowes, the preliminary cocktails had been omitted that evening—"I don't want Millie to get her start too early," said Mrs. Hartleigh. He tossed off the glass at one gulp; and at the motion a momentary anxiety crossed the mind of Mrs. Hartleigh. Had she inquired too carelessly into the habits of Willie Whittle?

"Sure! It's a fierce bore," he remarked.

Mrs. Hartleigh, making conversation concerning Mrs. Vandervere's reception, had still another anxiety buzzing in the back of her mind. Bowes had not yet appeared. The two footmen, in rather ill-fitting livery, slipped back and forth serving and removing courses. But she had bargained for first-class service; and she knew from Manners and Social Usages that this included the presence of the butler in the dining room.

Otherwise the dinner progressed nicely—except perhaps for the thirst of the imitation Mr. Van Winkler. He had gulped down two more glasses of sherry and attacked with enthusiasm the hock before he launched out to Mrs. Luffington on the subject of polo. He had received a serious injury in the Rockaway match last season, he said. Mrs. Luffington was taking the proper sympathetic interest.

"Mercy! How did it happen?" she asked.

"Oh, one of the reds uppercut at the ball with his stick and—and bruised me something fierce!" he said.

The footman filled his glass again.

"Here's regards—here's looking at you!" said Mr. Van Winkler with meaning stress; and he insisted on touching glasses with her. Further, when he had emptied his glass at one gulp, he leaned on his elbow, regarded her with a moist and languorous eye, and added:

"Say, you're a peach!"

Mrs. Luffington shrank slightly from him; and her eye, traveling about the table with an instinctive feminine appeal, caught that of Mr. McLeod. It was easy for her to arrest his glance, for it traveled continually in her direction. He frowned slightly at Mr. Van Winkler and resumed his attention to the conversation, all arranged for his benefit, which the Major was exchanging with Mrs. Hartleigh and his hostess. For the Major, with simple British directness, was proceeding straight to the heart of the game. He had just made a killing in poker at his club, he said.

"The Metropole?" inquired Mrs. Hartleigh, playing up to him.

"No," drawled the Major in his most contemptuous British manner; "the Cozy Club."

"I haven't heard of that one," said Mrs. Hartleigh, understanding her proper cue.

"New," said the Major; "entirely new thing. The big clubs are getting too mixed. Some of us fellows got tired of having to meet people we didn't really care to know. The club bore is always with us. So Carstairs and Wadleigh started it; then Bobby Grantland took it up—and when Bobby goes into anything like that it's established. It ended by our forming this little club.

(Continued on Page 85)

Over, Under, Around or Through

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IV

STANLEY MITCHELL looked hard at the long black mark; he looked out along the south to the low line of the Gavilan Hills; he looked at the red arc of sun peering suddenly over the Comobabi Range.

"Well—and so forth!" he said. "Here is a burn from the branding! And what are we going to do now?"

"Wash the dishes. You do it."

"You are a light-minded and frivolous old man," said Stan. "What are we going to do about our mine?"

"I've done told you. We—per you—are due to wash up the dishes. Do the next thing next. That's a pretty good rule. Meantime I will superintend and smoke and reflect."

"You Do as I Tell You and You'll Wear Diamonds on Your Stripes"

"Do your reflecting out loud, can't you?" said Stan. His smooth forehead wrinkled and a sudden cleft appeared between his eyebrows, witness of an unaccustomed intentness of thought. "Say, Pete; this partnership of ours isn't on the level. You put in half the work and all the brains."

"'Sall right," said Pete Johnson. "You furnish the luck and personal pulchritude. That ain't all, either. I'm pickin' up some considerable education from you, learning how to pronounce words like that—pulchritude. I mispronounced dreadful, I reckon."

"I can tell you how to not mispronounce half as many words as you do now," said Stan.

"How's that?" said Pete, greatly interested.

"Only talk half so much."

"Fair enough, kid! It would work too. That ain't all, either. If I talked less you'd talk more; and, talking more, you'd study out for yourself a lot of the things I tell you now, gettin' credit from you for much wisdom, just because I hold the floor. Go to it, boy! Tell us how the affairs of We Us & Company size up to you at this juncture."

"Here goes," said Stan. "First, we don't want to let on that we've got anything at all on our minds—much less a rich mine. After a reasonable time we should make some casual mention of discontent that we've sent off rock to an assayer and not heard from it. Not to say a word would make our conspirators more suspicious; a careless mention of it might make them think our find wasn't such-a-much, after all. Say! I suppose it wouldn't do to pick up a collection of samples from the best mines round Cobre—and inquire round who to write to for some more, from Jerome and Cananea, maybe; and then, after talking them up a while, we could send one of these samples off to be assayed, just for curiosity—what?"

"Bear looking into," said Pete; "though I think they'd size it up as an attempt to throw 'em off the trail. Maybe we can smooth that idea out so we can do something with it. Proceed."

"Then we'll have to play up to that location you filed by hiking to the Gavilan and going through the motions of doing assessment work on that dinky little claim."

Feeling his way, Stan watched the older man's eyes. Pete nodded approval.

"But, Pete, aren't we taking a big chance that someone will find our claim? It isn't recorded, and our notice will run out unless we do some assessment work pretty quick. Suppose someone should stumble onto it?"

"Well, we've got to take the chance," said Pete. "And the chance of someone stumbling on our find by blind luck, like we did, isn't a drop in the bucket to the chance that we'll be followed if we try to slip away while these fellows are worked up with the fever. Seventy-five thousand round dollars to one canceled stamp that someone has his eye glued on us through a telescope right this very now! I wouldn't bet the postage stamp on it, at that odds. No, sir! Right now things shape up hotter than the seven low places in hell.

"If we go to the mine now—or soon—we'll never get back. After we show them the place—*adiós el mundo!*"

"'Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird,'" Mitchell quoted soberly. "So you think that after a while, when their enthusiasm dies down, we can give them the slip?"

"Sure! It's our only chance."

"Couldn't we make a get-away at night?"

"It is what they are hoping for. They'd follow our tracks. No, sir! We do nothing. We notice nothing, we suspect nothing, and we have nothing to hide."

"You want to remember that our notice will be running out pretty soon."

"We'll have to risk it. Not so much of a risk, either. Cobre is the last outpost of civilization. South of here, in the whole strip from Comobabi to the Colorado River, there's not twenty men, all told, between here and the Mexican border—except yonder deluded wretches in the Gavilan; and none beyond the border for a hundred miles."

"It is certainly one big lonesome needle-in-the-haystack proposition—and no one has any idea where our find is, not within three days' ride. But what puzzles me is this: If Zurich really got wise to our copper he'd know at once that it was a big thing, if there was any amount of it. Then why didn't he keep it private and confidential? Why tip it off to the G. P.? I have always understood that in robbery and murder one is assisted only by intimate friends. What is the large idea?"

"That, I take it," laughed Pete, "is, in some part, an acknowledgment that it doesn't take many like you and me to make a dozen. You've made one or two breaks and got away with 'em, the last year or two, that has got 'em guessing; and I'm well and loudly known myself. There is a wise old saying that it's no use sending a boy to mill. They figure on that, likely; they wanted to be safe and sanitary. They sized it up that to dispatch only two or three men to adjust such an affair with us would be in no way respectful or segacious.

"Also, in a gang of crooks like that, everyone is always pullin' for his buddy. That accounts for part of the crowd—prudence and a far-reaching spirit of brotherly love. For the rest, when the first ten or six made packs and started they was worked up and oozing excitement at every pore. Then some of the old prospectors got a hunch there was something doing; so they just naturally up stakes and tagged along. Always doing that, old miner is. That's what makes the rushes and stampedes you hear about."

"Then we're to do nothing just now but to shun mind readers, write no letters and not talk in our sleep?"

"Just so," agreed Pete. "If my saddle could talk I'd burn it. That's our best lay. We'll tire 'em out. The most weariest thing in the world is to hunt for a man that isn't there; the next worst is to watch a man that has nothing to conceal. And our little old million-dollar-a-rod hill is the unlikeliest place to look for a mine I ever did see. Just plain dirt and sand. No indications; just a plain freak. I'd sooner take a chance in the pasture lot behind pa's red barn—anyone would. We covered up all the scratchin' we did and the wind has done the rest. Here—you was to do the talkin'. Go on."

"What we really need," declared Mitchell, "is an army—enough absolutely trustworthy and reliable men to overmatch any interference."

"The largest number of honest men that was ever got together in one bunch," said Pete, "was just an even eleven. Judas Iscariot was the twelfth. That's the record. For that reason I've always stuck it out that we ought to have only ten men on a jury, instead of twelve. It seems more modest, somehow. But suppose we found ten honest men somewheres. It might be done. I know where there's two right here in Arizona, and I've got my suspicions of a third—honest about portable property, that is. With cattle, and the like, they don't have any hard and fast rule; just consider each case on its individual merits. How the case of automobiles would strike them elder ethics is one dubious problem. Standing still, or bein' towed, so it might be considered as a wagon, a car would be safe enough; but proceedin' from hither to yon under its own power—I dunno. I'll make a note of it. Well, you get the right idea for the first thing. Honest men wanted; no questions asked. And then what?"

"Money."

"You've said it, kid! We could quitclaim that hill for a million cash to-morrow ——"

"If we had any claim to quit," interrupted Stanley; "and if we could drag capital out here and rub its nose in our hill."

"That's the word I was feelin' for—capital. It's capital we want, Stanley—not money. I could get a little money myself down at Tucson. Them two honest men of mine live there. We used to steal cattle together down on the Concho—the sheriff and José Benavides and me. I aim to feed 'em a slice of my share, anyway—but what they could put in wouldn't be a drop in the bucket. We want to go after capital. There's where you come in. Got any rich friends back East?"

Stan reflected.

"My cousin, Oscar Mitchell, is well to do, but hardly what you would call rich, in this connection," he said. "But he is in touch with some of the really big men. We could hardly find a better agent to interest capital."

"Will he take the first steps on your bare word—without even a sample or an assayer's report?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Back you go, then. Here's where you come in. I had this in mind," declared Johnson, "when I first throwed in with you. I knew we could find the mine and you'd be needed for bait to attract capital. I rustled a little expense money at Tucson. Say, I didn't tell you about that. Listen!"

He recited at length his joyous financial adventures in Tucson.

"But won't your man Marsh tell Zurich about your unruly behavior?" said Stan at the finish.

"I think not. He's got too much to lose. I put the fear of God in his heart for fair. I couldn't afford to have him put Zurich on his guard. It won't do to underestimate Zurich. The man's a crook; but he's got brains. He hasn't overlooked a bet since he came here. Zurich is Cobre—or mighty near it. He's in on all the good things. Big share in the big mines, little share in the little ones. He's got all the water supply grabbed and is makin' a fortune from that alone. He runs the store, the post office and the stage line. He's got the freight contracts and the beef contracts. He's got brains. Only one weak point about him—he'll underestimate us. We got brains too. Zurich knows that, but he don't quite believe it. That's our chance."

"Just what will you ask my cousin to do? And when shall I go?"

"Day before to-morrow. You hike back to Cobre and hit the road for all points East. I'll go over to the Gavilan to be counted—take this dynamite and stuff, and make a bluff at workin', keeping my ears open and my mouth not. Pledge cousin to come see when we wire for him—as soon as we get possession. If he finds the sight satisfactory we'll organize a company, you and me keepin' control. We'll give 'em forty per cent for a million cash in the treasury.

I want nine per cent for my Tucson friends, who'll put up a little preliminary cash and help us with the first fightin', if any. Make your dicker on that basis; take no less. If your cousin can't swing it we'll go elsewhere.

"Tell him our proposition would be a gracious gift at two millions, undeveloped; but we're not selling. Tell him there'll be a million needed for development before there'll be a dollar of return. There's no water; just enough to do assessment work on, and that to be hauled twenty-five miles from those little rock tanks at Cabeza Prieta. Deep drillin' may get water—I hope so. But that will take time and money. There'll have to be a seventy-five-mile spur of railroad built, anyway, leaving the main line somewhere about Mohawk: we'd just as well count on hauling water from the Gila the first year. Them tanks will about run a ten-man gang a month after each rain, countin' in the team that does the hauling.

"Tell him one claim, six hundred feet by fifteen hundred, will pretty near cover our bill; but we'll stake two for margin. We don't want any more; but we'll have to locate a town site or something, to be sure of our right of way for our railroad. Every foot of these hills will be staked out by someone eventually. If any of these outside claims turns out to be any good, so much the better. But there can't be the usual rush very well—'cause there ain't enough water. We'll have to locate the tanks and keep a guard there; we'll have to pull off a franchise for our little jerkwater railroad.

"We got to build a wagon road to Mohawk, set six-horse teams to hauling water, and other teams to hauling water to stations along the road for the teams that haul water for us. All this at once; it's going to be some complicated.

"That's the lay: Development work; appropriation for honest men in the first camp; another for lawyers; patentin' three claims; haul water seventy-five miles, no road, and part of that through sand; minin' machinery; build a railroad; smelter, maybe—if someone would kindly find coal.

"We want a minimum of five hundred thousand; as much more for accidents. Where does this cousin of yours live? In Abingdon?"

"In Vesper—seven miles from Abingdon. He's a lawyer."

"Is he all right?"

"Why, yes—I guess so. When I was a boy I thought he was a wonderful chap—rather made a hero of him."

"When you was a boy?" echoed Johnson; a quizzical twinkle assisted the query.

"Oh, well—when he was a boy."

"He's older than you, then?"

"Nearly twice as old. My father was the youngest son of an old-fashioned family, and I was his youngest. Uncle Roy—Oscar's father—was dad's oldest brother, and Oscar was a first and only."

Pete shook his head.

"I'm sorry about that too. I'd be better pleased if he was round your age. No offense to you, Stan; but I'd name no places to your cousin if I were you. When we get legal possession let him come out and see for himself—leadin' a capitalist, if possible."

"Oscar's all right, I guess," protested Stan.

"But you can't do more than guess? Name him no names, then.. I wish he was younger," said Peter with a melancholy expression. "The world has a foolish old saying: 'The good die young.' That's all wrong, Stanley. It isn't true. The young die good!"

V

"SOMETHING" DEWING, owner of Cobre's Emporium of Chance, sat in his room in the Admiral Dewey Hotel. It was a large and pleasant room, refitted and overfurnished by Mr. Dewing at the expense of his fellow townsmen, grateful or otherwise. It is well to mention here that, upon the tongues of the scurrile, "Something," as a praise-name and overname for Mr. Dewing, suffered a sea change to "Surething"—Surething Dewing; just as the Admiral Dewey Hotel was less favorably known as Stagger Inn.

Mr. Dewing's eye rested dreamily upon the picture, much praised of connoisseurs, framed by his window—the sharp encircling contours of Cobre Mountain; the wedge of tawny desert beyond Farewell Gap. Rousing himself from such contemplation, he broke a silence, sour and unduly prolonged.

"Four o'clock, and all's ill! Johnson is not the man to be cheated out of a fortune without putting up a fight. Young Mitchell himself is neither fool nor weakling. He can shoot too. We have had no news. Therefore—a conclusion that will not have escaped your sagacity something has gone amiss with our little expeditionary force in the Gavilan. Johnson is quite the Paladin; but he could hardly exterminate such a bunch as that. It is my firm conviction that we are now, on this pleasant afternoon, double-crossed in a good and workmanlike manner.

"The Johnson-Mitchell firm is now Johnson, Mitchell & Company, our late friends, or the survivors, being the Company."

These remarks were addressed to the elder of Mr. Dewing's two table mates. But it was Eric Anderson, tall and lean and lowering, who made answer.

"You may set your uneasy mind at rest, Mr. Something. Suspectin' treachery comes natural to you—being what you are."

"There—that's enough!"

This was the third man, Mayer Zurich. He sprang up, speaking sharply; a tall, straight man, broad-shouldered, well proportioned, with a handsome, sparkling, high-colored face. "Eric, you grow more insolent every day. Cut it out!"

Mr. Dewing, evenly enough, shifted his thoughtful gaze upon tall Eric, seemingly without resentment for the outburst.

"Well, wasn't he insultin' the boys then?" demanded Eric.

"I guess you're right, there," Mayer Zurich admitted. "I was not at all in favor of taking so many of them in on this proposition; but I'm not afraid of them doin' me dirt, now they're in. I don't see why the three of us couldn't have kept this to ourselves—but Something had to blab it out! Why he should do that, and then distrust the very men he chose for so munificent a sharing of a confidence better withheld—that is quite beyond my understanding. Dewing, you would never have clapped an eye on that nugget if I had suspected in you so unswerving a loyalty to the gang. I confess I was disappointed in you—and I count you my right-hand man."

The speech of the educated man, in Mr. Zurich, was overlaid with colloquialism and strange idiom, made a second tongue by long familiarity.

"Your left-hand man!" Dewing made the correction with great composure. "You come to me to help you, because, though you claim all the discredit for your left-handed activities, I furnish a good half of the brains. And I blabbed—as you so elegantly phrased it—because I am far too intelligent to bite a bulldog for a bone. Our friends in the Gavilan pride themselves on their nerve. They are fighting men, if you please—very fearless and gallant.

"That suits me. I am no gentleman. Quite the contrary. I am very intelligent, as aforesaid. It was the part of prudence ——"

"Stan Didn't Steal No Money! Them Fellows Make Me Tired!"

"That is a very good word—prudence." The interpolation came from tall Eric.

"A very good word," assented the gambler, unmoved. "It was the part of prudence to let our valiant friends and servants pull these chestnuts from the fire, as aforetime. To become the corpse of a copper king is a prospect that holds no attractions for me."

"But why—why, on earth—did you insist on employing men you now distrust? You bewilder me, Dewing," declared Zurich. "What's the idea—to swindle yourself?"

"You will do me the justice to remember," observed Dewing with a thin-lipped smile, "that I urged upon you, repeatedly and most strongly, as a desirable preliminary to our operations, to remove Mr. Peter Johnson from this unsatisfactory world without any formal declaration of war."

"I won't do it!" declared Zurich bluntly. "And—damn you—you shan't do it! He's a dangerous old bowlegged person, and I wish he was farther. And I must admit that I am myself most undesirous for any personal bickering with him. To hear Jim Scarboro relate it, old Pete is one wiz with a six-gun. All the same, I'll not let him be shot from ambush. He's too good for that. I draw the line there. I'm not exactly afraid of the little old wasp, either, when it comes down to cases; but I have great respect for him. I'll never agree to meet him on a tight rope over Niagara and make him turn back; and if I have any trouble with him he's got to bring it to me. You have no monopoly of prudence."

"There it is, you see!" Something Dewing spread out his fine hands. "You made no allowance for my loyalty and I made none for your scruples. As a result, Mr. Johnson has established a stalemate, held a parley and bought off our warriors. They've been taken in on the copper find, on some small sharing, while we, in quite another sense of the word, are simply taken in. Such," observed Mr. Dewing philosophically, "is the result of inopportune virtues."

"Bosh! I told you all along," said Anderson heavily, "that there's no mineral in the Gavilan. I've been over every foot of it—and I'm a miner. We get no news because no man makes haste to announce his folly. You'll see!"

"Creede and Cripple Creek had been prospected over and over again before they struck it there," objected Zurich.

"Silver and gold!" retorted Eric scornfully. "This is copper. Copper advertises. No, sir! I'll tell you what's happened. There's been no battle and no treachery, and no mine found. We've been trapped. That Gavilan location was a fake, stuck up to draw our fire. We've tipped our hand. Mr. Johnson can now examine the plans of mice or men that your combined sagacities have so obligingly placed face upward before him, and decide his policies at his leisure. If I were in his shoes this is what I would be at: I'd tell my wondrous tale to big money. And then I would employ very many stranger men accustomed to arms; and when I went after that mine I would place under guard any reasonable and obliging travelers I met, and establish a graveyard for the headstrong. And that's what Johnson will do. He'll go to the Coast for capital, at the same time sendin' young Stanley back to his native East on the same errand."

"You may be right," said Zurich, somewhat staggered. "If you are, their find must be a second Verde or Cananea, or they would never have taken a precaution so extraordinary as a false location. What on earth can have happened to rouse their suspicions to that extent?"

"Man, I wonder at you!" said tall Eric. "You put trust in your brains, your money and your standing to hold you unstained by all your left-handed business. Dewing was speaking of expecting no man to take heed of you, when the reek of it smells to high heaven. Well, you deceive yourself the more. These things get about; and they are none so unobserving a people, south of the Gila, where 'tis fair life or death to them to note betweenwhiles of all manner of small things—the set of a pack, the tongue of a buckle, the cleat of a mine ladder. And your persecution of young Stanley, now. Was you expectin' that to go unremarked? 'Tis that has made Peter Johnson shy of all bait. 'Twas a sorry business from the first—hazing that boy; I take shame to have hand in it. And for every thousand of that dirty money we now stand to lose a million."

"'Twas a piker's game," sneered Dewing. "Not worth the trouble and risk."

"We had about three thousand from Zurich to split between us; little enough. Of course Zurich kept his share, the lion's share."

"You got the middleman's chunk, at any rate," retorted Zurich.

"I did the middleman's work," said the gambler tranquilly. "Now, gentlemen, we have not been agreeing very well of late. Eric, in particular, has

At the Crossing of Large Draw He Had Been Held Up by a Single Robber on Horseback

been far from flattering in his estimates of my social and civic value. We are agreed on that? Very well. I may have mentioned my intelligence? And that I rate it highly? Yes? Very well, then. I shall now demonstrate that my self-appraisal was justified by admitting that my judgment on this occasion was at fault. Eric's theories as to our delayed news from our expedition are sound; they work out; they prove themselves. The same is true of his very direct and lucid statement as to the nature and cause of the difficulties which now beset us. I now make the direct appeal to you, Eric: As a candid man or mouse, what would you do next?"

Tall Eric bent his brows darkly at the gambler.

"If you mean that I fear the man Johnson at all, why do you not use tongue and lips to say that same? I am not greatly chafed by an open enemy, but I am no great hand to sit down under a mock."

"It was your own word—the mice," said Dewing. "But this time you take me wrongly. I meant no mockery. I ask you, in good faith, for your opinion. What ought to be done to retrieve the false step?"

"Could we find this treasure-trove by a painstaking search of the hills?" asked Zurich doubtfully. "It's a biggish country."

"Man," said Eric, "I've prospected out there for fifteen years and I've scarce made a beginning. If we're to find Johnson's strike before Johnson makes a path to it we have a month, at most. Find it, says you? Sure, we might find it. But if we do it will be by blind fool-hog luck and not by painstakin' search. Do you search, if you like. My word would be to try negotiations. Make a compromise with Johnson. And if your prudence does not like the errand I will even take it upon myself."

"What is there to compromise? We have nothing to contribute."

"We have safety to sell," said Eric. "Seek out the man and state the case baldly: 'Sir, we have protection to sell, without which your knowledge is worthless, or near it. Protection from ourselves and all others. Make treaty with us: allot to us, jointly, some share, which you shall name yourself, and we will deal justly by you. So shall you avoid delay. You may avoid some risk. *Quién sabe?* If you refuse we shall truly endeavor to be interestin'; and you may get nothing.' That's what I would say."

"A share, to be named by Johnson and then be divided between ten? Well, I guess not!" declared Zurich. "To begin with, we'll find a way to stop Kid Mitchell from any Eastern trip. Capital is shy; I'm not much afraid of what Johnson can do. But this boy has the inside track."

"With my usual astuteness," remarked Something Dewing, "I had divined as much. And there is another string to our bow if we make a complete failure of this mine business—as would seem to be promised by the Gavilan fiasco. When such goodly sums are expended to procure the downfall of Kid Mitchell—an event as yet unexpectedly delayed—there's money in it somewhere. Big money! I know it. And I mean to touch some of it. My unknown benefactor shall have my every assistance to attain his hellish purpose—hellish purpose, I believe, is the phrase proper to the complexion of the affair. Then, to use the words of the impulsive Hotspur, slightly altered to suit the occasion, I'll creep upon him while he lies asleep, and in his ear I'll whisper—Snooks!"

"You don't know where he lives," said Zurich.

"Ah, but you do! I beg your pardon, Zurich—perhaps in my thoughtlessness I have wounded you. I used the wrong pronoun. I did not mean to say 'I'—much less 'You'—in reference to who should hollo 'Halves!' to our sleeping benefactor. 'We' was the word I should have used."

Zurich regarded Mr. Dewing in darkling silence; and that gentleman, in no way daunted, continued gayly:

"I see that the same idea has shadowed itself to you. You must consider us—Eric and I—equals in that enterprise, Friend Mayer. Three good Friends together. I begin to fear we have sadly underestimated Eric—you and I. By our own admission—and his—he is a better fighting man than either of us. You wouldn't want to displease him."

"I think you go about it in an ill way to remedy a mistake, Dewing," said Zurich. "Don't let's be silly enough to fall out over one chance gone wrong. We've got all we can attend to right now, without such a folly as that. Don't mind him, Eric. Tell me, rather, what we are going to do about this troublesome Johnson? Violence is out of the question: we need him to show us where he found that copper. As for the Kid, I'll do what I have been urged to do this long time by the personage who takes so kindly an interest in his fortunes—I'll railroad him off to jail, at least till we get that mine or until it is, beyond question, lost to us. It isn't safe to let him go East; he might get hold of unlimited money. If he did, forewarned as he is now, Johnson would fix it so we shouldn't have a look-in. You turn this over and let me know your ideas."

"And that reminds me," said Dewing with smooth insolence, equally maddening to both hearers, "that Eric's ideas have been notably justified of late; whereas your ideas and mine—have been stupid blunders from first to last. You see me at a stand, Friend Mayer, doubtful if it were not the part of wisdom to transfer my obedience to Eric hereafter."

"For every word of that, Johnson would pay you a gold piece, and have a rare bargain of it." Zurich's voice was hard; his eye was hard. "Is this a time for quarreling among ourselves? There may be millions at stake, for all we know, and you would set us at loggerheads in a fit of spleen, like a little peevish boy. I'm ashamed of you! Get your horse and ride off the sulks. If you feel spiteful, take it out on Johnson. Get yourself a pack outfit and go find his mine."

"I'm no prospector," said the gambler disdainfully.

"No. I will tell you what you are." Tall Eric rose and towered above Dewing at the window; the sun streamed on his bright hair. "You are a crack-brained fool to tempt my hands to your throat! You will do it once too often yet. You a prospector? You never saw the day you had the makin's of a prospector in you."

"Let other men do the work and take the risk while I take the gain, and it's little I care for your opinion," rejoined Dewing. "And you would do well to keep your hands from my throat when my hand is in my coat pocket—as is the case at this present instant."

"This thing has gone far enough," said Zurich. "Anderson, come back and sit down. Dewing, go and fork that horse of yours and ride the black devil out of your heart."

"I have got a thing to say, first," said Eric. "Dewing, you sought to begowk me by setting me up against Zurich—or perhaps you really thought to use me against him. Well, you won't! When we want the information about the man that has been harryin' young Mitchell, Zurich will tell us. We know too much about Zurich for

Continued on Page 73

Unwillingly Enough, Holland Woke Stan From a Smiling Sleep to Arrest Him

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28, 1917

A War Without a Limit

IT IS useless to say dogmatically at this writing that we shall or shall not send an army to Europe. We are at war with the greatest military power of modern times. Prudence and a decent regard to national integrity require that we exert our national force steadily and increasingly, in whatever ways circumstances may require, until the object for which we entered the war has been achieved. If that involves sending a million or more men to Europe, we must not for a moment shrink from the consequences of the course which we deliberately and advisedly adopted.

No man can pretend to say what consequences will develop, where or how we may be called upon to defend ourselves, where or how a fair regard for our self-respect may require us to prosecute the war in which we have engaged. The war may end as abruptly and unexpectedly as it began. We may hope that no expeditionary force will be necessary. But as long as Germany remains at war with us we shall be not only reckless but contemptible if we do not exert our full national power in every way that seems expedient in order to bring her to terms. We shall be foolhardy if we do not make resolute preparation against every probable contingency.

We may need an army on this continent. We may need one in Europe. Our situation plainly requires that we should have a million trained, equipped and officered soldiers by the spring of 1918. The military problem before the country is to raise such an army in the shortest practicable time, and with the least friction and hardship.

That problem requires immediate consideration irrespective of any plans or theories looking to a permanent increase of the country's military force. Conscriptionists and rational pacifists alike, whose patriotism is not blinded by bigotry, may lay aside their differences in favor of whatever scheme appears likeliest to meet the present emergency most satisfactorily.

Protection for Soldiers' Jobs

WHEN the National Guard was called to the Mexican border it consisted in considerable part of men who were established in life; men with families and with valuable positions. The first hardship was the situation of their families. Another, and in many cases a grievous one, arose from taking them out of the industrial organization. Employers might hold open the vacated positions or in some cases even continue the guardsmen on the pay roll. But a good many of these men felt that they were missing opportunities for advancement and losing that intimate touch with the business organization upon which advancement partly depends.

The United States needs more soldiers. It should take them to the greatest possible extent from among young, unplaced men. Beyond that, every employer of a soldier is under strong moral obligation to see that the least possible loss in business opportunity falls upon the man who serves under arms.

American youths are bred in the atmosphere of civil competition, as we hope they always will be. What oppresses a good many of them, with regard to enlistment, is not the perils of military occupation, but the idea of falling behind in the civil struggle.

That is a point which needs careful consideration in the present problem of raising a real army of a million men. An obvious obligation rests upon employers.

Intelligent care on their part can do much to give the man who serves an equal chance with the one who doesn't. That men without dependents should serve first needs no argument.

Calling the Guard to the Mexican border resulted in throwing grossly unjust burdens upon guardsmen and their families. Mistakes of that sort must not be repeated.

Our Duty to the Allies

WE HAVE joined the Allies already. For immediate purposes their cause is our cause. Now that we are at war with Germany they are fighting our battle. We must work with them heartily to the common end. Our first and most important coöperation at the moment is to combat the submarine menace by every available means. In deciding to insure ships carrying contraband at a comparatively low rate the Government has taken a most useful step, for that will tend to bring shipping into the threatened area.

It should go even further and insure ships carrying arms and explosives, for the guns and powder are now to be used in our fight. Liberal insurance is the best means of getting ships into the menaced trade.

An obvious second step consists of extending liberal credit to the Allies against their purchases of supplies in this country. This step should be taken. If there is any risk we must assume the risk. Timorous, niggardly, cheeseparing caution may easily be the most reckless of policies for a country at war.

It is too early to say whether we shall send an army to Europe, whether we shall bind ourselves not to make a separate peace, whether we shall take any part in a commercial scheme that looks beyond the war. There is small point in even discussing those things now. Circumstances over which we have little or no control will decide them for us. They depend upon the duration, scope and violence of the war, which no man can foresee.

We are committed to the undertaking. We shall see it through, and adopt every means that seems advisable for bringing the enemy to terms. Everybody may be quite certain that if the war lasts another year the United States will not be debating as to how far it ought to coöperate with the Allies. Its only anxiety will be as to how much power it can exert against Germany. The familiar psychology of war will operate here substantially as it has elsewhere. Every blow in the face will heighten the will to fight, and as long as Germany is unsubdued we shall be getting blows in the face.

How to Cheapen Food

DEAR food is certain to be an affliction and a source of complaint for a good while to come. People already talk about a food dictator on the German and English plan for this country of abundant production and large food exports.

In that connection a correspondent points out that two articles of food are practically always to be found in every part of the United States, and almost always at a low price when the distance which they are transported is taken into account. The two articles are oranges and bananas. The price of the latter, in fact, is almost stable and uniform all over the country year in and year out, although bananas are a perishable product and are shipped thousands of miles.

The marketing of oranges and bananas is extensively organized—the former by coöperative associations, the latter by a trust. But even a trust, presumably operated solely for the profit of the stockholders, gets a bunch of bananas from the tropics to the Northern consumer's fruit-stand with less avoidable waste than that which usually attends getting a peck of beans from a field twenty miles away to the local city grocery.

Other food articles that are distributed efficiently will occur to every patron of a grocery, because the distribution is intelligently organized. Organization and culinary education are the first answers to the food problem.

Our War Taxes

AS THE Government's expenditures increase, taxation should increase. Although the last Congress made three radical increases within a few months—by doubling the income tax, raising the inheritance-tax rates and levying an excess-profits tax—further demands for the support of the Government may be expected from the new Congress.

But the emergency of a war should not be used for the purpose of trying out dubious experiments in social revolution. The aim of Congress, in such an emergency, should be essentially conservative. It should stick to methods which are most likely, in the light of experience, to produce the greatest amount of revenue with the least friction and the minimum risk of a disastrous reaction upon industry. If we are to try experiments of a revolutionary nature we should try them when the country is at peace and can more or less afford to make a serious mistake.

The talk at Washington of confiscating all incomes above a hundred thousand dollars and taking half of those between, say, twenty-five thousand and a hundred thousand, may appeal to amateurs; but it shows a lack of plain sense that scandalizes experts. Incomes above twenty-five thousand are a great source of investible capital. The statement, probably only a haphazard guess, that such a tax would produce two or three billion dollars of revenue indicates the extent to which it would drain investment capital away from industry.

None of the European belligerents has yet even approached such a tax.

To begin a war whose duration and demands are unknowable with such a last-ditch expedient in taxation would be reckless indeed.

Income, inheritance and excess-profits taxes should be increased only by essentially conservative progression, not by alarming leaps.

Germany's Handicap

PROBABLY the United States will never be a party to such a definite scheme of economic warfare after the military contest has ceased as the Allies planned at their famous Paris Conference. Its hope is that war shall be succeeded by genuine peace.

All the same, whatever else the submarine may accomplish, it has now raised up such a bulk of ill will against Germany as no other nation in history ever before faced.

Beyond the boundaries of her war allies, Germany now sees a world either actively or passively hostile.

The Paris Conference contemplated a post-bellum world roughly divided into three parts: The Allies, the Central Powers and neutrals; the first two waging commercial warfare upon each other; some of the neutrals inclining to one set of belligerents and some to the other, while still others strove to keep on equally good terms with both. But the submarine has completely upset that rude triple balance. The greatest neutral has definitely gone over to the Allies, and other neutrals of the highest commercial importance are piling up grievances that will not be readily forgotten.

Neutrality, in fact, has been pretty thoroughly extinguished by the submarine.

It is true that sympathy, long before the resumption of the ruthless sea campaign, leaned very heavily against Germany. But unfortunately for the moral philosopher, one more readily forgives a wrong to some one else than a wrong to himself. The submarine has brought German ruthlessness home.

That all this will count commercially for some time after the war is quite certain.

Good will is everywhere an element of first importance in trade. Germany will resume business with nothing but ill will. The submarine has raised a greater prospect of disabilities for German trade after the war than the Paris Conference raised.

The Weak Spot

THERE was never any doubt about the response of the people to a call to arms in defense of national integrity. Expressions of patriotic loyalty appeared everywhere. Railroad managers authorized the President's mediators "to grant to the employees who are about to strike whatever adjustment your committee deems necessary to guarantee the uninterrupted and efficient operation of the railroads as an indispensable arm of national defense." Copper barons got together and offered the Government a sufficient supply of that basic commodity at a price far below the market.

Steel and automobile barons tendered their plants on terms decidedly less profitable than they had been enjoying. The same willingness to serve the nation at a sacrifice of selfish interest existed in innumerable less conspicuous places.

But on the eve of the assembling of Congress for the purpose of launching the country into the world war, and in the most impressive situation the country had seen in fifty years, much of the foreshadowing of its activities was concerned with factious jockeyings for party and personal advantage. The newspaper reports pictured it as being on the whole just about as intensely occupied with its political game as though there was not a cloud in the country's sky.

War has compelled England and France to centralize power to a degree which democracy in both countries would never have accepted in other conditions. Prolonged war will doubtless have the same effect here. We may expect to see the Cabinet and a small joint Committee of Defense virtually running the country. Congress as now constituted is a weak spot that will probably have to be substantially eliminated, for practical purposes, by virtual delegation of its powers to a small body.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Nalbro Bartley

SHOWN in Miss Bartley's arms, in the left-hand cut, is the original of Mr. Stoker, one of the heroes in her story, Briggles "Goes West," published recently in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. According to Miss Bartley, who is a new contributor to THE POST during the past year, most of the material she uses in her fiction was gathered at the Pan-American Exposition, where she spent six hours a day impersonating a waxwork of the Queen of Hearts for a playing card exhibit.

Ian Hay

CAPTAIN IAN HAY BEITH, who is at present talking first-hand trench stuff in this country, has seen eleven months of active service on the Western Front and has been awarded the Military Cross.

Charles E. Van Loan

THIS is Charles E. Van Loan and the Grand Cañon. Tourists sometimes get them mixed. Van has just made a drive of seven thousand and fifty feet into Salt Creek—the record one-armed golf shot of the world.

Incidentally word has just reached us he has taken off ten pounds writing some new stories for THE POST. They ought to be big stuff.

Ring Lardner—Himself

Remarks by Himself

THE public will doubtless be dumfounded to learn that I recently celebrated my thirty-second birthday anniversary. We had a cake and candles.

CHRONOLOGY

1885

Began to eat at Niles, Mich.

1889

Could tell by the sound of the whistle the number of the engine that was passing on the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan's main and only track, which lay across the street and down the hill from our house.

1895

Determined to be a brakeman.

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The First Time in Five Thousand Years—By Samuel G. Blythe

ITEM: One Sleeping Giant—China—in a stupor of sleep that had lasted fifty centuries.

Item: A world situation that demanded the awakening of the Giant.

Item: A few Americans to whom came the opportunity to rouse the Giant.

Item: A handful of forward-looking Chinese who had vision.

Item: The precedents and customs and policies of the oldest civilization in the world to overcome.

Item: An active and determined opposition, who said: "Let the Giant sleep; it would be folly to bestir him."

And there you have the ingredients of a situation in world politics that, in its possibilities and its potentialities, was and is as momentous as any developed by the great war; for when a country so great in territory as China, and so numerous in people, departs from a policy that has persisted since recorded time began, and for the reasons China did depart, what might be incidental with another nation becomes epochal. It may seem simple enough to the casual observer that China decided to follow the lead of the United States and declare—as China did on February ninth of the present year—against Germany's submarine policy—a mere matter of governmental decision during the course of a world war; but it was far more than that.

A footnote to history I have heard it called; but in reality it was a page of history—a chapter—for China, on February ninth, for the first time in five thousand years, entered world politics; China, for the first time in fifty centuries, realized that China is a part of the general scheme of things, and not the Middle Kingdom, complacent, content, self-sufficient and unique; China overturned the policy that has controlled China since the days of Hu, the founder of the Hsia Dynasty; China took a step forward that will be as historic as the act itself and the inciting of it were both historic and histrionic.

Americans All

IT SO happened that I was in Peking during this interesting period, and had my small share in the events of the five days that meant so much to China—and so much to the world, indeed. I knew what was going on, from first to last—was in it and of it; and I tell the tale of that exciting and momentous week for the first time—how the movement began, grew and culminated—not only because the story is most important and dramatic, but for the further reason of giving credit to a little group of patriotic Americans who fought this fight to a successful conclusion against the heaviest odds. These men were Americans of the real sort, and, knowing China, and knowing, also, the affairs of the world, they realized that what they were attempting to do not only would serve the best interests of China, but would be of vital concern to their own country. It was an American fight, carried on by Americans and by two Australians. The Allies stood on the side lines and applauded decorously. The Germans fought desperately to prevent it. The Japanese in Peking did what they could, under cover, to hold China back, though there were loud cheers from Tokio once the thing was done. China was reluctant, afraid, obsessed with the idea that China must remain the remote Middle Kingdom and take no part in world affairs. China had never done such a thing; had never taken so forward a step; had never asserted her desire for participation thus. China had thousands of years of contrary precedent; and China, above all, is devoted religiously, racially, by inheritance and the practice of centuries, to the doctrine of passivity. China had fought her own fights within her own borders; but China had always planned nothing but to let alone, hoping thereby to be let alone.

China's governmental affairs, even in these days of so-called democracy, are largely in the hands of men who had their training in the old school, and who think as Chinese have thought for hundreds of years. China is a republic, they say; but China has been and is governed, as a republic, by officials who are no more republicans at heart than the Boy Emperor. The mandarinate class controls mostly, and these mandarins were wedded to the old precedents and practices. Also, the history of China precluded such a step; and there is no place on earth where the past is so potent as in China. Groups of men, in China, may revolt on domestic questions, and have; but the thought of China voluntarily taking a governmental step that meant participation in world affairs, in affairs outside herself, was so revolutionary that the Chinese did not grasp it at first; and when they did get it they went panicky at the possible consequences of the unprecedented act.

What these Americans had to do was of necessity to be done quickly, without the trimming and talking and compromising and side-stepping usual in all Chinese negotiations. The size of the task will be apparent when I say that China was asked to do a thing which China had never done before—to take part in the affairs of the world—to formulate a definite foreign policy—to become a live and vital state—to overturn the policy that has persisted in China since centuries before the Christian Era—to get into step with the march of the universe. China was asked to do something conclusive—a thing so abhorrent to Chinese practice and thought as to be held as impossible of performance.

Half a dozen Americans, headed by Paul S. Reinsch, the American Minister to China, and assisted by two Australians of exceptional force and ability, put it over. Between the hours of nine o'clock Sunday morning, February fourth, and six o'clock on the afternoon of February ninth, this little band of men, who felt and knew how vital it was for China to fall into line with the United States, worked incessantly, and had the assistance of a few far-seeing Chinese—only a few at the beginning. It was an American enterprise, carried on by American methods. There wasn't much diplomacy about it. There were not many pourparlers, or communications in writing, or hesitations, or offers of compromise. It was a straight-out drive, a Flying Wedge of muscular and determined American citizens who drove China relentlessly over the line of self-sufficiency and into world affairs.

What Happened in Peking

ON SATURDAY, February third, President Wilson handed his passports to Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, and broke off diplomatic relations with Germany. The President went before Congress and told Congress what he had done. The whole world knew the news before China did, for it was nine o'clock on Sunday morning, February fourth, before word came to Peking of what had happened, and then only briefly. Commander Hutchins, the American naval attaché at Peking, had a code cablegram from the Navy Department, saying that Count Bernstorff had been given his passports. That was all there was to the message; and the few Americans in Peking who were informed had no idea whether the United States had gone to war with Germany or Germany had gone to war with the United States, or what had happened to cause the break.

At four o'clock that afternoon Doctor Reinsch, the American Minister at Peking, had a long telegram from the State Department, informing him of the break and its causes, and transmitting a note to the Chinese Government asking that China, with the other neutrals, should take similar action, and join the United States in this protest against Germany's announced submarine policy; which action, the note said, would "make for the peace of the world." This note Doctor Reinsch was instructed to hand to the Chinese Government at once. The situation was instantly clear to the Americans who knew about the note and had knowledge of the Chinese. It was apparent that it would be a matter of extreme difficulty to move the Chinese to the desired action; but it was decided that, difficult or not, the Chinese must be moved.

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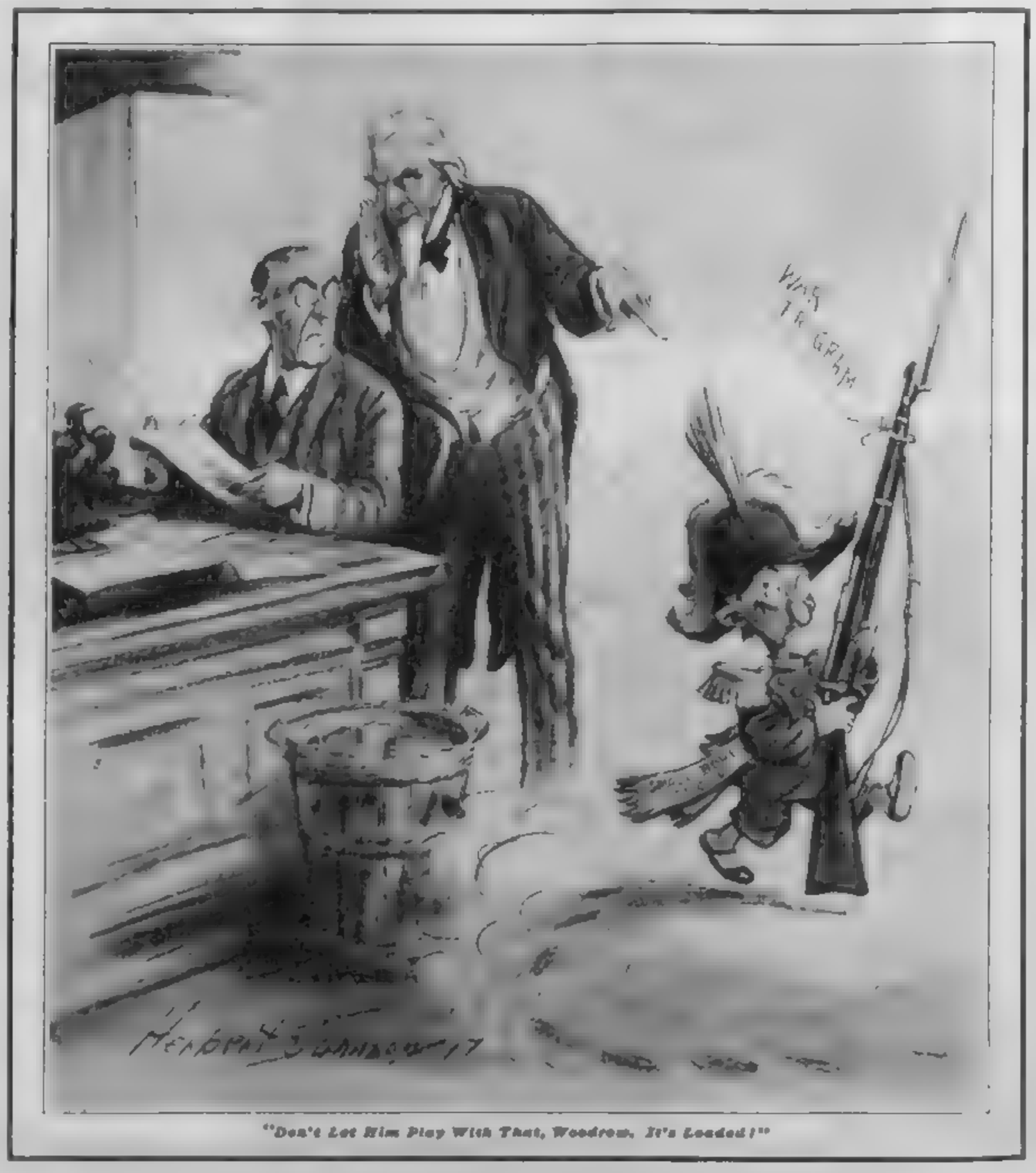

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The Prōdium Process of compounding rubber unquestionably toughens the tread of the tire.

This process was discovered in the Republic laboratories almost two years ago.

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And yet they are splendidly responsive.

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Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 28)

Whereupon, under the direction of Doctor Reinsch, work was begun by a few men of his selection and operating under his direction; and before six o'clock that Sunday night the Flying Wedge was organized and instituted.

At the apex of the wedge was Doctor Reinsch, who has been Minister to China for four years, and who has done great things for China and for his own country in that capacity. Doctor Reinsch has the complete confidence of the Chinese, and has a wide knowledge of them, their politics, and of Chinese conditions in general; and he is a real American as well as a real diplomatist. Then came Dr. John C. Ferguson, of Newton, Massachusetts, who has lived in China for thirty years and has also the confidence and esteem of the Chinese, and an unsurpassed knowledge of Chinese men and methods; and Roy S. Anderson, the big, brilliant American, who was born in China and is a political genius, understanding China, the Chinese and the complications of Chinese politics more thoroughly than the Chinese themselves, and is held in affectionate esteem by all classes of Chinese officials. The two Australians who were a part of the Wedge were Dr. G. E. Morrison, political adviser to the president of China, a man who has lived in China for many years, and who formerly was the China correspondent of the London Times; and W. H. Donald, editor of the Far-Eastern Review, and as influential a white man in Chinese affairs as there is in China or elsewhere, energetic, astute and trusted by the Chinese. Also, two American writing men—Charles Stevenson Smith and myself.

To be sure, as the work progressed there were others who joined or were joined, including the efficient staff of Doctor Reinsch; but this was the original organization and the one that began the work; for when the Wedge was made the Chinese knew nothing of what had happened and, in the original contacts, were first informed by the men who came to them to ask them and urge them to join with the United States. Presently the Wedge expanded to a combination of young Chinese and some other Americans; but the great bulk of the work was done by those I have mentioned—the vital work of interesting the young Chinese and making the action possible through their assistance and coöperation.

The first question to be settled was the point of attack—Parliament or Cabinet. China is at present in a chaotic condition governmentally. There is a President and a Cabinet, and there is a Parliament; but the government is operating under a provisional constitution pending the adoption of a permanent organic law by the Parliament, which is sitting as a constitution-making body. The Parliament has and takes no responsibility to the President or the Cabinet; nor does the Cabinet accept or acknowledge any responsibility to their Parliament. The President is at odds with the Cabinet and not in accord with the Parliament; and thus there were, at this time, three governmental influences—none of them under or acknowledging any responsibility to the others.

Official Opposition

Therefore, the acute problem was to consider and decide which phase of this chaotic government was to be approached and which side of the tripartite government could act most influentially in the premises. It was determined to approach the Cabinet and the president, and to get after the members of the Young China party in Parliament, as the most influential and enlightened, working on Parliament through the young Chinese and those in sympathy with the young Chinese, instead of trying to get the required action through the entire Parliament, which has some seven hundred members.

Admiral Tsai Ting-kan, naval A. D. C. to the president, educated in the United States and close to the president and influential with him, was called into conference. It was proposed to him that he and Doctor Morrison should visit President Li Yuan-hung immediately, lay the matter before the president, and solicit his assistance. The admiral saw the great advantages that would accrue to China if China took this action, and made an appointment with President Li for himself and Doctor Morrison. The president told them to come at half past seven o'clock on Monday morning.

They went. They put the case to President Li; and that genial dignitary told them he was opposed to the matter in its entirety and in all its parts. He had heard that the United States had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany, and knew the cause; but he could not discern any reason why China should follow suit. He felt that China should remain neutral; the more so, as he informed his visitors, because he himself was positive that Germany would win the war.

"Germany must win," he said. "I am a student of this war and I am a soldier. I see no way in which the Allies can be victorious. The Germans already have a vast advantage, which they will press to a successful conclusion. It is not to the benefit of China to take this step; but rather to China's benefit to remain as she is, on friendly terms with both sides. I am against what you propose."

Meantime there had been a hurried canvass of the Cabinet. It was found that the Premier, Tuan Chi-jui, was opposed; and that the rest of the Cabinet, from the meager information they had, were opposed also, on grounds of precedent mostly, but some of them because they shared the view of President Li, that Germany is to win the war. There was one big and brilliant exception: Dr. Ch'en Chin-tao, the Minister of Finance, a graduate of Yale and a man of broad vision, saw the situation at once and the possibilities in it. He favored the proposition that China should take similar action to that of the United States. Dr. Wu Ting-fang, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was ill and not able actively to participate; but his son, Dr. Wu Chao-chu—generally spoken of as C. C. Wu—of the Foreign Office, and educated in the United States and England, joined with Dr. Ch'en, and these two were the first officials to approve. They were the nucleus.

Barriers to the Flying Wedge

It was also learned that most of the older generals, the men who lead the powerful military party, were opposed, thinking, with President Li, that Germany will win. These older generals, for the most part, are strong German sympathizers, and many of them had their military education from Germans. They could see nothing for China in opposing or breaking with the Power that, in their opinion, would be victorious in the war. On the other hand, many of the younger generals, the men who had fought the revolutions, were in favor of the step; but the older generals held the greater power. They formed a tremendous barrier to the Flying Wedge.

When this preliminary survey had been made it was apparent that the course of action was this: The Young China party must be appealed to; the young men who, educated abroad, were wider in their views than the older and mandarinate class. These must be shown that here was a heaven-sent opportunity for China to step forward and take her proper place in the affairs of the world, the actual and ineffable moment for China to throw off the conservatism of centuries, come out of her shell, and be vertebrate instead of invertebrate. And this was the argument:

First: By taking this step, and such steps as may follow, China will secure, in her own right, a place in the peace conference, and have a voice in that gathering which will decide the destinies of the world for generations to come. What does China want? Self-representation in this conference, or proxy representation by Japan, for example? Japan, which has already shown a disposition to subjugate China, and which would, as the representative of China, settle these problems for China in terms Japanese instead of terms Chinese! China has vital interests—vast interests—to be conserved. China can conserve those interests only by actual participation, instead of allowing proxy representation, which is all China may have if China does not accept this chance. It is the one only and last opportunity for China to aid herself. Is China afraid to assert her sovereignty? Does China hesitate to follow the lead of her greatest and most unselfish friend, the United States—the only Power of all the great Powers of the world which has no ulterior motive or plan of aggrandizement with regard to China, and the only Power which desires nothing from China but good will and friendship? Is China to continue in her cautious, absurdly timid, passive position? Or is China to assert herself as an entity among the Powers of the world?

Second: By fostering, helping and securing this action by China the Young China party will break through the crust of old-time mandarinate officialdom, which holds the Young China party down, throttles its members, restricts them, gives them no voice in affairs, and makes their efforts for a new and regenerated China ineffectual. It is the one great chance for Young China to sweep away this archaic, corrupt, inefficient governing class and come into Young China's own. It is the tremendous opportunity! The Young China party can ally itself with the great and powerful United States. Look at your men! What reward have those Young Chinese patriots had—the men who fought three revolutions and made and maintained China a republic? Are any of them running the government they gave their blood to establish? Is it not true that the men who are in control in China are mostly—nearly all—men of the old class, relics of the monarchic system, specimens of the official class you fought to overthrow, instead of the patriotic and forward-looking men of the Young China party? Your men have nothing. The men you fought against and defeated have everything. Now is your opportunity to break through this suffocating layer of the old régime, and, by asserting the sovereignty of China, by advancing your power in this direct and patriotic manner, get China for the real, republican Chinese!

Third: As a purely material advantage, China, by breaking off relations with Germany and Austria, would then be in a position to repudiate the German and Austrian share of the Boxer indemnity, amounting to several million dollars a year. Furthermore, there are many German ships interned in Chinese ports, and China could seize those ships and at once have a fleet for use after the close of the war. And, also, China would then be in a position to consider and hold Germany entirely out of the province of Shantung, and in a better position to remove Japan from that province, too, where Japan came in, because of the taking of Tsingtau from the Germans and their occupation of the German concession.

This was on Monday afternoon, when the first survey had been completed; when all the men in the Wedge had reported on what they had found to be the sentiment and the obstacles and difficulties were somewhat known. Thereupon began a systematic and strenuous campaign in Peking to get proper action by China. Efforts were to be concentrated on the Cabinet, with such attention to Parliament as might be given; and the men of known sympathy with the aims and beliefs of the Young China party were the ones to be won over. Man after man who might be of service was rounded up and these arguments put to him—singly, in parties, in gatherings. For hours and hours, day and night, Peking resounded with speeches to timid Chinese made by these urgent Americans and the two invaluable Australians, urging, forcing, begging, cajoling, and shoving the Chinese who were needful up to toe the mark. There was no rest. There was no soft-pedal business. It was a big, hard, two-fisted campaign, and he who dallied was a dastard; and he who doubted was roundly damned!

Curious Outcroppings

Several curious outcroppings developed. The first and most important was the apprehension of the Chinese who were approached over what Japan might think of the action, and over what Japan might do to China in retaliation for taking this step. When the war began, Yuan Shi Kai, then president of China, had offered to the Allies to send a Chinese army down to Tsingtau, the German colony in China, and take that place—which Japan took afterward, that military enterprise being the only actual national participation of Japan in the war in a military sense. Yuan Shi Kai would have done it, too, but for the incredible lack of vision of Sir John Jordan, the British Minister to China. That estimable old gentleman, when told of the plan, insisted that this must not be done; that China must not get into the war, which, he said, would be of very short duration. So the plan was dropped; and Japan came along and easily took Tsingtau, and imprisoned the Germans therein.

Later Sir John Jordan—having seen or having been told of his shortsightedness—and others of the Entente Powers, endeavored to get China to declare for the Allies. Yuan Shi Kai, having in mind his former rebuff, said he would not allow China to do this unless he was assured that all the Allies desired it. Whereupon Japan vetoed the plan, saying that she did not desire China to join the Allies—having other plans for China, no doubt—and saying, in her note about it, that Japan does not "look with equanimity on the release of four hundred millions of Asiatic people into the councils of the world." This was in the fall of 1915. A later attempt to get China to join the Allies was also blocked by Japan.

The apprehension of the Chinese, who were asked to help to get a declaration similar to that made by the United States, over what Japan might think and do about such action, was more than apprehension. I myself, when urging this step on various influential Chinese, saw actual fear displayed by those Chinese—fear of what the Japanese might do. Also, the pro-Japanese party among the Chinese spread stories of dire things Japan would do if China should thus commit herself; and these helped to make progress more difficult. Further, the older generals and those of the Cabinet who were opposed gave it out that what the Americans were asking China to do was to join the Allies definitely, declare war on Germany, and go the extreme limit.

Thus, we had to overcome the Japanese argument, and meet this later military-party argument, as well as the natural disinclination of the Chinese to take so radical a step. The foray continued into Tuesday. Meantime there was a Cabinet meeting; and, though the question was discussed, no action was taken, and it was shown that the majority of the Cabinet were opposed. Also, President Li was making his opposition felt; and Tuan Chi-jui, the Premier, was not enthusiastic—opposed, in fact—but waiting for the outcome, being a very shifty politician.

Reënforcements for the Wedge

Doctor Ferguson and Mr. Anderson speak Chinese fluently, and so does Doctor Tenney, the Chinese secretary of the American Legation. Also, those of us who do not speak Chinese found capable interpreters. There was no let-up to the campaign. Doctor Reinsch was indefatigable. He had repeated audiences with the president and with the premier. He worked night and day, and he captained the squad that was working with him. Presently, along about Wednesday, we had formed a very effective Chinese adjunct to the Flying Wedge. Of these the principals were C. T. Wang, a graduate of Yale, who is prominent in the Young China party and the president of the Senate; Wang Ch'ung Hui, the greatest lawyer in China, who was graduated from Yale, was called to the bar in London, translated the German Civil Code into English, and is a real man of parts; Doctor Ch'en Chin-tao, the Minister of Finance; C. C. Wu, the son of Wu Ting-fang; General Niu Yung Chien, a famous rebel general; Ling Sheng, a leading member of Parliament; Chang Chi, the Speaker of the lower house of Parliament; Eugene Chen, editor of the Peking Gazette, a brilliant and patriotic man, educated in England; Li Cheng Hsiang, former Minister for Foreign Affairs; General Wang Shih Tseng, Chief of Staff; and Wang Ching Wei, the most popular of the revolutionary leaders in China, who came all the way from Paris to try to get China to join the Allies, and who arrived in Peking just in time to get actively into this movement. There were others, of course; but these men were the most active and the most influential among the Chinese.

The opposition consisted of the bulk of the older official class; the older generals, who were sternly and threateningly against the plan; the pro-Japanese party among the Chinese, which is of considerable proportions; and the Germans, naturally. The Japanese in Peking were caught napping. They did not know much of the movement until it had been going for two days; and then, acting on previous instructions presumably, they discouraged it as much as they could without openly showing hostility. They went about under cover and urged the Chinese to consider carefully what they were doing. Baron Hayashi, the Japanese minister to China, was not in Peking, and the minor Japanese acted unofficially, but effectively none the less.

The other Allies were in a place where they could say little. They knew that Japan had taken a position against such an act by China on former occasions, and they could do nothing officially to push the campaign along, lacking advices from home on

(Continued on Page 32)

Raisin Day April 30

Monday, April 30, will be observed the country over in appreciation of *the raisin.* Known for its flavor and food value long before the Christian era, the raisin is even more appreciated now; modern science has made clear *the reason for the raisin,* and thus this fruit has come into its own.

Raisins are *75% predigested, pure, fruit sugar*—concentrated nutriment in energizing form. They give immediate bodily uplift and sustain vitality for work or play. Their mineral elements and acids stimulate the functions of the body in a natural and most beneficial way.

But best of all, perhaps, is the *appetite appeal* in raisins, for *tasteful* things are usually *best for us.* What child or grownup can resist the lure of raisins in bread, cake, cookies, pie and a hundred other foods? Digestive juices start at once at the sight of raisins—so raisins help *all* foods to digest. Eat more raisins—cook more raisins—bake more raisins. See what you can do with this great food.

It is the purpose of the 8000 growers forming the California Associated Raisin Co., who are acquainting millions with the benefits of raisins through their advertising, to produce this fruit at its best and place it within the reach of all. Raisins are an economy because of their high food value.

SUN-MAID is the brand of these 8000 California growers. These raisins are made by the action of the California sun from the sweetest, tenderest, juiciest California grapes. Sun-Maid Raisins—seeded, seedless or clusters—are scientifically handled, carefully packed and come to you clean, tender, thin-skinned, full-juiced, appetizing and altogether delicious. Serve them on Raisin Day, April 30th. Learn what the modern raisin is.

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 8000 Growers
Fresno, California

Eat *more* Raisins

Eat cluster raisins with nuts after dinner. Eat raisins with your breakfast foods—with shredded wheat, corn flakes, puffed wheat and rice, etc. Serve raisins in fruit salads. Garnish dishes of ice cream with raisins. Let the children have them as sweetmeats. Raisins are Nature's healthful candy.

Cook *more* Raisins

Cook raisins with your apple sauce, oatmeal and boiled rice. Cook them in your Indian pudding, rice pudding and bread pudding. Stew raisins and prunes together; or alternate stewed raisins and stewed prunes. Raisins cooked with peaches and other fruits add both variety in flavor and food value.

Bake *more* Raisins

Bake breads, cakes, muffins, gems, biscuits, cookies, pies, etc., with Sun-Maid Raisins. A California Raisin Pie made with Sun-Maid Raisins is delicious. Raisins improve apple pie. Raisins and cranberries in a pie make a luscious combination. Try good old-fashioned corn bread filled with raisins. Try famous California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins—the national raisin bread—it's *good* and *good* for you. Your dealer has it. Send for free recipe book which describes scores of ways to serve Sun-Maid Raisins.

MEN get acquainted with their families on little *wingfooting* trips. They take mother and the kiddies for an old-fashioned hike.

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heels. A new pair free if yours do not.

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WING FOOT HEELS

GOODYEAR AKRON

(Continued from Page 30)

the matter. However, the Allies did their bit when the time came. The Germans made a poor guess. They thought and brought the Austrians to think that the attempt to get action would be made through Parliament. Consequently the Germans concentrated on Parliament and did not pay much attention to the cabinet. As soon as we discovered this we made it as apparent as possible that we were working with Parliament, and kept the Germans busy there, but tripled our efforts with the cabinet.

The foreign diplomatic and official section of Peking, as well as the official Chinese section, was boiling by Wednesday. Men who might help were pulled out of bed at all hours of the night, and argued or pounded, as was necessary, into service for the cause. Close watch was kept of Parliament; and the Young China leaders there were busy twenty-four hours a day getting pledges from members. The president was seen several times, but remained obdurate. Premier Tuan Chi-jui gave no sign, but privately was against the proposition. There had been two cabinet meetings without result. Then came another cabinet meeting, on Wednesday. This gave promise. One or two cabinet ministers joined with the valiant Doctor Ch'en in saying that China should follow the lead of the United States.

That news heartened the Flying Wedge considerably. Efforts were renewed. Some of the very cautious Chinese inquired why it was that the representatives of the Allied Powers did not urge this action; and others asked why China should go to war with Germany, or why China should join the Allies. Whereupon a long course of argument was necessary to make it plain that the Americans were not asking China to join the Allies, but were asking China to join America and the other neutrals, which was an entirely different matter. Also, it was arranged with the representatives of the Allies that they should—unofficially—tell the Chinese they would be very glad to have China take this action. And they did tell the Chinese so—unofficially; and that helped a lot.

The older generals were obdurate. They protested vigorously, and threatened war and all sorts of things if China took this step. Things were in this chaotic condition on Thursday, though it was distinctly apparent that the Americans were gaining ground; and efforts that had been vigorous were made doubly so. Reports from Parliament were reassuring. The Germans had not discovered the drive on the cabinet, but were busy lobbying with Parliament. The Premier was open to conviction, he said; but President Li was firm against the plan. Whereupon the inevitable offer from the temporizing Chinese to temporize came to hand. They wanted to know whether they couldn't go a little way, to please the United States and not offend Germany. They said they were afraid to take the whole step; that it was contrary to the precedent of five thousand years, and so on.

Doctor Reinsch In Action

At this juncture Doctor Reinsch rose and declared himself in a vigorous and American manner. He told the Chinese exactly what was proposed to them; what the benefits to China would be. And he also told them that their attempt at a compromise would not suffice. They must go the distance, or not start. Also, the Flying Wedge enunciated the same sentiments—not in the diplomatic language employed by Doctor Reinsch, mayhap, but in words that were to the point. No compromise! That was the watchword. All or nothing! To be sure, we didn't expect a definite break in diplomatic relations; but we demanded just that, none the less. What we wanted was an adequate declaration that would align China with the United States, and were content to leave the question of breaking off diplomatic relations to a later date. The Chinese did not know this, and they were much perturbed Chinese. They argued shrewdly that they had no grievance with Germany; that there had been no situation anterior; and that to do this thing would be like walking up and assaulting an old and unoffending friend.

"Poof!" said the Flying Wedge. "That is no reason. Though it may be true that no Chinese ships have been sunk by German submarines, for the reason that there are no Chinese ships, there isn't a ship of any other nation, in any branch of the Eastern trade, that does not carry Chinese citizens as members of its crew; and many of these Chinese citizens have been killed already, and many more will be.

"Besides," we said, "we are not asking you to declare war. All we ask you to do—and that is so manifestly to the advantage of China we marvel at your hesitation—is to join with the United States and the other neutrals in a third group that shall, as the President says, begin a movement which shall 'make for the peace of the world.'"

That Thursday was a busy day. We were gaining. We were getting recruits in influential quarters. It was apparent that the opposition of President Li was negligible, for the cabinet was paying no attention to his protests. It was also apparent that C. T. Wang, Chang Chi and other friends in Parliament had control of that body, despite the efforts and money of the Germans and Austrians. So we made the last assault on the cabinet and the Premier. We wanted action; and, by the same token, we got action.

The labors of Doctor Reinsch were prodigious, and the support he had from Anderson and Doctor Ferguson and Donald and Morrison, and the rest of us to our degree, was one of the most effective examples of teamwork I have ever seen. Doctor Reinsch was the directing head of the little organization, and there never was a more resourceful or a more indefatigable captain. He is skilled in diplomacy, and, also, he is an American with a punch; and he was determined to bring China into line. Wherefore China came into line. The arguments, the logic and the force were behind the enterprise.

The Last Days

There was good news on Thursday—good news and bad news. Our scouts from the Chinese inside reported that more of the cabinet had come over to the view that China must follow the lead of the United States, splitting that body about evenly; but—and here was the stickler—the older generals were very ugly. They insisted that nothing should be done; that China must remain in the position she occupied—neutral; epicene, in fact. And when the older generals in China insist upon a thing, that means all the rest of official China will give careful heed to what these soldiers say. The military party, and especially the military party in the north of China, is a most powerful political factor. It is a unique institution, as I shall tell later—in reality a national army that is not a national army at all, but a collection of units of armies that are the individual perquisites, belongings and servants of the individual generals—that is, each general is supreme with his own army. And it works, fights and exists for him, and not for China *per se*. Hence, a general is an imposing and powerful person in Chinese politics; and all of them are politicians.

On that Thursday afternoon it was learned that a delegation of the older generals had visited the Premier and some members of the cabinet, and insisted that China must continue as a neutral and take no part in any outside affairs. They held that the traditional policy of China forbade any entrance into world politics; that China is self-sufficient; and that an adventure of this sort would lead to endless entanglements and place China in paths she had never trod and that she need not tread. "Besides," they said, "Germany inevitably will win." They made a few threats, some of them rather portentous; and they scared that cabinet considerably.

That put the situation squarely up to the Flying Wedge and to the Chinese who were assisting. We were convinced that if we could offset these stern old military chieftains we should win. The other signs were all in our favor. We had more than half of the cabinet and the others were weakening. They were beginning to see that the logic of the situation demanded that China, for China's sake—to make it entirely a Chinese matter—would profit greatly by inclusion in the peace conference instead of a proxy representation.

Still, there persisted the fear of the older generals and the fear of Japan. What would that country think? We pointed out that Japan could do nothing else than applaud, because Japan is one of the Allies, and is fighting, or did some little fighting, against Germany. "Once you do this," we insisted, "Japan will congratulate you." But the Japanese in Peking, quietly but insistently, were advising China not to take the step.

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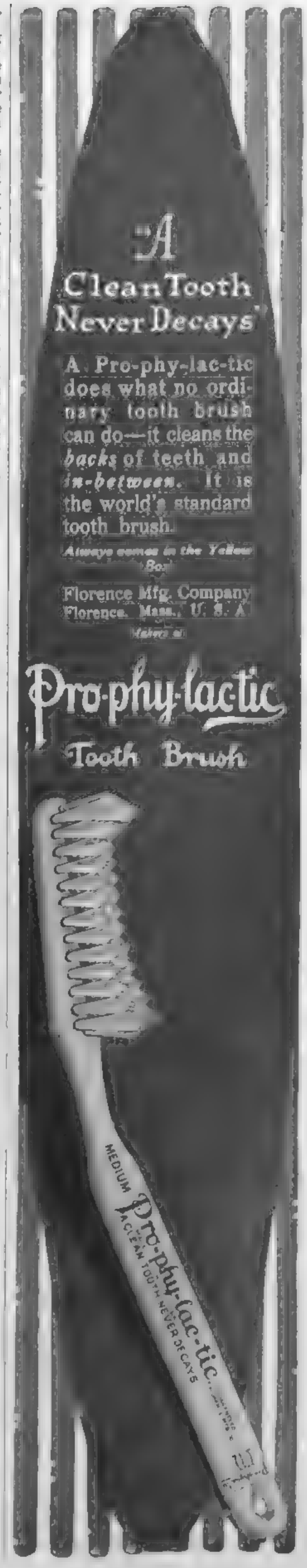
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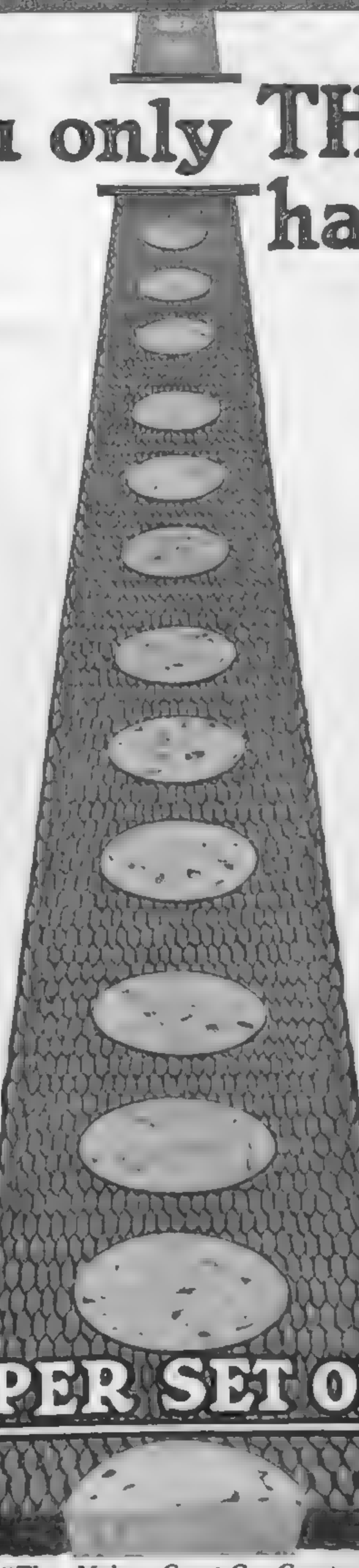
You only THINK your Ford has to jar and rattle



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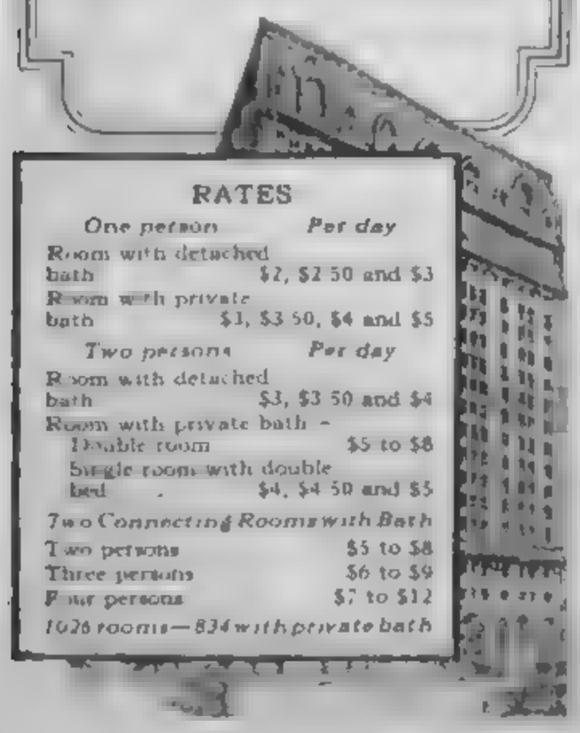

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3 50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3 50 and $4
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Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

(Concluded from Page 32)

The Flying Wedge took counsel. We canvassed the situation. Plainly there was but one more step. We had lined up the Young China party, and these, in turn, had lined up Parliament; so there would be no difficulty there, despite the frantic efforts of the Germans, who were still working with the legislative branch. We had more than half of the cabinet. We had many influential Chinese committed to the project. We had all the arguments; and we had made them. We were on the verge of success and did not purpose to let a few old generals stop us.

There were in Peking, and working with us, certain of the generals, largely from the South, who had been efficient figures in the three revolutions of recent date—fighting men, not politicians entirely. Two or three of these men were big men; and one especially, General Niu Yung Chien, was a most forceful person. The older generals had made their demonstration. It was our part to make a counter-demonstration.

Certain of the Flying Wedge who knew these Chinese generals intimately, and had fought with them, sought them out.

"Here!" they said to the revolutionary generals. "Do you intend to allow these older generals to prevent this great step forward by China? Do you intend to lose this opportunity, with all it means for the future of your country, because a few political soldiers have not the wit or the patriotism to appreciate the benefits of it, and are playing paltry, petty politics? You have it in your power to help us get this essential declaration from China. Will you help?"

"What can we do?" they asked.

"Do? Why you can go to the Premier and to the cabinet and tell those wavering persons that if China does not accept this heaven-sent opportunity to take her place among the Powers of the world you will take immediate steps to put in a government by force of arms that will have both the intelligence and the patriotism to take these steps."

"We understand," they said.

Some Strong Talk

They understood, right enough! And when a Chinese understands he understands fully. Thus, it came about that on Thursday night a delegation of revolutionary generals, men who had fought with bravery and patriotism in the three revolutions that made and kept China a republic; men who knew how to fight; men who had the courage to fight—and who, indeed, would rather fight than not—called on certain of the wavering officials. These men were dressed in their military uniforms. They went formally. I do not know exactly what they said, but the general sense of it was to this effect:

"We fought three times to make this republic and to preserve it. We now note a disposition on your part to refrain from accepting an opportunity to join our greatest and most unselfish friend, the United States of America, in a policy that will be of greater advantage to China than anything which has happened in fifty centuries. We do not understand this hesitation. Nor shall we tolerate it. We come to say to you that, regardless of any threats or warnings or protests from any other soldiers of China, regardless of petty politics or party affairs, and regardless of any age-old precedent that you may think exists against such an act—if you do not take this step immediately, we will, before the sun sets to-morrow, start a movement that shall install in Peking men who will have both the understanding and the patriotism to join the United States in condemnation of Germany's announced violation of all the principles of international law, and place China in her proper position in the eyes of the world!"

There was no bluster or braggadocio or loud talking about it. The spokesman, a general who has a fighting record second to none in China, told the wavering officials exactly what the situation was. The conversations were brief, which is unusual in China when Chinese are talking; and they were pointed—which, also, is unusual. The revolutionary generals were stern and uncompromising. They meant what they said. They made an impression that we sensed immediately. The cabinet came round to our way of thinking rather precipitately.

Of course Doctor Reinsch had no part in this, being a diplomatist; but there were some of us who were not half so diplomatic as we were eager for results.

Next day we knew we had won. The diplomatic representatives of the Allies were coming to the front helpfully. They were not official in what they said, because Japan had given no sign from Tokio, and they had no instructions; but they all said unofficially, which was as much as we wanted, that they could assure the Chinese that their governments would welcome the step. The Wedge worked incessantly on Friday.

The form of the notes was to be decided. It is not necessary to say when or where or by whom the note to Germany, presented by China, and the note to the United States, presented by China, were written. All that is necessary is to say that, before these notes were agreed upon by the cabinet and given to the German Minister and to the American Minister, they were entirely satisfactory, both in manner and in matter, to all intimately concerned.

"The Chinese Government, therefore"—the note to the Germans said—"protests energetically to the Imperial German Government against the measures proclaimed on the first of February, and sincerely hopes that, with a view to respecting the rights of neutral states and to maintaining the friendly relations between these two countries, the measure will not be carried out."

Victory at Last

"In case, contrary to its expectations, its protest be ineffectual, the government of the Chinese Republic will be constrained, to its profound regret, to sever the diplomatic relations at present existing between the two countries."

And the note to the United States said:

"The Chinese Government, being in accord with the principles set forth in Your Excellency's note, and firmly associating itself with the Government of the United States of America, has taken similar action by protesting energetically to the German Government against the new measures of blockade. The Chinese Government also proposes to take such action in the future as will be deemed necessary for the maintenance of the principles of international law."

The cabinet had its meeting. The procedure was decided; the notes were read and adopted. At six o'clock on Friday afternoon, February ninth, the Foreign Office of China made these notes public; and China, for the first time in five thousand years, had emerged from the old seclusion and self-sufficiency of the Middle Kingdom, had asserted her place among the nations of the world, had fallen into step with the march of the times, and had inaugurated a definite foreign policy. China had a spine!

The Flying Wedge held its last meeting and separated into its component parts. Doctor Reinsch was congratulated by all his colleagues, except the Germans and Austrians, for a remarkable achievement; and certainly he deserved his congratulations and more, for if ever an American did a real American job Doctor Reinsch was that American and this was the job. The cabinet held an executive meeting with the Parliament, and the Parliament supported the cabinet almost unanimously. The Young China patriots had done their work there, even against the labors and the cash of the Germans. Tokio marched enthusiastically to the front and cheered China. Everybody was happy except the older generals, the Germans and the Austrians, and President Li. The president sulked.

This brings the story, which is of the main achievement, to February twelfth. How Donald and I won the vice president over to our side; how the differences between the president and the cabinet became so acute that the Premier resigned; how that difficulty was patched up—and other things which have happened since—must be told of at another time. This is merely the authentic recital of how China came out of her shell.

Favorable press comments began coming in. China was getting the kind applause of the rest of the world, and the Chinese felt much elated over it. The Flying Wedge read these comments with interest and appreciation. One paragraph was especially felicitous: Le Figaro, of Paris, said, in concluding a long and complimentary editorial article about China's action:

"Though the Chinese people have changed the form of their institutions, their dress and their hats, nevertheless they remain the only race that knows how to introduce philosophy into politics and history."

That made the Flying Wedge laugh.

"Will Mr. Wilson Please Return Dr. Guthrie's Pipe?"

Being a man of unusually rapid respiration this Dr. Guthrie smoked faster than most men do and frequently burned out his briar pipes.

So from time to time he would buy a new pipe and give it to his friend Wilson to break in.

And Wilson would most obligingly accept the pipe, smoke it until it was thoroughly broken in, and then decide to keep it.

With a sorely tried patience, the Doctor resorted to the most cruel and unusual expedients to recover his property.

Mr. Wilson has risen from his bed at late hours on cold nights to open and read a telegram asking, "Will Mr. Wilson please return Dr. Guthrie's pipe?" Mysterious voices over the telephone would solicit the return of the valued briar. Postage—an ample quantity of stamps—attached to a card reading simply "Dr. pipe's return" would reach him in his morning mail.

Friends would show him advertisements in the personal column of their favorite newspaper reading, "Will Mr. Wilson please return Dr. Guthrie's pipe?"

And then one day these negotiations were suddenly broken off. No more supplication came to Mr. Wilson's eyes or ears.

Somewhat contritely Mr. Wilson called upon Dr. Guthrie. He found him in his office *smoking a new pipe.*

"Oh say, Doc," remonstrated Wilson, "your poor old tongue, you know! Here, take this pipe."

With a magnificent gesture the Doctor waved the proffered pipe away.

"No, my boy, I have found something better than a false friend for breaking in my pipes. I have found," he pointed to a blue tin on his table, "a tobacco that smokes in a new pipe as well as other mixtures do in an old one. I tried it on the recommendation of a patient who has used it for years in new pipes and old."

The tobacco referred to was Edgeworth Plug Slice. If you have never seen these slices, you will be greatly interested in their looks alone.

Before filling a new pipe, lay a slice of Edgeworth Plug Slice around the inside of the bowl. This removes the new-pipe sting.

Aside from breaking in a pipe, slices of Edgeworth Plug Slice Smoking Tobacco are rubbed up in the hands before the tobacco is smoked.

For smokers who prefer the convenience of a tobacco ready for the pipe, we have prepared Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. It is the same tobacco as Plug Slice, but already prepared for the pipe by special rubbing machines.

We will send you a sample of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed and so let you decide about Edgeworth, even to the form in which you prefer it.

Simply write your name and address on a postcard, giving the name of a tobacco dealer you patronize and these samples will be mailed to you.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 25c and 50c for larger tins, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

For the free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

One house out of every four in this country is being destroyed by the weather—destroyed through lack of protection against sun, wind, rain and snow. There is only one defense against the elements and that is paint—good paint, properly applied.

Your Uncle Sam says

there are twenty million homes in this country. When you apply this ratio you realize what a tremendous loss it means. It affects the country indirectly; it affects the individual directly—his health, his progress and his pocket book. The remedy likewise rests with each home owner. It's a small thing if each does his part and a big thing if done well.

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It was written by a practical painter and tells in simple language how to paint, varnish, stain or enamel every surface in and around your home.

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Styleplus Clothes give that look and "feel" of personal distinction coveted by all alert men—by all men who know the value of creating a good impression. The stylish fabrics, the correct cut, the smooth, comfortable fit of these clothes, combined with their sturdy wear and the moderate price, have given them a nation-wide popularity.

Style-Wear-Economy-$17:—this is the combination that has made Styleplus the National Clothes. Under the present condition of high prices, men are more than ever astonished that ***the price of Styleplus remains the same.*** Astonished at the same style in the fabrics (all-wool or wool-and-silk), the same careful workmanship, the same guarantee of splendid wear and satisfaction, all at the same price, $17.

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One of the leading stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there is not a Styleplus store in your town, ask your favorite dealer to order a Styleplus suit for you.

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Founded 1840 Baltimore, Md.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the nation over"
(Price in Cuba $23)

THE GRYPHON

(Continued from Page 18

And so for three weeks they were inseparable. April merged gently into May, and the hawthorn trees turned white and fragrant, and swarms of birds sang in unison. The days lengthened, and from night to night a thin silver sickle of a moon changed imperceptibly to a round golden globe. And as the spring began to mature, with all the vague unrest of it, something began to blossom between them that they understood but could not speak of. There were long moments of happiness, long intervals of silence, little intimacies, marvelous discoveries, to record which would be an intrusion and a shame, even were it possible for another to understand the gleaming iridescence of those moments.

There seemed to be a tacit conspiracy among all to let them be together. Not for her father's sake, not for her wealth, but because of herself the countryside loved her. They esteemed it no small honor for any woman to be courted, as they called it, by their young landlord. They knew too well, better than he suspected, how circumscribed his life was, how unhappy and unfree he had been under the domination of the Countess. They were glad to see him happy.

"A good thing it is for him, he to be in love with a woman," was their shrewd comment. "A kindly and warm thing. It washes the bitterness out of the heart like a brook of clear water."

"I don't know what her father would say," Palmer, the rector, told himself, "if he knew about it. Or his mother either, for the matter of that. And I don't think I care."

And so they roamed about the country together, as happy and as aloof from the life about them as two birds upon a branch or two salmon in a pool. And it was not only the May, nor themselves, but the country about them that exerted a sort of magic on their hearts. There is no place as barbarous and as magnificent and as rich in Ireland as the Valley of Oriel. Still in it great crimes are committed; great love stories lived. A country redolent of apple blossoms and honey, with trout leaping in the rivers, and the trees alive with birds. A country into which all the legendry of Ireland is gathered, as a handful of emeralds may be gathered in the hollow of two palms. Near by is the ford which Cuchulainn of the Red Branch held against an army of a hundred thousand men, when Maeve of Connaught rode northward to harry the fertile Ulster plains. Within hearing is the sound of the sea on which the children of Lir floated for three hundred years, changed into white swans. Near by, too, is the rock on which Naoise dashed and ruined a beauty that was fairer than Helen of Troy's, and for which kings had gone mad. All these stories Oriel told her, and she listened, rapt, her eyes half closed, her lips dilated.

"Don't stop," she pleaded, and smilingly he would go on.

Palmer, the rector, smiled at the pair of them in his cynical, kindly way.

"You two," he commented, "remind me of the Babes in the Wood. The only thing lacking is an ogre."

In return she told him of her father, whom she adored, and a vague unrest arose in Oriel's heart as he listened to the epic of that dauntless soul riding to success over every obstacle. She told him of his early struggle in New York with a fruit cart—without embarrassment or shame she told that which many another woman would have concealed. She told how the cart had been replaced by a store, how the store had been augmented by two others. As though she were describing a battle big as Crécy or Waterloo, she spoke of how a combination had risen against the little fruit dealers, and how her father had gone about to all of them—Greek and Italian, Irishman and German and Swede—and how they had all turned over their money to him, trusting honestly in his ability and honesty. He had chartered a boat to go to Jamaica on a regular schedule—the fleet of Jason in search of the Golden Fleece had no more of drama in it!—had plunged the accumulated funds on it, and had succeeded. That was the turning point. Now his own fleet plowed the blue tropic waters, and people spoke of him breathlessly as the Fruit King.

"And dad! When you see dad! Ulick, he's the most simple, kindly soul in the world. You'd never think he had made commercial history. Oh, there's a real man!"

That worried Oriel not a little. In the nighttime, when she had gone to bed, and he was wandering about the dewy grass beneath her window, in places they had been together that day, it would occur to him that he had no purpose like that of the fruit man, no big vision, no end in life. So shackled had he been in the arrangement of his days, of his thoughts, by the Countess that he had never been free to think in a wide and sweeping focus. Ancestors of his had done great things. Ulster had never been Ulster had it not been for the Fitzjohn who had held it for Strongbow. Another Oriel had given up life and fortune for the Stuarts on Culloden field. His grandfather had spent his days in ameliorating conditions among the tenantry of the North. His father might have done something worthy of national chronicle had he not been cut off in Bermuda before his prime. But he himself had never looked forward to anything but the winter's hunting, and the teeming trout brooks in summer, and the governing of the little estate. There must be something more, he felt, something big.

"A man—like her father!" he would mutter, uneasy, unseeing, unsatisfied.

And one more thing lay on his mind. They had never spoken of marriage. In some dim way it had been brought home to both of them that for the rest of their existences they would be together, and how seemed a small detail. She, no doubt, took it for granted, and he too. But how? The shadow of his mother lay across his happiness heavily. What would she say? And what would he do were she to forbid it? He remembered groaningly how the life and anger had gone from him on the passionate occasion when he wanted to confront her with her false stewardship of the estate. What would she say to his marrying this unknown girl, this daughter of an ex-tenant? The fear and the struggle showed in his face.

"You poor boy!" Neysa would say to him in the mornings. "You look haggard and worn."

They wandered up Slievegullion that morning. They passed the lake at the foot, and the old stone castle that King John had built, and lost themselves in the stretch of brown heather. Up and up they had gone, he encouraging her, until they reached the little plateau at the top with the lake in its middle. A light early summer breeze was out. It rustled among the heather, and at that height it appeared to be unearthly, so pure it was. From the summit of the peak they could see five counties—Antrim, dour and forbidding; Armagh, lush and prosperous; Down, with the mountains of Mourne blue in the distance; Louth, sweeping downward to the sea; Monaghan, stalwart stronghold of the Scotch-Irish. In the distance Lough Neagh glimmered like a fine pearl. They might have been on the tip of the world looking down at the nations, so far could they see.

She was very silent. All round her her glance roved. The wind rustled merrily. A little lapping came from the lake. The querulous note of plovers broke in on them, high like the chanter of a bagpipe, and against that was heard the deep booming of bitterns, like a bagpipe's drone. An eagle barked near by, like the bark of a dog. The wind blew a cloud against them, and it broke white like surf. He laughed at the unearthliness of it all. But she screamed, like the note of a frightened bird.

"What is it?" he asked quickly. "For God's sake, Neysa!"

"I'm so scared!" she sobbed. "Up here, it's like being cut off from the world . . . I don't know . . . I feel alone . . ." She crept toward him, her face white, her hands outstretched. "Ulick! Ulick!"

"Don't mind, little sweetheart," he told. "I'll take care of you, now and always—now and always. . . ."

He broke in on his mother next morning at her rooms in the Cecil. He had come over that night to London on the Greenore boat. He burst in as she was writing a letter to O'Neill, member for South Armagh, suggesting his presence at the Boyne Anniversary celebration. Oriel did not even give the usual lukewarm kiss.

"I'm going to be married!" he blurted out.

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"We can go anywhere on the Motz that a pneumatic can go and don't have to worry about the driver being delayed on account of punctures."

This sentence in a letter from the Coca-Cola Bottling Company, of Laurel, Miss., is a good summary of the two main reasons why this tire has been adopted generally for delivery service and other light trucking.

Going "anywhere that a pneumatic can go" means driving smoothly over all sorts of roads and streets at good, round, *commercial speeds*.

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"This company circularizes its list of 4000 jobbers an average of once a month. To do this work satisfactorily and promptly we use one of your hand operated DIREX-ALL machines, and can easily take care of the entire list in a single day. Formerly the work was done by typewriters, and with the best typists we could put upon it an average of three to four days was required to get out the addressing.

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"And to whom, may I ask?" She eyed him slantingly, her lips curved into an archaic smile. "To the sweetest girl in the world, I suppose."

"To Neysa Darcy," he answered, brought suddenly up short, "an American girl, daughter of an ex-tenant of ours."

"Yes?" she queried. "And what might the position of this ex-tenant of ours in America be? Policeman? Prize fighter? Barber? Waiter?"

"Her father," Oriel answered hotly, "is William John Darcy, who has as many million dollars as we have hundred pounds."

"Oh, the fruit man!" She raised her eyebrows. She turned her head away from him to her writing desk. For a few moments she thought in silence. Then impulsively she came toward him.

"Ulick," she said gently, "I want to see this girl. If she is everything I want her to be for your wife, then marry her, and God bless you both! I want to see her first, though, laddie. I can't let you make a mistake. Ulick, remember, I have only you in the world!"

He mumbled something incoherent, insincere. A year ago he might have been ingenuous enough to have accepted that. But he had been on his guard now, since he had left Trinity. He had been watching for every intonation of voice, every change of countenance. Her quick right-about and studied impulsiveness did not deceive him. He was on his guard.

And so they were married! Palmer, rector of Ballinard, who was as honest as the sun, wrote a long letter to William John Darcy, in which he extolled the virtues of Ulick Fitzhugh Fitzjohn, Earl of Oriel, and explained in a perfectly convincing but utterly unsentimental way that Darcy's daughter and the young Earl of Oriel were as much in love with each other as it is possible for two human beings to be, and live. And also Palmer, rector of Ballinard, who was, as may be predicated from his cloth, as gentle as a dove, but was also, being a North of Ireland man, as cunning as a serpent, had many heart-to-heart talks with the Countess of Oriel. He explained to her the character of his friend Darcy. He explained the suspicion your American millionaire would have of international and titulary marriages. Let there be no talk of money or of marriage settlements, but wait a little. Be subtle, advised he. The girl could twist her father about her finger, and what was her father's would be hers and her husband's, and what was her husband's would be—the family's!

And so they were married, in the old Armagh Cathedral, wherein Ulick's father had been married, and his grandfather before him. In a nervous low voice, a voice full of loyalty and trust, Neysa promised to love, honor and obey Ulick Fitzhugh Fitzjohn. And in a voice proud and vibrant, and a little aggressive, it seemed, Oriel, on his hand, promised to cherish and protect her. The dowager countess was much affected.

"I don't know how it is," she told her friends, "but Neysa is the one girl in the world I should have chosen for Oriel."

And so they were married! And Anne, Dowager Countess of Oriel, was to live happy ever after.

IV

I CAN see Darcy, the fruit man, as well to-day as in the days when he was alive—God rest him! A slight man, something on his daughter's build, with the same dark eyes. But where his daughter's eyes expressed only kindness and trust, his did more. It was an eye which saw visions and dreamed dreams, and there was the same kindness to it and the same trust. God be with him! I can see him now, with his shock of iron-gray hair, his broad restful hands, his somewhat Napoleonic face turned sidewise, and a kindly smile playing like a rainbow at the edges of his lips.

For all his peasant stock, he stood up at that wedding as dignified and as much at home there as the Ulster King-at-Arms. There was nobility to the man. There was great native tact, too, which is rarer. Few words were exchanged between Oriel and him, but they liked each other.

"You have the dearest thing in the world to me," he told Oriel after the ceremony.

"I know it, sir," Oriel answered him. "And I have the dearest thing in the world to myself"; and his straightforward reply pleased Darcy, who was a judge of men.

It was at the fruit man's suggestion that the couple took their honeymoon on one of his passenger liners, to the ports where his men worked night and day. They came westward to Jamaica, with its colorful hills and its motley population, white man and black man, Hindu and Burmese and Himalayan. They crept into Colon, with its gray, ever-present clouds and its bustle of shipping. They went through Costa Rica, in carriage, on muleback, on puffy little railroad. They came to Colombia, lush, mysterious, a land of parrots and emeralds, of great mountains and of wild people in the hills. They went up the muddy Magdalena to Bogota. At each place Oriel saw the thousands of men who were working for Darcy, loading and unloading his ships, bringing his fruit from the interior, guarding his piers, tending his plantations. Other things he saw too. He saw the great hospitals that the capitalist had erected to care for his men—fighting, for their sake, the fevers that had once made these ports hell holes. Somehow it had never occurred to him that one could do that in business. Business, it had appeared to him, was only a matter of buying and selling, a quick, rapid transaction of merchandise and money; but it loomed up in his mind now that here was something immensely big, immensely human, as great a factor of the world's history as arms, or government, or as even love.

At Barranquilla, at the *Pension Inglesa*, he met Church, the mining man, shrewd, small, tanned, gray-haired.

"The reason your father-in-law's made a success in this Central American trade," Church said, "is that he's been honest, scrupulously honest, with the people. He's treated them as though they had reasoning power. And another thing: he's been decent to his workmen. They don't understand that, but they appreciate it. My God, man, if he got out to-morrow, there'd be stealing, grafting, looting, peonage even ——"

In Bogota, Andrews, the American minister, waxed enthusiastic over Darcy.

"The world sees in him only a shrewd business man," he told Oriel; "but I know better. Mr. Darcy is one of those idealists born once in a century. Others think of binding states together by arms, or by religion, or by speech. He dreams of binding them together in mutually profitable commerce. And he is thinking of that amity of relationship, Lord Oriel, when he is supposed to be calculating the fruit market in New York or the rates on freight. These people have had a hard time. Once the Spaniards pillaged them, and they are wary of an American invasion. But your father-in-law is changing that. He is doing more than a hostile army could do, more than the diplomats in Washington."

For the first time now since he had met Neysa he understood how rich her father was. He had known in a vague, detached way before that she was heiress to millions of money; but what it represented he had never conceived. In the end it would all come to her, he supposed, and he would have the guardianship of it. But what would he do with it? In Ireland now, or within a few years, the Land Purchase Act would have wiped out the remainder of the estate, and all he would have would be twenty-eight acres of freehold, a strip of mountain, and an old house with a river flowing by it. Had he still been a landlord, accepting the responsibility of tenantry and taking their rent as return for the work, he might have broadened his field and they could have put the money to good use. But now all that a man in his position could do was to enter politics in London, using the fortune to further political aims with which the older man would have no sympathy. Of course Darcy might dispose of the money other than by bequeathing it to his daughter.

But still if he did not! The problem was still there. What was to be done? Oriel had little heart for the game of politics. That was what his mother would want him to do, and she would have her finger in it, too, he guessed, with her powerful ambitions. If that were the case, what would happen to the old man's dream, that mighty polity whose threads he was handling deftly and surely? Would it crumble and decay, falling into vicious, incapable hands on his death, as did the empires welded together by great dead kings? A pity! he thought. A great pity! But what was to be done?

Darcy had returned to New York, and he wrote them to Santa Marta that he was going down to Jamaica. He would meet them there.

(Continued on Page 41)

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IN machines as in men, there is no real Quality without a history. Quality is not born of a single impulse, a single inspiration, or a single personality.

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Twenty years of unbroken tradition of Quality has flowered in the Oldsmobile of 1917. Here, in every newest perfection of mechanism, in every refinement of design, in equipment and furnishing for a *better* comfort and *finer* luxury are innumerable chapters of the patient study and development, the direction of master minds and hands—ruled only by an uncompromising ideal.

If you intend to purchase an automobile at any price, see the Oldsmobile dealer. He will demonstrate as you request, two and four passenger roadsters, five and seven passenger touring cars and enclosed body types.

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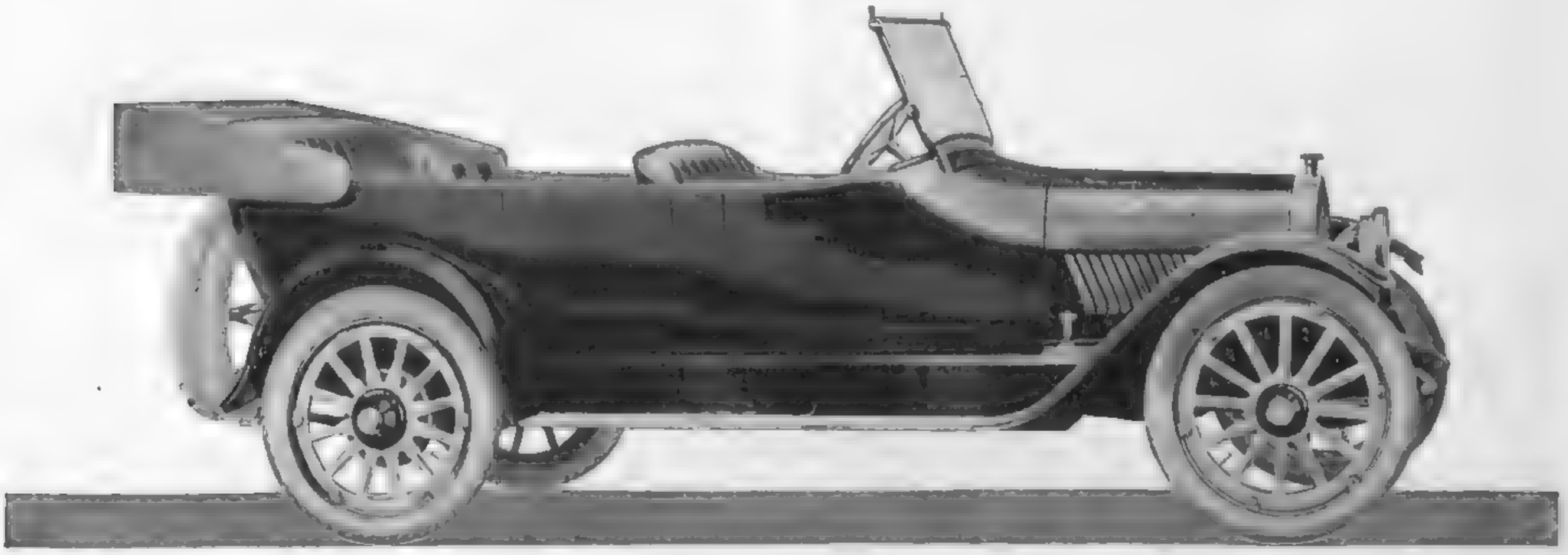

When You see Delco on the Dash

—the name itself assures you satisfaction. In everything a Delco system undertakes to do—starting—lighting—ignition—you can depend upon it without the slightest question.

The Delco purpose is to make each system do its work so well—so unfailingly—that you come to associate with the name the very utmost of driving comfort and confidence.

Delco succeeds in this. Consider the quality of motor car on which it is used. Think of the five hundred thousand drivers whose good will has won a leadership that no one can justly question.

DELCO never shades performance to meet a price—never turns out a "stock" design regardless of where or how it will be used.

Whatever Delco-equipped car you buy, you get Delco satisfaction; you know your system will do its work as you desire it. The system—"built-to-fit" for your car—makes it certain.

Delco attracts those automobile engineers whose aims are similar to Delco's. These men know that complete success can be built on just one thing—and that is quality.

Therefore they co-operate with Delco—in laboratory research—in scientific production—in rigid tests to make driving easier, more pleasurable for you.

DELCO on the dash is thus an index to the car itself—a hallmark of quality that inspires confidence—it helps you choose.

In any type of car you want to buy, you can get Delco satisfaction. Most of the leading cars—the best known makes of automobiles—fours, sixes, eights and twelves—cars that stand foremost in their class for quality—are equipped with Delco systems—the majority of them complete—starting—lighting—and ignition.

You can satisfy your taste in every way and still secure the confidence and comfort that Delco on the dash assures.

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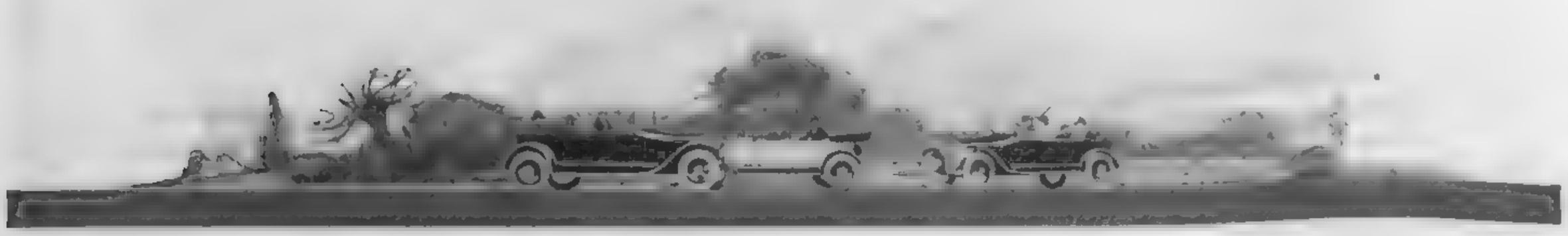

(Continued from Page 38)

They were standing by the taffrail of the boat deck the night before they arrived in Kingston. A great half moon hung in the sky, and a full tropic stillness was over everything. Faintly they could hear the cleavage at the bows and the welter of the tread below, and faintly forward the bells rang the half hours. They were both silent, close together, lost in an immensity of dreams.

"Neysa," he asked suddenly, "do you think your father would give me a job?"

She caught him suddenly by the arm. She looked at him with eyes that were at first surprised, then incredulous, then sparkling with a sudden unintelligible joy.

"Ulick!" she asked breathlessly. "You mean that?"

"I do," he nodded stolidly.

A little dim mist came into her eyes, and she crept into his shoulder.

"I was a very happy girl," she said difficultly, "but now I am the happiest person in the world! Dad will be happy too. You don't know how happy. He loves that business. He has put his soul into it. And I love it because of him."

The next day, on the pilot boat, Darcy came aboard. He caught his daughter to him in a bear's hug. He gave Oriel a grip like a wrestler's.

"Listen, father-in-law," the boy burst forth, "I want a job with you. Do you think you could find me one?"

A smile played on the older man's lips, but his eyes were probing hard.

"I don't think I could, son," he said. "Every position in the company is filled by a trusted and trained man, and it would be unjust to him and injurious to the company if I were to take one out and give you his place. The only job I could give you," he laughed, "is checking bananas on the pier at twelve dollars a week."

"I'll take it," Oriel said.

The older man continued to look at him shrewdly, but the smile had disappeared.

"If you want it you can have it," he told Oriel. "But how will you and Neysa live?"

"I've got about seventy-five dollars a week of my own. I'm poor for a peer," the lad laughed, "and your twelve will make eighty-seven. We'll manage along on that. Can't we, Neysa?"

"Indeed we can," she told her father proudly.

"Think it over a bit," Darcy advised.

The purser came round with mail. There was a letter for Oriel from the dowager countess.

"So the honeymoon will soon be over, and you two love birds will be winging your way home," she purred, and so on. There were a few references to relatives and friends, and a message for Neysa. "We are all awaiting your advent breathlessly. I suppose you have planned a tremendous splurge in London. Everybody is dying to see you, and talking of how lucky you were to capture the catch of the season. I have ruined myself buying some things to appear in, but I have to live up to my son and his billion-dollar bride. . . . We need you at home at once. All the North is arming and everybody must stand by. Bentinck-Bates was saying yesterday how lucky for the cause your marriage was. They expect wonderful things of you!

"My compliments to Mr. Darcy. Why doesn't he come over and join us? He could leave his business to managers, couldn't he? He has worked long enough. And he 'belongs' now. Tell him we won't treat him as an 'in-law.' He might buy a place, as Mr. Croker has done, and interest himself in the racing."

He crumpled the letter savagely, and savagely he threw it overboard. He walked over to his father-in-law and caught him by the arm.

"I want that twelve-dollar job, Dad Darcy," he said, "and no other. I've made up my mind."

▼

FOR two months now he had been going down to the piers about the Erie Basin, attired in serviceable trousers and a flannel shirt, and from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon pulling the catch of a machine that clanged every time a bunch of bananas was transferred from the hold of the squat white steamers to the recesses of a brown railway carriage. To the white stevedores and the colored laborers he was simply "Aleck," and a good kid, as they phrased it. They had no idea he was Ulick Fitzhugh Fitzjohn, Earl of Oriel, son-in-law of the president of the line. They had no idea that this twelve-dollar-a-week man went home to an apartment on Clark Street, changed into evening clothes, and melted into the arms of a slight little woman, fragile as a Prince Rupert drop, gently dark as an April evening, and beautiful as a chord of fine music.

The elder Darcy came often to the apartment on Clark Street, oftener now that his daughter's face had undergone a sea change, had changed from a healthy hue of girlhood to a white spiritualism that suggested she was hovering about the confines of life and death. Her husband and her father said nothing to each other about it. They looked at each other with haggard and bloodshot eyes, for Neysa's mother had died that way.

"It will be all right," she would laugh away her husband's frantic fears. "Tell me about to-day."

And he would tell her, with a sort of awed humor, incidents he had seen that day. He told her about emigrants who had come from Central America—Costa Ricans with great wide gestures; Colombians with the bearing of Corsican conspirators; men from Panama, proud as Cato; gentle colored folk from Jamaica who wanted to be hallboys in the great apartment houses of New York, which appeared in their eyes to be greater than the palace Aladdin, the Master of the Lamp, had erected with the aid of Djinn. They had all crowded to the Independent Fruit Office, assured that Darcy, greatest of men, would place them; and Darcy did. Other companies thought that employment bureau of Darcy's good business; but Oriel knew better!

He told her, too, of an incident he had witnessed on Columbia Street. One negro was arguing with another about the fruit company.

"Lithten, Joe," he said. "I tell you something: Dat man Darcy could shoot crap for the Standard Oil, and if he lotht, it wouldn't phathe him; no, thir, wouldn't phathe him in the leatht!"

The conversation had made Oriel laugh, but it had also given him an idea of the loyalty Darcy's employees had for their chief, and of their sense of pride in him.

Perhaps it was because he, who was so seldom nervous, was scared half out of his wits; perhaps it was because he, who had the loyalty of two hundred thousand men, had only one love, and she his daughter, that made Darcy unburden himself to the younger man; but in those days of fear and haggardness the fruit king showed more of his inmost being and thoughts than he had ever done before.

For three weeks the fruit king disappeared. The press spoke of an insurrection in Nicaragua. The presidential election had been so close that the defeated candidate would not accept the evidence of the successful one. In the plaza of Managua artillery was stationed, riflery put. At a certain hour on a certain evening, as Central American revolutions are conducted, the revolt against the successful candidate was to begin. At two minutes before that time Darcy strolled into the square, his sun helmet in the crook of his arm, his kindly smile about the edges of his lips.

"Gentlemen," he announced in that resonant voice of his, so low and yet so ringing, and he laughed a little ricochendo of chuckles, "you don't want an undertaker here, you want a referee."

The last grace note of his laughter carried the day. The press spoke of it as an instance of how easily Central American republics are swayed; but Oriel understood that what swayed them was not the drama of the moment, but the proven honesty and integrity of the man.

There came a letter from his mother about this time:

"Davies has been talking to me. He said that the present government has in mind the revival of the old duchy of Antrim. It would be the greatest possible honor that could be conferred on you, outside the abdication of royalty in your favor. The party would, of course, require a substantial *quid pro quo*."

Right well he understood what she meant, he told himself with a bitter laugh. He was to be Ulick, first Duke of Antrim, not by the grace of God, but by grace of his wife's money. He was to be the figurehead, those hawk-faced politicians were to be the ship that sailed for some ambitious port, while his mother was to be at the steering wheel. Already he could see the paragraphs in the papers:

"At a house party given by the Dowager Countess of Oriel, at the house of her son,

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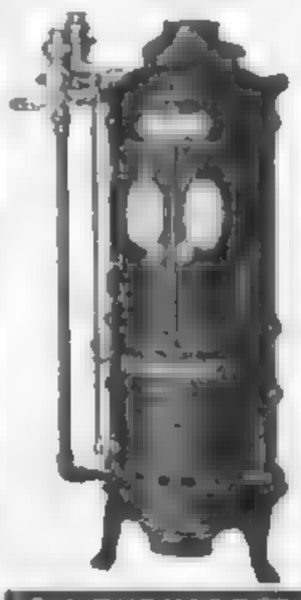
FOLKS accustomed to old-fashioned ways of heating water look with amazement at Humphrey Hot Water Service.

You just turn the water faucet and steaming-hot water gushes forth **at once.** And it keeps on flowing just as long as the faucet is open.



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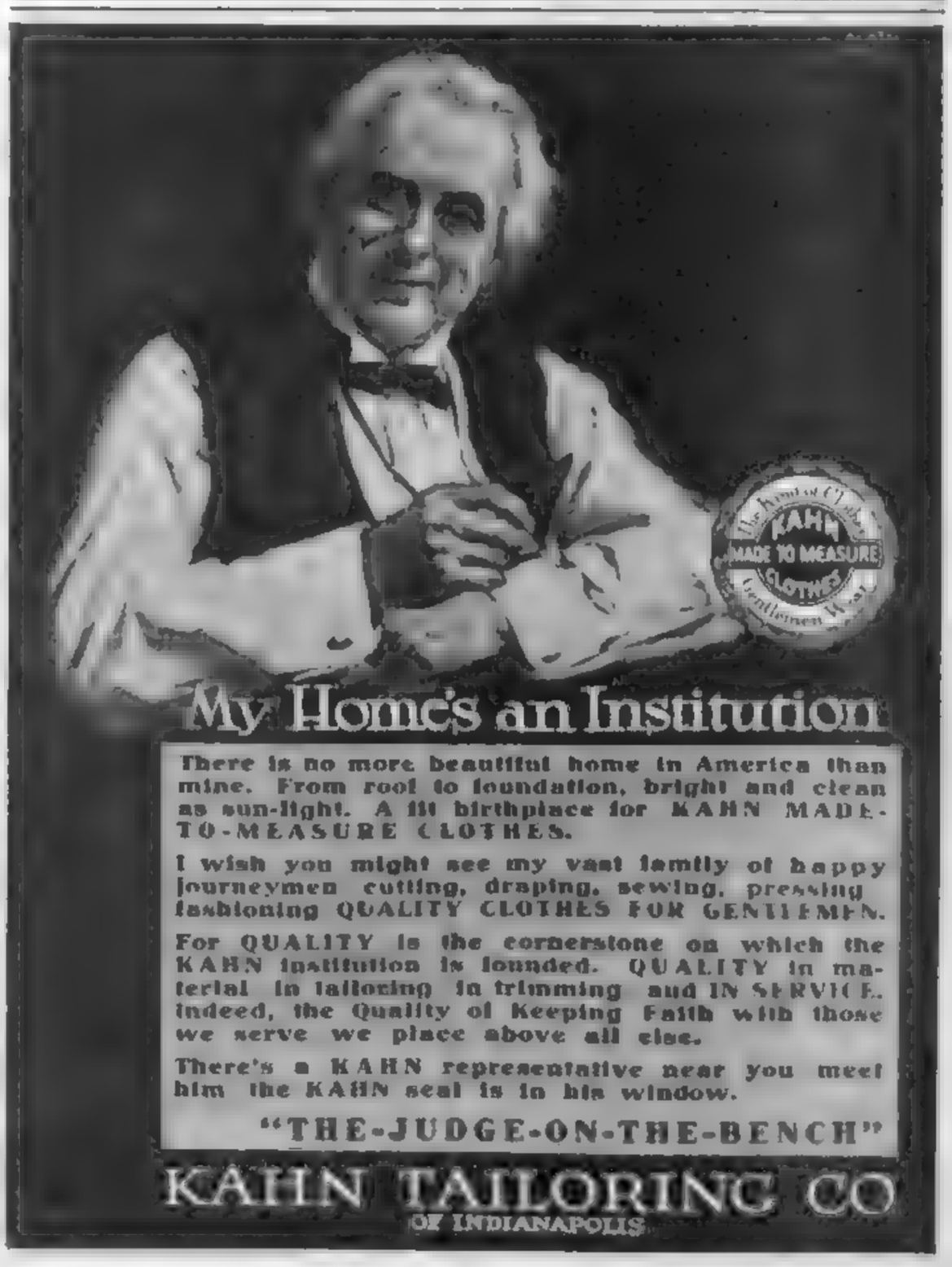
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I wish you might see my vast family of happy journeymen cutting, draping, sewing, pressing fashioning QUALITY CLOTHES FOR GENTLEMEN.
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There's a KAHN representative near you meet him the KAHN seal is in his window.
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that exultant climax of youth, when the future seems strewn with roses!

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For the June bride, a dainty Lady Elgin bracelet watch—

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Your jeweler has an Elgin watch for every man, every woman, at prices to fit any purse.

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To make polish mop, cut the strands short (as here pictured) before pouring on the oil.

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the newly created Duke of Antrim, there were present the Premier, the Solicitor-General, Sir John Ross of Bladensburg, and Sir Kenneth Wood, Assistant Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Matters of grave political import were under discussion."

And in the scurrilous weeklies there would be paragraphs such as this:

"A certain charming countess, to whose son the government recently sold a duchy, paid for by the money of a recently acquired American wife, gave a house party last week. Over the walnuts and the wine it was decided that in the event of the death of the Home Secretary, the portfolio should go to — "

He winced as he thought of it, and he grew red with anger as he pictured those shrewd parliamentarians dividing up the money he was to give them for their ends, dividing up the spoils that his mother had told them they were certain of getting. He could see Boyd-Barett, the whip, talking to his mother of the plans.

"But if your son doesn't consent, Lady Oriel," he would object, drawling.

"I think I can vouch that he will," the countess would answer meaningly. "I know Oriel."

He raged there on the docks, while overseeing the workers or assisting the thunderous-voiced auctioneer. He could see the smiles of the party heads as they talked together over Lady Oriel's ambition. He could hear their sniggers as they thought of the American wife, whose dollars were to flow so easily into the partisan funds. There would be sneers about their cynical lips as they thought of him, the dummy aristocrat, the pawn which they, the players, would move as it suited them, the kine to be milked! Hell blast them with brimstone

"Easy on that!" the pier superintendent would tell him. "Easy, Aleck! What's got you? You're cussin' your head off. What's biting you?"

"Nothing," he would reply, embarrassed that his feelings should have carried him away.

"I give you a straight tip, my son!" the superintendent would counsel. "Cut it out. Keep your mind on the job. You're taking the old man's money, and when you're working you're thinking of his business, not of your own. I'd hate to see you go, Aleck; you're a good kid. But the old man's on the square, and I'm on the square; and you'll be on the square, too, my son, or it'll be the hook for you. Get me, son?"

The old man! he would think. The old man! There was one for you, he said, whom even the shrewd New Yorkers acknowledged to be "on the square," as they called it. He remembered, with a vague bursting sense of tenderness in his heart, every feeling between him and Darcy, every action, every thought. His mother had treated him as a chattel, to be bought and sold; his own political people had treated him as a pawn, to be moved this whither and there. But Darcy had treated him as a man. He had given Oriel his daughter, in the first place. There had been no false sentimentality about the fruit man. When Oriel had elected to begin at the bottom of the ladder and to live, with Darcy's own daughter, on what must have seemed a pittance compared to what she had enjoyed before, to live in a little apartment, with one maid, where Neysa, before she was married, had had a staff of servants greater than ever had a Balkan royalty, Darcy had taken it as a matter of course. He had shown no favors to the young earl, where it came to work. He had treated him as a man and not as a son-in-law, and for that Oriel was grateful. How grateful he was perhaps only Darcy knew. And he had shown Oriel ideals—unwittingly perhaps, but still a fact—that would have graced Columbus, or Simon Bolivar, or any of the great heroes of the world. And with the results of this man's dreams, the tangible results—such as gold—shallow men like Bentinck-Bates were gambling for personal ambition, women like his mother dreamed the dreams of Maintenon!

If it had been any other trouble he was in, he would have told it without a moment's hesitation to Darcy and to his wife, but the sense that his own people were acting so dishonorably held him back. To acknowledge before them that his mother was plotting with their money, that the only interest she had in this love-marriage of her son was the interest of a financier in a commercial venture—to bare that would have been too appalling. It would have been like the sons of Noe unbaring their father in wine!

There came the night when Azrael, Angel of Death, hovered over the apartment with black outspread wings. It seemed unnaturally cruel, like some grim joke an evil god might play, that he could not go to her, could not help her in this ordeal. Her muffled cries cut his heart like sharp steel. He remembered crying bitterly. It was Darcy took him out.

"We'll take a little walk," the fruit king said. "Come, son, let's go!"

And for hours they trudged about the streets, silent, haggard, fearful, in the mist of miserable rain. They said nothing as they walked elbow to elbow with each other, but in those hours, Oriel felt years afterward, some link was forged that held them closer than shackles of iron.

He would not look at that son of Neysa's when they brought it to him. He wanted to see her, to know if she were safe. She was, they told him, though there had been moments of great danger.

"I felt I was slipping away," she told him later, throbbing in the dim gloom. "Death would have been so easy. But I knew you wanted me—and I fought back. It was hard!"

He sent a long wire to his mother at Cannes. For the instant it appeared to him that even she, hard as she was, should be touched by this miracle, that a grandson had been born to her, and above all that Neysa was safe. The answer came back like the crack of a whip:

"Now, I hope," said the wire, after a few phrases of perfunctory congratulation, "you will be sensible and come home. You are making yourself ridiculous, and what is worse, making me ridiculous. If you don't come at once I shall come and fetch you."

He set his teeth and tore the wire up, explaining to Neysa in some way that his mother was away from home, and that his message had not reached her. But for days, and for weeks after that, a terrible, nameless fear assailed him—that when she faced him he would give in weakly, as he had given in on a hundred occasions before. All his life she had dominated him; had made a science of it, until the sound of her voice was to his spirit like the crack of a lash on a slave's shoulders. He was like an addict under the power of some drug, or like a victim under the glance of a hypnotist. He had fought her domination when she was absent, hard though that had been. But when she was present, confronting him, terrible as an army with banners, what should he do? What should he do?

VI

SHE knew that if she were to succeed with her son, she must give him no time for preparation, but must descend on him swiftly, unexpectedly. She must catch him as though he were committing a fault. Secretly she had come to New York. Unexpectedly she had come to the apartment. It suited her, as much as it did him, that Neysa was out. Her father had asked her to meet him in New York.

She faced her son in the gathering gloom of the February twilight. He had just come in from the docks, and was still wearing his blue flannel shirt.

"I cannot understand it," she told him. "What is there for you here? It isn't as though you had to work or keep in your father-in-law's good graces to get the money. It will come to you in the long run. What is wrong with you, Ulick?"

"Mother," he told her, "there's more than that in the world. That's what I'm seeing now. Dad Darcy isn't working for money. He's working for a big ideal, and the money is added to it—comes in, you can see, as a matter of course. I want to help with a thing like that. I want to do things of my own — "

"Don't be ridiculous!" she snapped. "There's been just enough foolishness. I'll see Neysa when she comes in and talk to her. We can catch a boat home next Wednesday."

"I won't come," he replied doggedly.

She looked at him for a few instants, studying him carefully. His face had changed a little in the six months he had been out of Ireland. There was a reliance to the mouth and his eyes were steady. Her manner changed suddenly.

"Now listen, Ulick," she argued. There was in her tones the patience of an older person talking to a younger. "I understand that there are such things as ambition and ideals. But at home there are bigger

(Concluded on Page 45)

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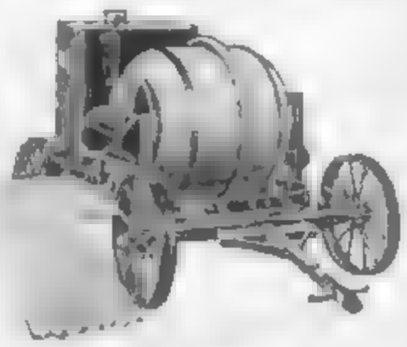
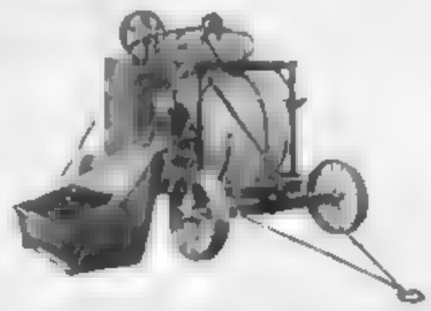
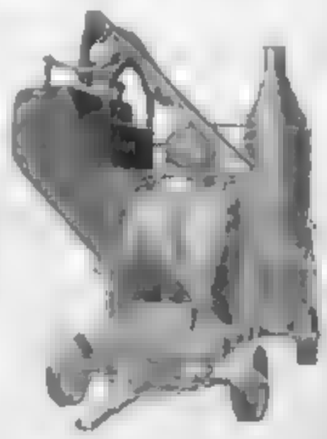


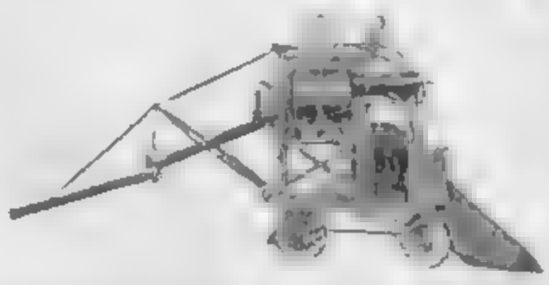
Rex 4S
Cap. 4 cu. ft. wet mix
Power Plant—5 H. P. Novo Gasoline Engine



Rex 7S with Power Loader and Automatic Water Tank. Cap. 7 cu. ft. wet mix. Power Plant—6 H. P. Novo Gasoline Engine, 5 H. P. Steam Engine and 6 H. P. Boiler, 5 H. P. Electric Motor.



Rex 14S. Cap. 14 cu. ft. wet mix. Also made in 21 cu. ft. and 28 cu. ft. sizes. Power Plant—9 H. P. Steam Engine and 10 H. P. Boiler, 10 H. P. Novo Gasoline Engine, 10 H. P. Electric Motor.



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Los Angeles, Cal.—D. C. Beyle & Co., 250 [illegible] Bldg.

Louisville, Ky.—T. C. Barret, 121 [illegible]

Madison, Ind.—William Ogden

Memphis, Tenn.—R. J. Fretwell, 5[illegible] Bldg.

Miami, Fla.—Cameron & Barkley Co.

Milwaukee, Wis.—R. Van Vechten, Majestic Bldg.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Wm. H. Ziegler, 440 Temple Court.

New Orleans, La.—A. Baldwin & Co., Ltd.

New York, N. Y.—John M. Trevor, 30 Church St.

Norfolk, Va.—Southern Supply Co.

Omaha, Neb.—Redman-Diehl Co., 1721 Cuming St.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Edelen & Co., 335 Commercial Trust Bldg.

Phoenix, Arizona—Pratt-Gilbert Co.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Ward Equipment Co., 531 [illegible]

Pocatello, Idaho—[illegible] Engineering & [illegible] Main St.

Portland, Ore.—[illegible] & Contractors Supply, [illegible]

Reno, Nev.—[illegible] Engineering & Supply Co., [illegible]

Salt Lake City, Utah—C. H. Jones Co., [illegible] Newhouse Bldg.

San Antonio, Texas—J. H. Kampmann [illegible]

San Francisco, Cal.—A. J. Young Machinery [illegible]

Savannah, Ga.—Mechanical Supply Co., 304 [illegible] Bank Bldg.

Seattle, Wash.—S. [illegible] Crane & Co., [illegible] First Ave.

Spokane, Wash.—Hotchkiss Steel & Equipment Co.

St. Louis, Mo.—Boomer Machinery Co., 1935 Boatmen's Bank Bldg.

Tampa, Fla.—Cameron & Barkley Co.

FOREIGN

CANADA.

Vancouver, B. C.—Dominion Equipment & Supply Co.

Winnipeg, Man.—Dominion Equipment & Supply Co.

CUBA—Ellis Brothers, Havana.

HONOLULU—[illegible] Works [illegible] Broadway, New York City

(Concluded from Page 42)

ambitions, bigger ideals. Come where you belong, and where the road is paved for your success. Think of it! There is your seat in the Peers, and here you stay, counting bananas on a dock. At home everything is open to you—ambassadorships, viceroyalties. You can be the biggest man of your time. Surely the way for you is over there, not here. Come, Ulick, I will make you Viceroy of India. I will make you Premier of England. Only come!"

"I don't want anybody to make me anything," he persisted. "I want to stand on my own feet and make my own way."

He looked at her in a sort of terror. That hawklike face of hers was pitched to a point of decision he had never seen it at before. The black eyes struck like daggers, for all her wheedling words. It seemed to him suddenly that she was like a crazed bird of prey, poising to strike viciously.

"Ulick," she went on in a sort of broken voice, "you promised once to be good to me. Don't refuse me this. Think! I, who brought you up; I, who bore you ——"

"I'll do anything, mother," he told her excitedly, "if you want it. But I will not go back. Do you need money to pay bills? I'll find it for you. Do you want the house? Do you want the lands? Do you want the income? You can have it. You can have anything of mine. But I will not come over and spend my father-in-law's money in politics on the other side."

She was rapidly losing control of herself. The pent-up passions of thirty years burst like a sudden bomb.

"Live on the Riviera on your charity?" she sneered. "Be your wife's pensioner? Am I that sort? Why, I gave you this girl. I brought you up to marry a girl like this. I schemed for a father-in-law with money for you. Is there no reward for me? You will come home! Do you hear me? Do you hear me?"

"I won't," he answered.

She came over and struck him savagely in the face.

"You are my son," she nearly spat, "even if you were fifty years of age, and you shall do what I tell you!"

It was as though he were a child again, that sudden slap in the face. He felt he must obey her now, as he had obeyed her when she was in the habit of telling him what people he should know and what he should do. His eyes wandered wildly about the room seeking some escape. They rested on the picture of his wife, the dim sweet face, the smiling lips. Etched on his memory were the words by which he would always remember her, the words she had told him weakly after the birth of their child.

"I felt I was slipping away," she had murmured. "But I felt you wanted me—and I fought back. It was hard!"

Strength came to him like a rush of wind.

"I won't go back," he said calmly.

The new note in his voice startled her. She played her last card.

"I will go to this man Darcy myself and tell him how foolishly you are behaving. After he has had a talk with me, I don't think he'll look upon you as the successor to his commercial throne. I'll tell him exactly how weak your father was. He'll not have much confidence in you. He'll be pretty quick in sending you home."

She expected him to give in at that—to plead with her.

"Don't!" she expected he would have cried.

The answer came back clear as a bell:

"You can go to Dad Darcy and you can go to my wife Neysa, and you can say anything to them that you want, mother. I don't think it will have any influence with them. I have made my decision. I won't go back!"

She was silent for a few moments. She moved slowly toward the door. He went forward to her.

"Don't speak to me!" she told him savagely. "Don't touch me! I'm finished with you!"

"Mother," he pleaded, and the tears came into his eyes, "don't feel that way. We can all be happy, even though I don't go back. Stay with us here. Come with me. I want to show you something. I want to show you your grandson."

She looked at him between the eyes with a glance that seared.

"I've had to do with your father," she said, "and I've had to do with you. I don't care to know any more of the breed." She swept out.

He was standing at the window, looking over the busy river, when his wife came in.

"Ulick, Ulick," she shouted excitedly, "Dad wants you to take charge of a plantation in Cuba! We'll go, won't we?"

"My Foggy Dew," he told her, "I'll go anywhere for your dad, and you'll go with me to the end of the world."

She drew away from him for an instant.

"Something queer about you, Ulick!" she laughed. "You look so much of a big man this evening. You look like Saint George after conquering the Dragon."

She snuggled into him again.

"Oh, by the way," she held up an accusing finger, "Albert, the hallboy, says you had a lady calling on you. Who was it? And what did she want?"

"Oh, some woman or other," he answered, "who wanted me to go in for some cause or other—nothing of any importance."

RING LARDNER—HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 27)

1896

Determined not to be a brakeman. Smoked a cigarette.

1897

Decided not to be a clergyman.

1901

Was graduated from the Niles High School.

"And so young!" said they.

Accepted an office boy's portfolio with the Harvester Company in Chicago. Canned.

Served a prominent Chicago real-estate firm in the same capacity. Canned.

Was appointed third assistant freight hustler at the Michigan Central in Niles. Canned for putting a box of cheese in the through Jackson car, when common sense should have told me that it ought to go to Battle Creek.

1902

"Studied" mechanical engineering at Armour Institute, Chicago. Passed in rhetoric. Decided not to become a mechanical engineer.

1903

Rested. Recovered from the strain which had wrought havoc with my nervous system.

1904 and Part of 1905

Became bookkeeper for the Niles Gas Company.

Part of 1905, 1906 and Part of 1907

Society reporter, court-house man, dramatic critic and sporting editor for the South Bend, Indiana, Times.

Part of 1907

Sports reporter for the Chicago Inter Ocean.

1908 to 1913

Baseball writer on the Chicago Examiner, the Chicago Tribune, St. Louis Sporting News, Boston American, and copy reader on the Chicago American.

1913 ——

Resting on the Chicago Tribune.

1914

Started writing for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Its circulation was then only a little over a million.

19??

Died intestate.

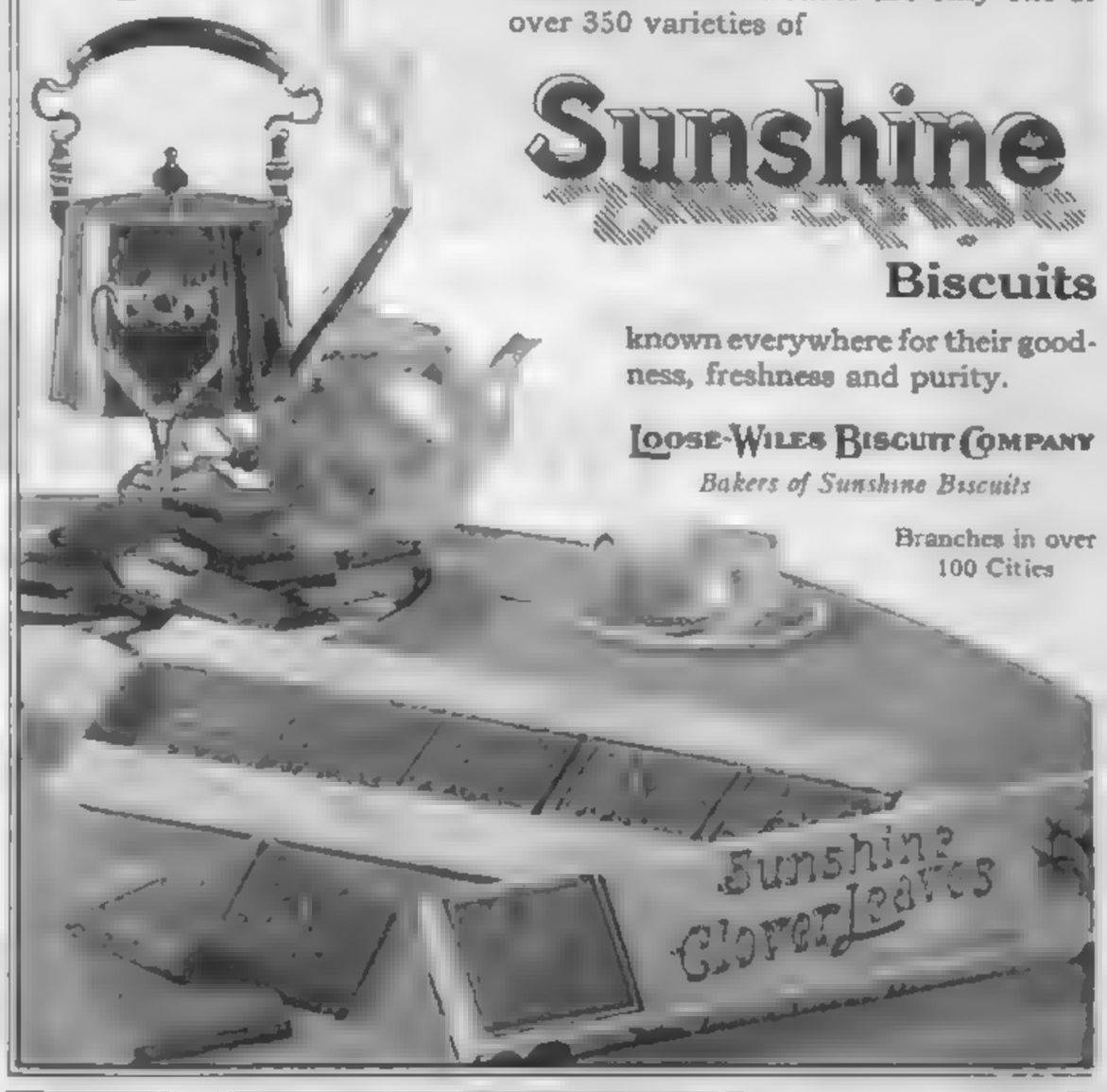
TASTES

Favorite author—Ring W. Lardner.
Favorite actor—Bert A. Williams.
Favorite actress—Ina Claire.
Favorite composer—Jerome Kern.
Favorite flower—Violet.
Favorite bird—Buzzard.
Favorite recreation—Bronco-busting.

SUMMARY	Jobs	W.	L.	Pct.
	13	8	5	.616

Real Fairy Sandwiches

Sunshine Clover Leaves



Sunshine Clover Leaves—fragile little wafers enclosing toothsome fillings of delicately flavored cream.

Sunshine Clover Leaves are only one of over 350 varieties of

Sunshine Biscuits

known everywhere for their goodness, freshness and purity.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

Branches in over 100 Cities

NEVERLEEK TOP MATERIAL

A TOP of Neverleek on a new car is evidence that the manufacturer of that car puts quality before cost. His first interest is style and serviceability—not cheapened construction. 44 manufacturers of good cars have chosen Neverleek for regular equipment, despite its higher cost.

F. S. CARR COMPANY Boston and Detroit

Twenty Million Tires

Probably more than that—counting all makes of tires in use during this year, 1917.

* * * *

So many tires, in fact, and so many different brands, that only the popularity of all five types of *United States Tires* make each of them stand out unmistakably among the twenty million.

Watch—look carefully at the tires on the thousands of cars you see every day.

You will see the *'Nobby'*, *'Chain'*, *'Royal Cord'*, *'Usco'*, and *'Plain'* everywhere giving day-in and day-out consistent service.

* * * *

Service—that is why *United States Tires* stand out thus in popularity.

For *United States Tires*, on the basis of average tire values, give splendidly full service.

And then—they give that *plus service* which has put mileage up, and adjustments down, to a minimum.

* * * *

They give the *plus service*, which is low mileage cost—ability to wear and wear and wear till finally the tires wear out *as a whole, not in spots.*

Plus service which in the *'Nobby'*, *'Chain'*, *'Royal Cord'* and *'Usco'*, is efficient traction against forward or side slip.

Plus service which is maximum resiliency and elasticity, without a weakening of side wall structure.

Plus service which gives the motorist five types of tires to choose from—four anti-skids and a plain tread—a tire for every need of price and use.

'Royal Cord'
'Nobby'
'Chain'
'Usco'
'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A tire for every need of price and use.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — U.S. TIRES

THE BOOMER FROM THE WEST

By RUSSELL A. BOGGS

MOSER, superintendent of the Northern Division of the old A. & L. Railroad, sat in his office at Crescent Junction, scowling at the message before him.

"Plague take Sprucetown!" he exclaimed irritably.

The message was from the general manager, dated Friday, January twenty-third; a boy had but just brought it to Moser. He read the words again:

"I am advised by the auditor of revenue that he has received no daily reports from Sprucetown for the past eleven days, account the station there being closed. Why has it been necessary to close this office temporarily three times within the last six weeks?"

The superintendent slammed the message down on his desk with some violence, and with some unkind reflections upon the proneness of general officials to horn in on divisional affairs.

"Why can't they keep their hands off?" he reflected uncomfortably as he considered the matter. "Well," he decided, "I'll have to do something." He pushed the button that summoned his chief clerk.

At Crescent Junction a branch of the A. & L. turns off at right angles to the main line and shoots north for a hundred and thirty miles; and the farther north the branch goes the bigger the hills get, the denser grow the forests.

Sprucetown is on a sort of plateau twenty miles from the northern terminal of this branch; and all round stand the forests of spruce and hemlock. Sprucetown has thirty-nine houses, one store, the depot, and Keefe's place—this last being one-third hotel and two-thirds saloon. The main street—on which, of course, stands Keefe's place—leads down to the little station, which stands isolated one hundred yards from the nearest house. But two passenger trains daily pass through Sprucetown—the northbound, due at eleven-five A. M.; and the southbound, due at one-ten P. M.

Sprucetown is not exactly in the big-woods country, but at this time there was considerable timber being cut round it, nearly all the mills being controlled by the Star Lumber Company. This company paid its men every other Saturday; and immediately after receiving their money the lumberjacks would light out in a body for Sprucetown—and Keefe's. On those days the town constable always took down his rifle and spent the day in the woods, pursuing a certain elusive fox which, somehow, he never seemed quite able to bag. It was one of these periodical visits of the men from the timber that brought about the difficulty with the A. & L. which resulted in the general manager's message to Superintendent Moser.

On this particular day the crowd of roistering lumberjacks, flush with their pay, had developed a sudden yearning for the joys of a dance to be held at Dorsey, a little town ten miles south. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon when this abrupt desire came to them, and the southbound passenger train had been gone three hours. But they heard an approaching freight train whistling from the north; so they rushed down to the depot and requested the agent there to stop the freight in order that they might get aboard and so travel to the dance. The agent naturally could not well afford to do this; and when he so advised them they proclaimed, with hard words, that they'd do it themselves, for to Dorsey they were going, regardless.

So the leader, a carefree devil called Tiger Jack, who had a cast in his left eye, had produced a red bandanna handkerchief forthwith and, tying it to a stick, had flagged the train. Whereupon the entire mob climbed aboard, perching on top of boxcars, lining the sides of gondolas, and squatting on flat cars; and having regaled the unfortunate agent with promises of reprisals—when they returned—for his lack of consideration, they turned on the helpless train crew and commanded that the train proceed. Which it did, promptly.

The following morning the lumberjacks returned to Sprucetown on the northbound passenger train, some of them rather the worse for wear and still obsessed with a feeling of resentment against the agent. They gathered round and informed him that he would be allowed to stay until one-ten P. M., when the southbound would come.

The southbound came at the scheduled time. All Sprucetown had heard the news and was gathered at the depot. Fifty husky lumberjacks escorted the luckless agent to the steps of the rear coach; he was bundled aboard firmly and carefully; his belongings were tossed after him; and he was warned never to return. He never did.

Tidings of this, of course, came promptly to the ears of Superintendent Moser. He dispatched Lawton, his relief agent, to Sprucetown to reopen the station and to straighten things out.

Now Moser should have known better than to have sent Lawton. The relief agent was a precise little man, whose appearance wouldn't have impressed even a floorwalker. And at the end of the next two weeks, when the lumberjacks again came to town, after properly starting the day's festivities with a session at Keefe's they drifted down to the depot.

When the men from the woods started down toward the railroad they had no serious or definite purpose in mind. Rather, they merely wished to ascertain for themselves that the former agent had not returned and to see what manner of man had replaced him. But when they reached the station their mere presence so upset the little man that he lost his nerve; seeing which, the lumberjacks gained further amusement by muttering dark threats—winking meantime at one another—and dropping veiled hints about the southbound. When the train came the little man locked his station and crawled into the coaches fearsomely. The train pulled away and the lumberjacks fell over one another in uproarious delight; and it came to them all at once that this chasing of agents was good sport. So they threw their caps in the air, and danced, and resolved that no holiday would be complete without it.

Lawton arrived at Crescent Junction that evening, where, stuttering and incoherent, he reported to his superintendent.

"Blast 'em!" bellowed Moser when Lawton had finished his tale. He pounded his desk and called his chief clerk. "Send Bailey up!" he ordered.

So Bailey went up. Nevertheless, his going was as big a mistake as had been Lawton's. Not that Bailey wasn't big enough; he stood an inch over six feet and tipped the beam at well over two hundredweight. But the trouble was that most of his fat was under his belt and in his head. He talked too much.

He informed the comparatively harmless townsfolk that no lumberjacks could or would scare him out.

The townsfolk didn't care much. They would just as soon have had an agent as not; indeed, would rather have had one, because it inconvenienced them when there was none. Still, the lumberjacks were, after a manner, home boys; so the town's sympathies naturally lay with them. And the feud—as it might be called—afforded them rare divertissement.

Despite Bailey's announcements, however, a close observer would have noticed on the Friday before the lumberjacks' pay day that he seemed a little nervous, and that he didn't talk so much about his intentions. And when, on Saturday, after the usual interval at Keefe's, the lumberjacks came swaggering down the street, Bailey was quite pallid. He stood in the waiting-room doorway when the gang paused on the platform.

"How's the southbound?" demanded Tiger Jack.

"On—on time," faltered Bailey; his voice seemed suddenly to go back on him as he looked into the disconcerting cast in Tiger Jack's left eye.

"That's good!" said Tiger Jack. "We've come to bid you good-by!"

"Wh-what?" said Bailey weakly.

"We've just come to say good-by," repeated Tiger Jack, while a titter ran through the crew behind him. "We understand you're leavin' on the southbound."

"No, sir," said Bailey. "No, sir." His voice, though, carried no conviction.

Tiger Jack registered great surprise and turned to his gang for confirmation.

"Didn't we understand the agent, here, was leavin' on the southbound?" He winked as he questioned them.

"You bet!" they shouted, and doubled up with laughter.

Tiger Jack faced Bailey again.

"You see how it is," he stated. "Now, really, ain't you goin' on the southbound?" A nasty gleam came into his eye.

"Why," stammered Bailey, backing into the doorway—"why, yes—yes; that's right."

He did, too. Bailey wore a Safety First button; it was no idle motto with him.

Superintendent Moser went clear up in the air when Bailey reported.

"What were you afraid of?" he raged.

"They'd pound a fellow to pieces—do it in a minute!" hedged Bailey.

Moser snorted as he regarded Bailey's big frame.

"You look big enough to take care of yourself." He screwed up his face sourly. "I've a notion to send you back."

"No, sir!" said Bailey promptly. "Not me! I'll resign first."

"Well," said Moser reflectively—"well—that's all. I'll think it over."

The office door shut behind the retiring Bailey, and Moser turned to his chief clerk, who was also present.

"All wind and fat!" he said with great disgust, and chewed angrily on a pencil for a space. "Nevertheless," he went on finally, "the next agent I send to Sprucetown goes with an escort of our bulls."

The chief clerk shook his head. He actually could think—some chief clerks are that way.

"No," he dissented; "I wouldn't do that. You'd sure stir things up if you did that. You see, I believe these lumberjacks just look on this as a kind of good lark—think they've got our men on the run. But if you send some of our policemen up there they'll resent it, and somebody will get badly hurt—or worse."

"But we can't let 'em bluff us like this!" stormed Moser. "We got to send an agent there, if only to show them we are not going to let 'em run things."

"Exactly," said the chief clerk. "But it must be the right kind of agent. All we need is a man who can show them he's a better man than any of them."

"By Godfrey!" exclaimed Moser. "I believe you're right! And we'll want the good will of those people some day—when that country gets properly opened up." He paused a moment, tapping his desk with the pencil. "But where's the man?" he asked suddenly.

The chief clerk shook his head again.

"That's it!" he answered. "We haven't got him."

He wrinkled his brow. "We don't have another extra man on the list but Veeders; and he's worse than Bailey."

Moser got to his feet. He was going east and his train was due.

"Well, we'll wait a day or so," he said as he went out the door. "Maybe somebody will turn up."

But a week passed and still they had no man who was both available and suitable. And then part of the next week, until Friday morning came. That is the way things stood on this morning when Moser received his disturbing message from the general manager. He impatiently pushed the button again to summon his assistant. And directly the chief clerk came in.

"Read this!" said Moser, handing the message to him.

The chief clerk complied; then laid it on the desk.

"Got anyone yet?" said Moser.

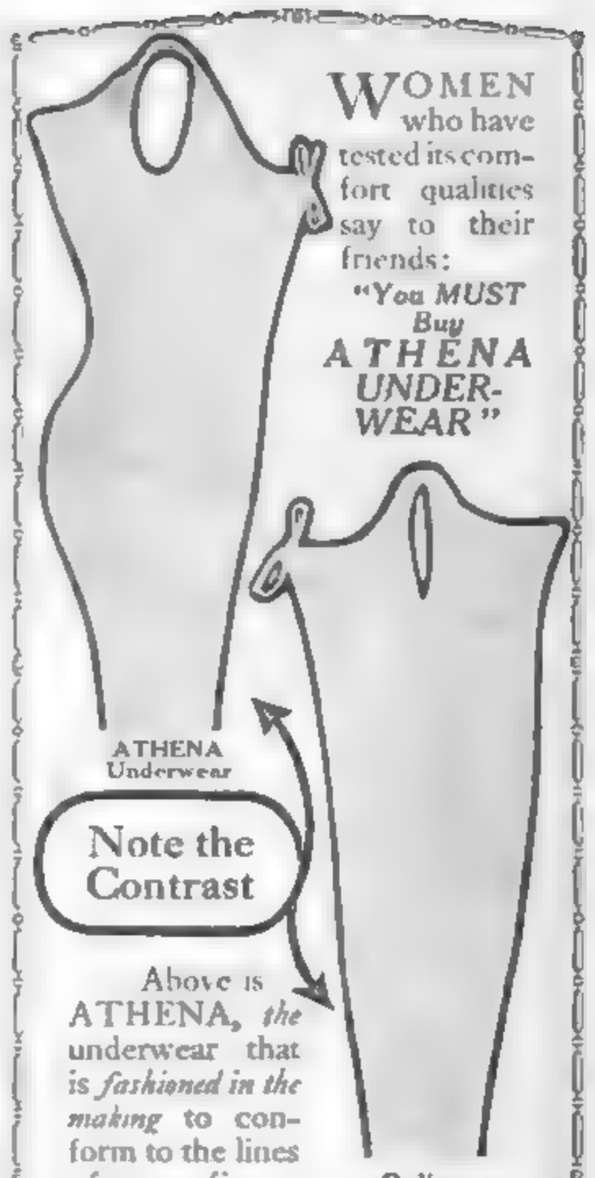
"No one but Veeders," replied the chief clerk.

"Send him, then," ordered Moser. "He's better than no person at all—and we have to do something to satisfy the people in the general offices."

"All right," acquiesced the chief clerk; and he was reaching for a message blank when the office door was opened and a black-cropped head thrust inside.

"How are you fixed for operators?" queried a voice.

Both Moser and his chief clerk swiftly looked round into a pair of steady, questioning black eyes.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Walls and ceilings coated with Dresden Flat Paint can be washed as easily as the tile walls of a bathroom. The paint will not wash off nor will the action of the water cause the color to fade. In this respect it is far superior to most wall coverings—and more sanitary.

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is easy to apply over any surface, comes ready to be used, flows freely and does not show streaks or brush marks. Dresden is inexpensive and one gallon will cover from 450 to 600 square feet.

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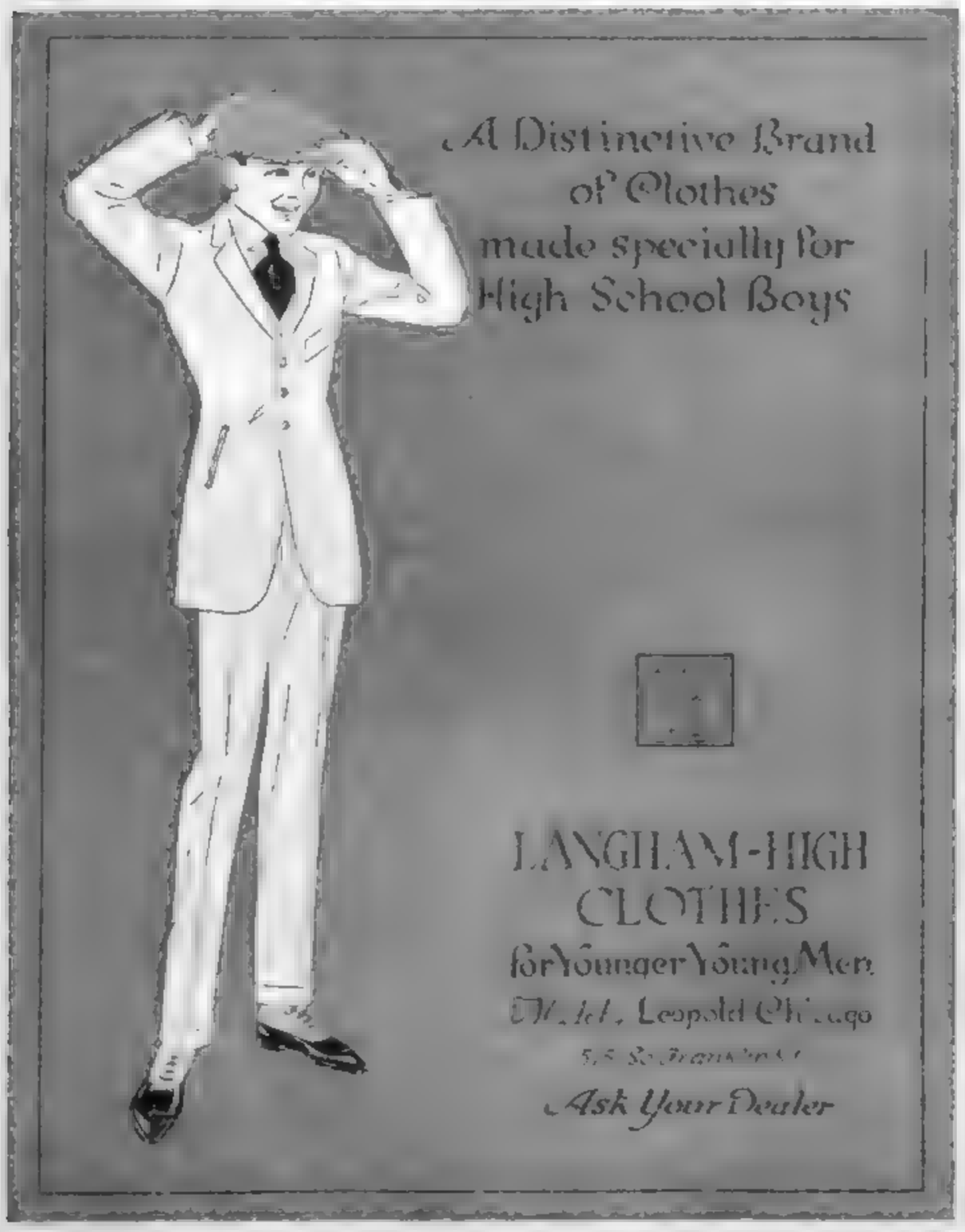


A Distinctive Brand of Clothes made specially for High School Boys

LANGHAM-HIGH CLOTHES
for Younger Young Men

W. H. Leopold Chicago

Ask Your Dealer

"You an operator?" asked Moser.

The black head nodded.

"Yes, sir."

"Come in," invited Moser.

The office door swung wide open and the owner of the black eyes stepped inside. He was young; he was tall; his cheeks were tanned and lean; and as he moved over the floor to the desk his step was light and sure as that of a cat.

"Are you an agent too?" asked Moser.

The black eyes smiled.

"More operator than agent; but I can do enough to get by."

"Any experience?"

"Eight years."

"Where?"

"In thirty-two states; this will make my thirty-third. I started out when I was nineteen. I left Cheyenne last Monday and just arrived here. Been in the West some time and thought I'd like a look at the East."

Moser looked a little surprised.

"A boomer?" he said.

Again the applicant smiled, deprecatingly.

"I've boomed a little," he admitted. "But I've got a clear record." The black eyes never wavered and the voice was direct and pleasant.

Moser's eyes took in the well-knit supple figure, the clean firm jaw, the smooth black hair; and he had noticed the catlike tread as the young fellow entered. The superintendent looked at his chief clerk and saw something of his own thoughts in his assistant's eyes.

"Sit down," said Moser, and shoved forward a chair. "What name?"

"Barnard—Calvin Barnard."

"I expect you've been up against some pretty tough propositions in your thirty-two states?"

"You could call them that," Barnard grinned. "Yes, you could easily call them that—some pretty tough ones."

"And another would not scare you?"

"No," said Barnard; "it wouldn't scare me." And he did not say it boastingly.

"Even if it was somewhat dangerous?"

The steady eyes never flickered.

"Where is this job?" he asked.

Moser laughed his approval. Somehow this man pleased him mightily.

"Sprucetown!" he cried. "And it's a corker! Now listen."

And he told Cal Barnard how things stood at Sprucetown—in detail.

"Do you still want a job?" asked Moser when he had related all the circumstances.

"I've met some pretty bad customers here and there," replied Barnard simply; "and when I was in the West, if railroading was poor I did whatever came to hand. A man's pretty apt to learn to take care of himself that way. When can I get a train to Sprucetown?"

"Good boy!" cried Moser, and clapped Barnard on the shoulder. "I knew you'd take it! And remember—we'll stand back of you. But you'll have to wait here until to-morrow morning," he continued. "There's only one passenger goes up that way daily, and it leaves here at six A. M."

"No freights?"

Moser looked his astonishment.

"What's your hurry?"

"Oh, I'd just like to be there, on the job, when morning comes. If Sprucetown wakes up and finds a new agent holding forth it may kind of surprise them. And I've found that if you can keep the other fellow surprised enough, it helps—considerable."

"I believe you've got the right idea," conceded Moser. "Let me see."

The chief clerk offered a suggestion.

"There is an accommodation goes up the branch as far as Bellmore, fifty miles north, leaving here at four o'clock this afternoon. You might take that and then catch the regular night freight that runs from Bellmore to the northern end of the branch. They could drop you off at Sprucetown—probably round one o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Give me a pass," said Barnard. "I'll do that."

II

THUS it came about that Sprucetown did wake up on Saturday morning to find a new agent in the depot. Smoke drifted away from the chimney there; and, looking in amazement down the snowy street that led to the railroad, some startled patrons in front of Keefe's place presently beheld a man appear round the end of the station a man who peered into the doors of several box cars standing on the siding and then vanished into the depot waiting room. The patrons stumbled through the swinging doors of the saloon to break the astounding news.

The word traveled quickly; and directly the more inquisitive townsfolk strolled down to the station in twos and threes. They found a tall, smooth-moving young fellow there, sorting out the jumbled mass in his freight room, dusting out the office and the waiting room, and putting things to rights generally. He replied pleasantly "Hello!" and "Good morning!" to their greetings, and never seemed to notice their wide smiles and significant comments and observations.

Around ten o'clock Tiger Jack and his crew arrived, boisterous and yelling, in anticipation of the holiday. They looked expectantly toward the depot and the sight of the smoking chimney filled them with savage delight. Only the day before they had heard rumors in the woods that there was no agent at Sprucetown and they had feared their day would be spoiled. Not so now, however.

"Another one!" shouted Tiger Jack with glee. He led the way into Keefe's and the mob lined the bar, loudly calling for drinks.

"Who is the new brass pounder?" asked Tiger Jack, filling his glass; then looking up into Keefe's beaming red face.

"Don't know," answered Keefe, busy with other bottles and glasses.

"How's that?" said Tiger Jack.

"He just got in," explained Keefe. "Nobody knew he was here until this morning. Must have got off the night freight. Some of the boys have been down to look him over. Young fellow, they say."

"You don't say!" said Tiger Jack. "He must be a reg'lar trouble hunter to make all that special effort to get here."

He raised his glass high and looked down the bar.

"Here's to the new agent!" he cried. "May he show some fight—though his stay be short!"

And the toast was tossed off with great gusto.

"The boys tell me he's one of the quiet kind, from what they saw," proffered the ruddy Keefe, rubbing his hands. The cash-drawer would overflow this day.

"That's the kind!" approved Tiger Jack. "We'll try him out after a little."

Within the hour the first rough edge of their thirst had been worn off; and at last Tiger Jack turned away from the bar.

"Come on—we'll go down and show this fellow!" he yelled, and plunged toward the doors. His bumptious crew followed, echoing his shouts.

Almost all the townsfolk were outside—young and old—gathered round Keefe's, waiting for the exodus. They knew what would follow and wanted to see. They fell in behind the big woodsmen and trailed along toward the depot.

Cal Barnard, from his office window, saw the crowd leave Keefe's.

"Coming!" he muttered to himself.

He contemplated the roistering gang and the leader, who, he guessed, was Tiger Jack. Beside Tiger Jack swaggered another big lumberjack—a fellow called Long Sim. Cal, however, had no idea who Long Sim was; but from his air he surmised that the fellow must be a sort of underleader. A little grin tightened the flesh of Cal's lean cheeks; a little spark came into the black eyes.

"We'll see what we'll see!" he said, and went outside.

He pretended to be examining the labels on some barrels lying under the eaves of his freight room as the crowd drew near. And when the first rank had nearly reached the edge of the wooden snow-covered platform he looked up, as if mildly surprised. He stood regarding them, standing careless and unconcerned beside the barrels; but he said nothing.

The people in the rear halted; but Tiger Jack and his men came on until they stood within twenty feet of Cal; then they, too, paused.

"How's the southbound?" demanded Tiger Jack at once, after the manner of his former formula. A snicker ran through the mass of his eager audience.

"Late," replied Cal gently—"thirty minutes."

"The devil she is!" cried Tiger Jack, as if the thing was a personal insult. He turned to his followers. "That means this brass pounder will be here thirty minutes longer than he ought to be!"

A yell went up, profanely. Tiger Jack faced round to Cal again.

"Look here—you!" he ordered, the cast in his flaming eyes giving him a ferocious

appearance. "Look here! You pack your duds and git out on the northbound, then! We can't have you hangin' round here thirty minutes longer than the rule allows. Pack up and git, now! You hear?"

Apparently this ordering the agent out on the northbound instead of the southbound struck the lumberjacks as being an extra-subtle touch, and they guffawed their approval.

The pleasant gravity of Cal's face never changed; only the little spark in his eyes seemed to harden.

"I hear," he said quietly.

"Well—then git in there and pack your duds!"

"Yes?"

Nothing can be more insolent than this one word properly applied; and that is the way Cal used it. The word snapped into Tiger Jack's face with calm insolence, but with a bite like the lash of a whip.

"What?" roared Tiger Jack, his face flaming. "What? You're not going to?"

"No."

Again the single word lashed into Tiger Jack's face. The lumberjack raised his huge fist into the air, raging.

"We'll see—you brass pounder!" He made one dive toward Cal.

The flap of Cal Barnard's coat moved, as if a gentle wind had stirred it—and a pistol appeared in his right hand; a squat, flat gun whose wicked barrel pointed carelessly in the general direction of Tiger Jack; a gun that nestled easily and lovingly in Cal's half-shut palm, as if it were used to it.

Tiger Jack brought up with a sudden jerk.

"That's just far enough—just right!" announced Cal in the same unconcerned voice.

The muzzle of the gun wavered carelessly toward the ground and two spurts of snow shot up not half an inch in front of Tiger Jack's toes. Tiger Jack involuntarily jumped back as the gun cracked.

"Oh! Stand still!" remonstrated Cal. "I'm not trying to hit you."

He smiled into Tiger Jack's unlovely face.

"Imagine now," went on Cal—"imagine a straight line drawn through those two holes I've punctured in the snow. Now I'm just waiting for the first man to step over that imaginary line."

And he dangled the pistol lovingly in his hand.

Silence fell on that throng and those woodsmen, and they stared at the man standing before the barrels on the platform. They gasped—and said nothing.

"I'm waiting!" pressed Cal, suddenly grinning invitingly into Tiger Jack's face. "Who is the first?"

Tiger Jack's red face grew more red. He was not exactly a coward—no man could be a leader in a crew like his and be that; but the nonchalantly dominating figure on the platform seemed somehow to convince him that here was a man who meant what he said; and it seemed to spread through all the crowd that here was a man who would back his words with deeds, instantly and to the point.

"Are there no candidates?" grinned Cal. "You'll have to hurry—because this is my busy day."

He looked at those in the front rank, but his grim invitation found no takers. A moment longer he waited; then waved his pistol in dismissal.

"About face, then!" he ordered, a certain edge cutting through the good humor of his words. "I've work to do."

Tiger Jack and his men turned about at the command, shamefaced with chagrin and impotent rage.

"All but you!" called Cal suddenly, indicating Long Sim with his gun. "You wait here a minute."

Long Sim complied, wondering. The rest of the assembly moved away up the street, and Cal waited until the last man had paused in front of Keefe's, some two hundred yards distant. Then he turned to the detained one.

"Observe!" said Cal.

He suddenly drew the cartridge clip out of his pistol and held it up before the astonished Long Sim. It was empty!

"I had but two shells in it," explained Cal, "and I shot them both into the snow. Tell Tiger Jack and your crowd that, please. The folks will all enjoy hearing how you were bluffed with an empty gun."

He reached into his coat pocket and drew out a handful of loose cartridges, with which he quickly filled the clip and replaced it in his pistol significantly.

"But tell them not to come back," he added. "It's full now—and will stay so." He waved Long Sim away and reëntered the station.

From his office window Cal watched the hastening lumberjack gain the entrance to Keefe's saloon and go stumbling in. He visualized the scene that would be enacted when the fellow related the tale of the empty pistol.

Cal smiled to himself, well pleased. He reached for a pad and wrote the following to Superintendent Moser:

Everything O K so far

C Barnard

And after he had wired the message to Crescent Junction he sat back in his chair. He looked at the office clock and saw that the northbound was about due.

"But that's only the first clash," he cogitated while he waited for the train. "There'll be at least one more. They're not used to gunplay—it's fists and rough-and-tumble with them. I've still got to convince 'em—in another way." He chuckled a little. "Anyway, I've got 'em guessing—and that's something!"

III

KEEFE'S long barroom fairly quivered with the strain and stress that emanated from the pack of fuming woodsmen. What Long Sim had told them—the empty gun bluff—had filled them with burning, powerless rage.

The tale had spread and now the whole town knew it. The townsfolk were literally laughing at the lumberjacks, and in some unexplainable subtle manner their sympathies, to a great extent, had shifted to the new agent. A man of nerve had come and had spoken; that they understood—and admired.

Tiger Jack knew all this; and in a kind of cold fury he had sat in Keefe's all the afternoon and far into the evening, endeavoring to concoct some scheme for black revenge, tossing off glass after glass of "hooch" in a vain effort for inspiration. But the more he drank, the more morose he became; the greater seemed his impotence.

Both the northbound and the southbound passenger trains had come and gone; and still the new agent remained. More: he had gone boldly into Keefe's hotel, had dinner and supper, and engaged a room. Keefe, the woodsmen, the town—all beheld in wonder.

Tiger Jack, seated at a table midway between front and rear of the saloon, was raising his hand to beckon the alert Keefe to bring him another bottle when the doors at the front swung open. Tiger Jack's arm remained motionless in mid-air as the doors swung to again, shutting out the darkness.

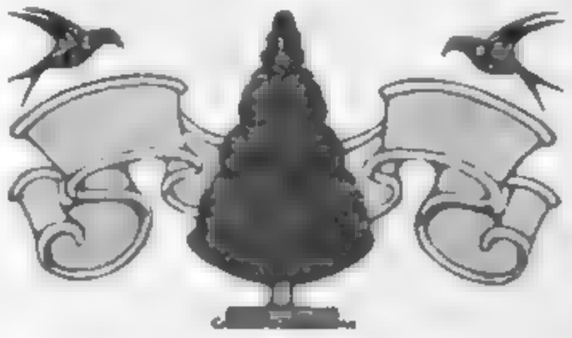
The new agent stood there, his eyes sweeping round the room for the fraction of a second. And then, as if quite unaware of the startled, ominous silence that settled in the place, he walked quickly up to the bar and leaned easily against it on his right elbow, his hand resting lightly on the top, his back slightly turned to Tiger Jack, not more than ten feet away.

"I'll have a bottle of ginger ale, Mr. Keefe," said Cal easily. "We railroaders can't use anything stronger, you know."

Tiger Jack rose as Keefe set out the requested bottle and a glass. A cunning light suddenly glittered in the lumberjack's venomous eyes. In some way it had come to him that if he ever wished to regain his place in the eyes of his men and the townspeople now was the time to do it. If the new agent came right in here among them all—stepped right into their maw, as it were—and went out again unmolested and in safety, his power would be forever gone.

He sidled up to the bar, close to Cal's right. There was not a sound in the place except that caused by his own movements. The eyes of all were trained on the two figures standing there within an arm's length of each other. The crisis had come!

"Another bottle of hooch!" ordered Tiger Jack loudly, and slapped down a coin.



Keefe brought the bottle. Tiger Jack took it, and as he poured out a portion his eyes rested narrowly on the half-averted face and upraised hand of the agent.

Cal drained his glass and stretched out his hand to set the tumbler back on the bar. Tiger Jack leaped—and the agent's right arm was caught in his big grasp. Something like a sigh went through the room, like the releasing of long-pent-up breath.

"Now, you blasted gunman!" roared Tiger Jack. "Pull your gun—if you can! Here's where you get yours!"

Cal Barnard swayed back a foot from the bar. He swung on his heel terrifically, his right arm still in Tiger Jack's grasp. And so swift and powerful was his swing that it brought him round face to face with the lumberjack—and the squat, flat gun was shoved into Tiger Jack's face by Cal's left hand.

"I can do it with either hand," said Cal quietly. "Let go—quick!"

And Tiger Jack let go instantly. He dropped back a step, his face quite contorted with his helplessness.

"Keefe," called Cal sharply, and laid his pistol on the bar before the astonished hotel keeper, "you take this; and keep the rest of them off—see?"

In a kind of daze Keefe picked up the pistol.

This man's surpassing nerve bewildered him—forced him to comply, whether he would or no. He nodded, a certain hidden sense of fair play flashing to the surface.

Cal swung round at the nod, to face Tiger Jack again.

"And I can do this, too," he cried to Tiger Jack—"with either hand!"

He took one step forward to where Tiger Jack stood with upflung hands and clenched fists. Cal's fist lashed out once, so swift and deadly that Tiger Jack might just as well have been a wooden man for all the good his defense availed him. Not over twelve inches did the blow travel; but it lifted Tiger Jack from his feet and stretched him flat on his back, the jar when he lit shaking the building.

Tiger Jack lay where he fell—inert, motionless.

"Are there any others?" cried Cal, spinning round to face the balance of the amazed lumberjacks. "We'll finish this thing up—right here and now! Do I hear anybody speak?"

But no one did, for a moment. They stared at him—the men from the woods, and Keefe, the pistol still in his hand. Then suddenly a roar went up—a roar of admiration. This was a man who stood before them; a man who could beat them at their own game!

"By the jumping Jehoshaphat!" yelled Long Sim, stepping forward and holding out his open hand. "This war is over—she's busted!" And he squeezed the new agent's hand, while the whole crowd pushed round to do likewise.

Long Sim got a bucket of water and dashed it on Tiger Jack's face. He stirred and, after a moment, sat up, blinking stupidly. Sense flickered back to him, and he gazed with great disgust at the manifestations of hilarity.

Long Sim reached down and hauled the fallen leader to his feet.

"Get up," cried Long Sim, "and shake hands with a better man!"

He shoved the wabbly Tiger Jack toward Cal.

"The devil! What?" protested Tiger Jack.

"The war's over!" yelped Long Sim. "Shake!"

Tiger Jack stared at the others, and then at Cal. And finally, as perfect comprehension came to him, he grinned sheepishly and thrust out his hand.

"Well—well ——" he stammered. "All right! Shake, Mr. Agent!"

And when, a little later, Cal reclaimed his gun from the effusive Keefe, that worthy detained him a second longer.

"My gosh!" said Keefe. "You're young to know all that! Wherever did you learn it?"

"Man," answered Cal, "when you've traveled as much as I have, and been up against as many things, you'll learn a lot—that you don't know now."

The next morning, bright and early, Cal sent this message—he borrowed part of it from the expressions of Long Sim:

Supt Moser Crescent Junction

The war is over Everything lovely—and will be

C Barnard

Made in knit fabrics, tweeds and flannels in a variety of designs and colors

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A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

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Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

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DEMOCRACY IS A BAD WAR MAKER

(Concluded from Page 4)

thousands of miles in your country. The more often I go to see this modern war work, the more I realize its immensity and complexity.

To interpose thus in the middle of the existing armies of France, that American boy must be accompanied by many skilled interpreters, who must not only speak French, but think French. At the beginning of the war our tiny army was unprovided with enough officers *de liaison*, as these interpreters are called, and endless confusion and trouble arose.

The French are a proud people. The battle for the world's freedom is being fought largely on their soil, in their farms and country houses and in their delightful towns, and they are pathetically grateful for the help that is given them. Though Great Britain makes no claim it is fighting exclusively for France, the French feel that France is *their* France. I call to mind that in the early days of the war some of our Anglo-Saxons in the militant and medical branches, including young Englishmen as well as young Americans, were a little inclined not to understand that we were visitors, even though welcome visitors, in the country of our hosts. I remember in an article which I wrote describing a battle, mentioning American and British ambulance corps at work in that exclusively French battle, the French censor interpolated the words "permitted to work." I who understand the French mind and character knew why he put it that way.

Among quite different mistakes of democracy likely to occur at the outset of a war is the mistake in dealing with publicity. It is one which particularly appeals to me as a newspaper man, and I can see that unless you take the matter in hand you will have the same trouble that we have had. The Germans had their publicity well arranged from the word "go." They took all they could get, and they got a great deal. The French and the British governments, for totally different reasons, advocated absolute silence, the French because French generals, remembering 1870, did not wish to have partisanship forming round the personality of each leading soldier. Result: Silence and total ignorance in England and throughout the rest of the world as to what the French were then doing.

It seems a long time ago, but I remember English people asking "When are these French going to begin?" Americans who were in Paris during the first six months of the war will remember the horrible anxiety caused by the shroud of secrecy imposed by the military authorities; they will still have in mind the astounding and terrifying rumors that pervaded the city by day and by night.

Our censorship was quite as bad, and it was also used for hiding unpleasant news from the public.

One of the faults of democracy is that the leaders are usually afraid of the people. They think the populace must be spoon-fed like infants, mostly with sugar.

That strict naval and military censorship is essential is obvious to any person who has ever been in a submarine or on a battleship or close to the firing line; but censorship is a dangerous weapon when it is used to conceal scandals of supply or of military direction.

The American public must, therefore, see to it that censorship is purely naval and military and not political.

The organization of the present Front, owing to jealous newspaper and news-distributing organizations, is a difficult matter. Here it is that in the case of democracies politics begin to show themselves. I believe that our army and that of the French, after nearly three years of warfare, have arrived at something like perfection in this matter. If an American army arrives in Europe it will be necessary for the other Allies to hear about it. Attached to it must be French writers, Italian writers, Russian, Canadian, Australian, South African, South American writers, all needing housing, management and tactful handling. One of the great difficulties of fighting a war of allies is in making each army understand what the other armies are doing and are worth. That is quite as important a matter as keeping home folk informed about the doings of their boys. Nothing cheers one ally more than reading about the successes of another. Together with writers must be artists—many of the best French and British painters are now going to the Front—moving-picture men and photographers. These civilians must, of course, be under military discipline, and it has been found necessary that they should, for obvious reasons, wear uniforms; that, in fact, to prevent spying and for other reasons, everyone engaged in war business should be dressed in some distinguishing costume.

One difficulty of war organization, in the case of nations that are unprepared, is the sudden development of some small department, ruled efficiently for peace time by some small man, working with a few clerks in a small building. The needs of hundreds of thousands of men suddenly expand that department in a manner that would overwhelm the organizing capacity of the best business brains in the union. The little man on top swells with importance as his bloated department expands. The consequence is chaos. From chaos to coördination is a difficult business, and much chopping of heads is necessary. Without coördination victory is impossible. All of the army departments in modern war must be cohesive, and the same is true of the navy.

After two and a half years of mixed victory and defeat Great Britain has placed the conduct of our part of the war in the hands of five of the best of our leading statesmen. They or some of them meet every morning at eleven o'clock, having with them the army and navy chiefs. They continually call in other authorities and from time to time they invite statesmen and experts from France and Italy to a conference.

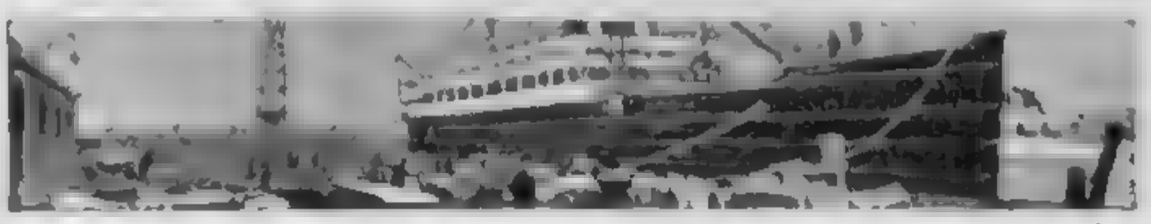
They also consult with Canada and other oversea British nations.

It took us a long time and much bitter experience to reach this kind of a war cabinet. Before that we had government by twenty-three people, and, as I remarked somewhere else, even twenty-three Napoleons would not have won a battle or twenty-three Shaksperes have written a play.

The ideal way of conducting a war would be to have at the head of it a dictator, such as was the late Mr. Morgan in his enterprises. But democracies do not like dictators. And a dictator genius has not yet been found by any of the warring nations. The nearest approach to it is the German idol Von Hindenburg, whose brains are known to be supplied by Ludendorf.

The Prussian system has this merit—that the public, the soldiers and the sailors believe that in Von Hindenburg they have found a Napoleon. The Kaiser and the politicians are content to hide behind the great national idol, and the well-trained, obsequious German public is cheered and contented by the thought that all responsibility is taken from its shoulders.

We in Great Britain have learned a great deal of what to do and what to avoid in the conduct of war by a democracy, by reading Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, which is more accessible and understandable than profounder and purely military studies of the Civil War. With close examination of what happened with you between 1861 and 1865, together with what happened in England and France between 1914 and 1917, I believe that you could save yourselves abundance of trouble and hasten victory for liberty that already looms on the horizon.



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If damaged from **any cause** at **any time,** any dealer, anywhere, or we, will replace it free.

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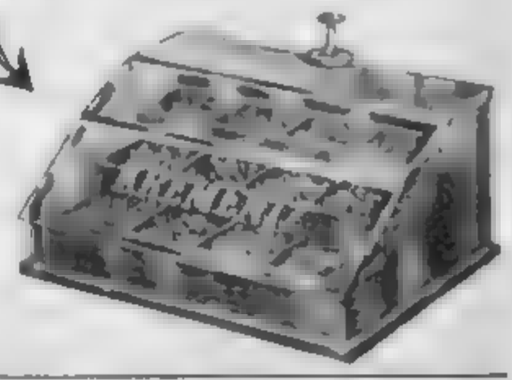

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Single heat $6.50 and $7.00.

Rectangular Grill (single heat) $5.50.
Canada $6.00.

Hotpoint

There's a sturdy servant under the g
to turn the drudgery of your ironing

For thirteen years this Iron has set the standa

Two Important and

(1) The Thumb Rest makes the *Hotpoint*
Cord Protector Plug practically overcomes a

The *Hotpoint* was the first iron to put extra hea
iron with—the first to furnish attached stand (no
plug, with pressed steel top and many other feature

Add these latest improvements and you have the ir

And the *Hotpoint* Electric Iron costs only $4.50;

The *Hotpoint* Thumb Rest *(Patent Applied for)*

See how the hand just naturally drops into this position—the thumb *likes* to find such a resting place and you guide the iron much more certainly and positively when the thumb has a chance to push.

With the hot point of the *Hotpoint* it makes working in pleats, tucks, ruffles, etc., perfectly simple.

The natural position of the hand "rests the wrist."

Buy of the Dealer—Let your distributer explain Hotpoint Appliances to you. But if more convenient we ship prepaid on receipt of price

HOTPOINT El
CAN

littering coat of this *Hotpoint* Iron, ready
day into comfort.

rd. Now we make the best iron better by adding

Exclusive Improvements

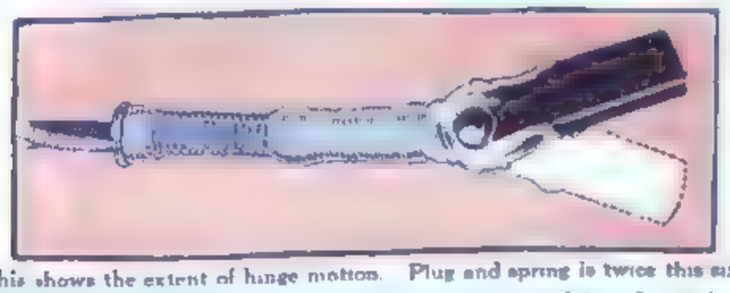
still more comfortable to use. (2) The Hinged
l breakage of the connecting cord.

into the point so that the point is always hot enough to
lifting, no banging). It was the first Iron with separable
later adopted by other makers.

n supreme—that lasts—that is economical.

anada $5.00. The 3 lb. is $4.00; Canada $4.50.

The *Hotpoint* Hinged Plug *(Patent Applied for)*



This shows the extent of hinge motion. Plug and spring is twice this size

This hinge and double protective spring combined with our well known plug bar mark an epoch in electric iron construction and the *Hotpoint* Iron is forever freed from troublesome cord breakage.

CTRIC HEATING COMPANY Ontario, Calif. Chicago New York London
DIAN HOTPOINT ELECTRIC HEATING CO. LIMITED. Toronto, Canada

Hotpoint

It is such poor business to let the electric wiring in your house lie idle 90% of the time. Make it work for you.

The current waits there, just behind the light sockets, ready any second of the day or night to come forth and do your bidding.

Then why not let electricity provide the real comforts of housekeeping which it offers so freely, with so little trouble on your part? Take for instance,

The *Hotpoint* Vacuum Cleaner

which gives your eager electric current the means of doing a real service because it insures the always-clean home.

No more periodical "house cleaning" upset—no additional help.

The long cord gives a working radius of 50 feet—just guide the cleaner lightly over the floor and rugs. You'll do it often because it is so easy.

The dirt and dust is collected and removed instead of being stirred up and allowed to settle elsewhere. No need to cover the furniture before you use the *Hotpoint* Cleaner.

Our improvements include:

Pressed steel case, copper plated to prevent rust—ball knob grip—switch button at finger tips—double lined bag—air-cooled motor—no oil to drip—rubber tired wheels—rear wheel swiveled.

In spite of all these special features the *Hotpoint* Cleaner is sold at $27.50. This price is only made possible by our very large production.

And there are the attachments—one for every special use, so that you keep walls, ceilings, hangings, tufting and clothing dust free.

Several thousand dealers are ready to demonstrate the *Hotpoint* Vacuum Cleaner. If yours is not, please send us his name and we will arrange to have him give you this demonstration.

Dealers should write for our special proposition.

Cleaner $27.50. Attachments $7.50. Let your dealer show you how it operates.

Hotpoint

The Same Painter—The Same Labor—
The Same Cost—

can mean either a permanently beautiful piece of work or a short-lived, mediocre "job."

The difference in results depends entirely on *what the painter uses on his brush*—whether he uses "any enamel" or *Enamolin* itself.

Enamolin is an enamel so white, so durable, so porcelain-like that it not only *beautifies* but *protects* any surface to which it is applied.

As for the floors of the *Enamolin*-finished room—there is *Namlac* Floor Finish, the most durable floor varnish on the market.

Enamolin and *Namlac* Floor Finish are on sale at the better paint and hardware stores. If you cannot secure them, write to us.

Ask for free copy of "The White Spot" book et. A sample can of either Enamolin or of Namlac Floor Finish sent for 10c. Address Consumers' Dept

EMIL CALMAN & CO.
ESTABLISHED IN 1870
100 William St., New York

The Whitest Enamel On the world

Said Mrs. Ryder—

Actual Experience No. 2

I Like the Hartford SHOCK ABSORBER

Makes Every Road a Boulevard

because I do all my riding in the back seat, where, until we equipped, rough roads made their presence felt in a marked manner. Now there is no vibration, jolt or jar. The disagreeable bounce which even deep upholstering failed to counteract is gone. I can forget the road ahead and enjoy real comfort and peace of mind."

Be good to yourself, to your family, to those who ride with you. Hartford-equip and make your car a better riding car. Over 400,000 car owners have done just this.

Less jolt and jar mean lower upkeep, fewer tire renewals, a long-lived car—and best of all—comfort over every road.

"Between You and Jolt, Jar and Vibration" is a booklet of intense interest to every car owner. Sent on request.

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Dealers Everywhere

For Safety's Sake Hartford SHOCK ABSORBER

For Ease and Efficiency Hartford AUTO JACK

Where Silver is King

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

IT NOW appears that Colonel William Jennings Bryan was twenty years ahead of the times when he advocated the supremacy of silver, and half a world away from the place; and the extreme irony of the circumstance is that what Colonel Bryan, the eminent pacifist, so signally failed to bring about by the impulse of his eloquence has been accomplished in full measure by Colonel Mars, the no less eminent militarist, through the oratory of his guns.

Still, if Colonel Bryan should visit China, for example, he would have excellent reason for speeches from the rear end of his train, of which the tenor and motif might be "I told you so!"—for silver is king in China and in the Orient. Gold, once the fetish of financiering in the Far East, and elsewhere, as the great and eternal and irrevocable token of value, has come to be a thing spurned and shoved aside; having its uses and virtues, no doubt, in various nonprogressive portions of the earth, but topped by silver where the tael is the unit of financial operation.

The most unfortunate person of my acquaintance is that once superior, and haughtily superior, farer forth to business or salary in the Orient who, holding a currency of which the unit of value is the silver tael and the token the Mexican dollar to be no fit currency for the purposes of the dominant and intelligent white man—as contrasted with the yellow man who deals in "Mex." and copper cash, big money and small money, and all the complicated tender of the Chinese, for example—insisted on tying up his salary or doing his buying or selling in gold, and gold alone. The most unfortunate person of my acquaintance is that person who said: "None of this silver stuff for mine! Gold for me—good old gold!" And the Far East is cluttered with him, howling to heaven as exchange goes down, and gold dollars, day by paralyzing day, get cheaper and cheaper, while silver mounts in argentiferous splendor to dizzy and undreamed of heights.

The matter was called to my attention in Shanghai when I landed there in December on my way to Peking. I had a letter of credit, in pounds sterling—gold—and that, of course, seemed to me the ultimate in the way of a lever for prying funds from those natural enemies of mankind, the bankers. I had observed in Japan that yen were a trifle more valuable than when I had previously dealt in that Japanese currency, standing at fifty-one cents—gold—for a yen, instead of the usual fifty; but that I took to be natural accretion due to the fact that Japan is getting rich through munition making and other war prosperity. It never occurred to me that when I received one yen ninety-five sen for a gold dollar there was anything the matter with gold. It seemed that yen were doing better.

Exchange in China

Now the matter of exchange in China is one that may well occupy the highest financial intelligence. A layman has no chance with it at all. He must accept what the banks give him and be content, for when you come to a country such as China, where they take four cracks at you when figuring exchange against your draft on a letter of credit; where, it used to be, you got a dollar and eighteen cents in change for a dollar; where Canton money is subject to discount in Shanghai, Shanghai money is discounted in Hankow, and Hankow money reduced in Peking before it is current; where they calculate in a unit that you never see, the tael; and where they put many other mystifying but impoverishing dents in you before they allow you to finger any currency—a country where the banks make the great bulk of their profits on this juggling of exchange, and are the most expert jugglers in the universe—no mere rudimentary knowledge of finance is of any avail.

Inasmuch as my financial knowledge is less than rudimentary—protoplasmic, indeed—I had had my difficulties with exchange in China on the occasion of former visits, but I had never lost my faith in gold. Did I not travel thousands of miles with Mr. Bryan when he was shouting for the "free and unlimited coinage of silver, at the ratio of sixteen to one, without the aid or consent of any other nation whatsoever"? I did. Had I not observed the almost unanimous response of the United States to the appeals of Mark Hanna to preserve our national honor and prestige, and so on, by remaining true to gold? I had. Gold, as I viewed it and held it, is the synonym of permanent value, the apogee of security, the one firm foundation of the finance of the world.

They had ravished me with their exchange machinations all the way round the world and back again, but I maintained my simple, childlike, trusting faith in gold. What those Chinese money changers, expertly fingering their counting machines, had done to me in the way of extorting percentages from my resources in former days had been as painful as it was incomprehensible; but always I knew that gold was the apotheosis of value. I clung to that.

So, needing legal tender on the day after I arrived in Shanghai, I took my letter of credit to a large and imposing banking institution and went to the place where the sign said: Drafts on Letters of Credit. A Chinese clerk sat behind a wire grating, his long fingers manipulating the buttons of a counting machine. Dozens of other Chinese clerks were in other cages and behind long counters, shoving the buttons on counting machines back and forth with great expertness and rapidity. The click-click-click of the buttons sounded in a modified way like the click-click-click of the wooden clogs of the Japanese when they walk along a hard pavement.

Studies in Mathematics

The Chinese clerk looked at me in that calm, penetrating manner in which a Chinese always regards a white man—a sort of dispassionate, detached scrutiny, as if the Chinese was thinking: "I wonder what particular sort of lunacy this particular lunatic is up to now!"

"I desire to make a draft for seventy-five pounds on this letter of credit," I said in a large and expansive manner.

Now I had a smattering of exchange lore—a smattering; that is, I was accustomed to look wisely at the financial reports in the local papers and read, with much gravity, such statements as these: "London: Tel. transfer 3.7⅛; bank bills demand 3.7¾; Shanghai T. T. on London 3.5¼; market rate 1.06; one pound 3.6⅛"—and so on; and to discover, with wide appreciation, that "Tel. transfer N. Y. 86⅜" was being done at the moment, and that "4-m's 90⅝ nom." were all the rage. This, of course, gave me much satisfaction and added hugely to my stock of financial information and acumen. And, after this had been assimilated, in case I desired funds I went to the bank and took what was given to me and felt that I was lucky to get away without being apprehended as a swindler—so great is the sense of "Well, we'll give you this, but we are not so sure you deserve it, and if it isn't right, of course, you will go to jail for life. You understand you are obligated to us eternally for the privilege of twisting all these exchange percentages out of you; and take off your hat!" that those bank clerks manage to confer on the wretch who puts himself into their hands.

Now seventy-five pounds, with a pound worth $4.77, which is what my pounds cost me, amounts, as I figured it, to $357.75 gold—gold, you understand; the currency of the U. S. A.; the currency that proclaims our national financial honor and integrity and stability. Furthermore, I had read all my life of the immutability and changelessness of China, the country where for forty centuries things have been as they were, and I had been up against that immutability on previous occasions. Whereupon I considered it but natural, after reading the cryptic exchange tables, that for each of my gold dollars I should get as many dollars, Mex., as I had when I was in China eighteen months before.

That amount was $2.30, Mex., for each gold dollar. So, in order that I might have at least a glimmering of what I might expect, I had laboriously translated my $357.75 into Mex.; and the amount was to be $820.525. I decided I would allow the bank that odd half cent; I could afford to be thus magnanimous. I had been told

previously that they had stuck me, for the real amount for a gold dollar was $2.40, Mex., but I determined to be satisfied with $2.30. A man must make some concessions to the customs of the country in which he is sojourning.

"I desire to make a draft for seventy-five pounds on my letter of credit," I said.

The Chinese clerk pushed the buttons on his counting machine back and forth for a minute or two before he looked up. Then he wrote something on a bit of paper, yawned as if the whole business bored him to stupefaction, and held out his hand. I felt inclined to take off my hat and humbly shake hands with him. However, I didn't; I figured that probably he was merely the assistant manager, and I gave him the letter of credit.

He then became somewhat animated. He took the letter of credit and examined it minutely, from time to time looking suspiciously at me. He spelled it out word by word and apparently committed to memory all its stately language. I had had frequent experience with the lack of rush in banks in China, but I had never seen a young man who was so thoroughly in no hurry as this young man. He seemed torn by two emotions—in a leisurely way: He was undecided whether he should hand me over to the police for disturbing his pleasant pastime on the counting machine, or whether he should begin at the end of the letter of credit and read it backward, having completed the forward-reading exercise.

At the close of half an hour or such a matter he shot another baleful glance at me, hoisted himself from his stool, and took the document to an English clerk. That gentleman had his turn at deciding on the genuineness of the paper and myself. There was a considerable discussion, participated in by other Chinese and other Englishmen and then still another clerk made out the drafts. These completed and signed, I was led back to the cage where my original friend was feverishly computing on his counting machine. He shoved the buttons back and forth with extreme rapidity. Often he would stop, push the buttons back to their original positions, and begin all over again. I knew what that meant—each time he made a fresh start I lost another per cent.

But even Chinese clerks in banks in China must get to an end of their fingering on counting machines. All that is required is patience. In due course this Chinese sighed heavily and glared at me again. Much to his disgust, he was done. There was no way in which he could gouge off another per cent. He was finished; he had done his worst. So he wrote some cabalistic figures on a slip of paper and pushed that paper along to another Chinese who sat near him. That Chinese took out a few bales of extremely dirty money, smudged on both sides by chops of Chinese—the Chinese do not think paper money is good until they put their chop, or signature, on it—and counted these wads several times. He hated to let go, but he had to. He took the paper, put it on the pile of bills, and shoved out the mass.

Jesse James Was Right

I had neglected to bring a bottle of formaldehyde with me; so I put on my gloves and counted the bills; I was to have $820.52, Mex. I counted the bills three times with increasing consternation. I did not have $820.52; I had exactly $596.40.

"Some mistake here," I ventured.

"No mistake—all proper," he returned with an air of finality that gave me a chill.

"But ——"

"All proper."

"But," I persisted, "I made a draft for seventy-five pounds and you have given me only $596.40. Now as I figure it - ——"

I do not know what the Chinese for "You poor fish!" is; but that is what he said. I could tell it by the expression on his face.

Just then the manager came along. I know the manager.

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"There is," I said. "You can instruct this Celestial Jesse James to hand me about two hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"For what?"

"Why, I just made a draft for seventy-five pounds on my letter of credit, and he has given me only five hundred and ninety-six dollars and a few cents for it."

"Well, what do you expect?"

"I expect eight hundred and twenty——"

"Come on!" said the manager. "Come on out and get some air! Why, you relic of a bygone age, don't you know that exchange is now only one-sixty-two?"

"One-sixty-two what?"

"One dollar and sixty-two cents, silver, for a dollar in gold."

"But," I protested, "the last time I was here I got two-twenty and two-thirty."

"Yes; and if you had been here on occasion you might have had two-sixty. As it is, the rate is one-sixty-two. That's pretty good, too, for it has been down to one-fifty-six."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked sternly, "that you have had the nerve to pay only a dollar-fifty-six in Mex. for a gold dollar?"

"Nerve?" he said. "My son, there have been times in this bank when it took nerve to pay that—and not the sort of nerve you mean, either."

I wandered out on the Bund in a daze, all my ideas about the extreme and immutable values of gold eliminated by that mess of dirty money I had in my hand—that bunch of decrepit bank notes.

The Dwindling Dollar

As I have intimated, the mere machinations of the exchange clerks in banks in China were neither new nor surprising to me. I had had my experiences with those inscrutable and implacable pirates before now. They had trimmed me in half the provinces of the Flowery Kingdom before this. My mind had reeled before the problems of big money and small money; of Hankow taels and sycee taels; of discounts, depreciations, squeeze, and the bewildering processes whereby a pound sterling is changed, through four expert operations, into Chinese money that is good only in its locality—and loses a portion of its value during each of the four transmutations. I knew about those—that is, I didn't know about them so far as understanding goes, but I knew about them so far as feeling is concerned.

What I expected was to be done in the financial eye for a certain per cent, and that is what I got; but here was more than a doing in the eye. Here was the amputation of a limb and the carving off of a rib roast: here was gold, the cherished basis of my ideas of financial potency, sunk to so low a level as to be good for only a dollar-sixty-two of the despised Mex. for each imperial gold dollar. And we used to get two-sixty. The thing was stupefying! Also, it was annoying, for my credits were gold, and it was apparent that I didn't have nearly so much money, Mex., as I had thought I had. And Mex. is the currency of the country. Wherefore I asked certain wise men about the disaster.

"What," I inquired, "is the meaning of this incredible thing? How comes it that a gold dollar will buy only a measly dollar-sixty, or thereabouts, of silver?"

"Simple enough!" these wise men replied.

And then they wandered off into an explanation of what had happened, so complicated with references to supply, demand, balances, exchanges, and this, that and the other of their banking patter; and so shotted with gloomy predictions that presently a gold dollar might be worth no more than a silver dollar, instead of two and a half times as much; that the two metals might come to a parity—and so on—that I began to debate with myself the possibilities of swimming home.

Then it dawned on me! I wondered that I had not thought of this before.

"Ah," I said brightly, "I see it all now. It really makes no difference; for if the tael which is the unit of value for silver in China has increased so enormously in price, of course it follows naturally that the silver dollar is more valuable, too, and has a greater purchasing power. Wherefore, the thing adjusts itself."

The wise men looked at me with exceeding compassion.

"Boy," said one of them, "bring this gentleman a cup of tea. And fan him. He is babbling like a child."

It was even so. I knew not whereof I spoke; for it was soon and painfully demonstrable that, in common with all other places in this war-stricken world, the purchasing price of a dollar in China, no matter what kind of dollar, has not increased, but has materially decreased. A dollar, Mex., right now doesn't buy anywhere nearly so much as a dollar, Mex., bought when I was last in China, and there are not so many dollars, Mex., obtainable to buy with. Purchasing power increased! That makes me laugh bitterly now; for I have discovered that a

(Concluded on Page 58)

Screen Time Is PEARL Time

RIGHT about now you're beginning to think about screening—so—right now is the best time to investigate G & B PEARL Wire Cloth—best wearing screen material of its kind.

Rust is the great "Screen Enemy." G & B PEARL Wire Cloth is as near rust-proof as metal can be made. That is why it outlasts painted and galvanized screen. PEARL requires no paint—no repairs and is beyond question the best looking material that ever permanently protected a door or window or porch.

You'll find lots of screen material that *look* like PEARL but don't *wear* like it. The rust resisting properties of G & B PEARL are due to a process exclusively used by us. So it will pay you to look for and insist on the genuine article, which carries two Copper Wires in the selvage and a round tag on each roll as a mark of permanent identification.

[illegible] and recommends G & B PEARL [illegible] Address Dept. E.

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co.

New York, Georgetown, Conn., Chicago, Kansas City

PEARL is made in two weights—regular and extra heavy.

PEARL WIRE CLOTH

The best Hardware dealer in your city sells "PEARL"

Nu-Ex Fire Killer

The Fire Extinguisher That You Know Will Always Work

Shoots Straight Stream 30 ft. - No Pumping

Note These Important Features

In the Nu-Ex Fire-Killer there are many important features—most of them found only on this superior extinguisher. This is the *only* extinguisher with a side gauge that shows the quantity of liquid—and a pressure indicator to show the exact measure of air pressure. You can inspect the Nu-Ex at a glance. You *know* it's ready every instant.

The Nu-Ex embodies scientific principles never before combined. Its pneumatic device is a triumph. Its power is [illegible] unimpaired by age. Put one in your home and banish fire worries.

See the Nu-Ex at your dealer's. Ask him to demonstrate it. Or if he doesn't handle it—write to us. The Nu-Ex is completely guaranteed.

"Banishing the Fire Peril"

is a classic on fire prevention. Tells all about the important features of the Nu-Ex—and its wonderful simplicity. It's free—write for it today. You should know more about the Nu-Ex. And please give us your dealer's name, too. (16)

NU-EX FIRE APPLIANCE CO., Dept. G, Columbus, Ohio

Instant Inspection Automatic Action

WHY IS THE DEALER?

MANY pertinent things, and a great deal of nonsense, have been written and said of the dealer. Popularly he is conceived as standing between manufacturer and consumer to the benefit of neither—a "middleman" busy for his own profit—exacting an additional toll on everything we buy.

Yet the dealer, whether his function be boon or burden, persists and prospers.

What does it all mean? What, after all, is the dealer's right of existence?

Let us see—using for example the retailer closest to our own business, the Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

The Goodyear Service Station Dealer sells Goodyear Tires to the consumer, and makes for himself a reasonable per cent of profit in the transaction. How does he justify this profit? He adds nothing to the tire—in tread, cord, fabric and rubber it is the same. What *does* he contribute as warrant for his gain in the sale?

The common term for his commodity is Service. He sells not merely tires, but Service as well. The public simply pays him for taking over its tire troubles. It pays him for keeping up a store, for investing in stocks, and for having clerks to supply its wants.

These are the tangible evidences of the things it pays for. Perhaps they are worth while. Perhaps it is actually cheaper for the public not to have to bother with its tires. Perhaps it is really good business to let the dealer worry over having on hand the tire the public wants when it wants it.

Suppose there were no dealers. Necessity would force every tire user to study the tire question. Time needed for his own affairs would have to be spent in keeping informed on current tire practice. He would need to know comprehensively what makes good tires and what bad; he might lose heavily in buying inferior tires. He would have to anticipate his needs. Expecting to require a tire in two weeks, he would have to order it now.

These are matters chiefly of convenience, but convenience has a large part in the pleasure of motoring. So the Goodyear Service Station Dealer supplies this element among the first. But his most important commission is in another direction. It concerns his expert knowledge as a tire man.

If he fulfils his largest function properly, and every Goodyear Service Station Dealer aims to do this, he acts as a tire doctor. If he does his job well, and Goodyear Service Station Dealers are competent and eager to do their job that way, he saves his patients enough in tire costs to justify his fee, which is his profit. He aims to *earn* his gain, and by his labor to be worthy of his hire.

In China, physicians are paid for keeping patients well, and not for attending them when they are sick. Goodyear Service Station Dealers conform somewhat to this rule, in that their Service is a service of prevention rather than of cure. They are missionaries of the "stitch in time" principle; they aim to apply in advance those remedies and safeguards which if applied in time form so effectual a blockade against the tire trouble that might have been.

Perhaps the Goodyear Service Station Dealer would be less important, if we personally gave our tires the care they should have. Certainly if we obeyed all the natural laws there would be less need for the doctor.

And if, as individual tire-users, we obeyed the laws of tire preservation: if we kept our tires properly inflated, if we made sure our wheels were in alignment, if we saw to it that our brakes worked uniformly, if we made timely repairs of tread-cuts and rock-gashes, if we shifted tires from wheel to wheel occasionally, if we did not overload them; in short, if we could protect ourselves against the thousand and one forms of tire abuse we innocently inflict—there might be no need of the dealer at all.

But since, whether from disinclination or lack of knowledge we do not do these things, it is better that we let the dealer do them for us. It is cheaper. It is more satisfactory. It is immeasurably more convenient. It is the Goodyear Service Station Dealer's special function, one he is proud and able to discharge.

Obviously, if the Service performed by Goodyear Service Station Dealers were concentrated in a few

GOODYEAR

AKRON

large cities, it would be seriously limited in value. In the emergency, or as a constant benefit, assistance must be immediately at hand. But Goodyear Service Station Dealers are *not* concentrated in a few large cities—they are scattered broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the United States. They *are* immediately at hand, the country over.

There are fifteen thousand of them, and whether you find them in the cities, in small towns or in rural hamlets, they are identified by one symbol. That is the Goodyear Service Station Sign shown at the side of this advertisement. Look for it, when you need tires or service. Look *to* it for greater tire economy.

* * *

Why is the Goodyear Service Station Dealer? For your convenience, security, pleasure, satisfaction and economy. For your tires' full value, and for their long life.

His aim is precisely the aim of the Company whose product he sells—maximum mileage at minimum cost. He does his part by fitting your tires, watching them, caring for them, by teaching you to do the same. He takes up the work of greater mileage at the point where the Goodyear factories leave off. He wants you to get invariably the heaviest possible returns from your tire investment. If we mistake not, you want the same.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Concluded from Page 55)

predication of an increased buying power for a Chinese dollar, on the fact that a Chinese dollar, reckoned in gold, is worth much more than twice as much as it was when I last dealt in the currency, is a vain and futile thing. Dollars, Mex., may be worth more; but they buy less. There is none of that sort of balm in China, or elsewhere in the Far East.

It chanced that a silver man came along, and I asked him what had happened. Translated into round terms, this is what he said:

"The silver market for years was a stationary and inelastic market with silver worth approximately round fifty-five cents an ounce. A tael is supposed to be an ounce of silver, and the value of the silver used in the currency in money in China was a bullion value, not a token value—that is, the Mexican and Chinese silver dollars circulated on their actual bullion value, for there was no other sort of government guaranty behind them."

The Eastern Silver Famine

"Then came the war. France and England began to buy silver enormously for the purpose of paying their soldiers and for other uses where they could not put out their paper money. That was profitable to France and England, for those countries actually pay their soldiers, in silver bullion value, only eighty-six cents for each dollar paid and taken as a dollar. They clear fourteen cents on each dollar, as the market is at present. Now the normal before-the-war production of silver in the world was about two hundred and fifty million ounces a year. Of this amount Mexico produced, say, sixty-five million ounces a year in normal times; but the internal troubles in Mexico have reduced that output to about fifteen million ounces a year. Increased output elsewhere amounts to about ten million ounces; so, in general terms, the annual production of silver is now about two hundred and ten million ounces a year, instead of two hundred and fifty or sixty million ounces.

"So you see what happened: The warring nations increased their buying of silver and the silver-producing countries reduced their production. Supply and demand over again. Hence, the price of the tael in China increased enormously—jumped away up—because the vast stores of silver in China were exported from China where silver was purchasable for a time at a cheap rate, to the countries where they were paying a high price for silver. As the supply diminished in China, owing to this demand elsewhere and the natural desire of the banks and others to sell their silver at the high price, the domestic or China price increased too; and the result was that the China silver dollar, or, rather, the China silver tael, which is the basis of Chinese currency—as the bullion price of silver in all silver countries is the basis of value for their currency—began to climb in worth. The intrinsic value of the gold dollar didn't decrease any, of course; but the purchasing power of the gold dollar for silver did decrease, and with that decrease in gold value for purchasing silver came this new and high rate of exchange for the silver dollar.

"Now, also, the big banks in China held great stocks of silver. They had their vaults crammed with it, as guaranties for their notes and because it is the medium in China. These banks could not resist the opportunity for turning this silver to profitable account elsewhere, and they rushed to sell their silver abroad for the high price prevailing. They reduced their holdings enormously and made a lot of money. Vast quantities of silver are held by the Chinese themselves, and the banks expected the Chinese would come forward with their silver and sell it to them, so that the banks might replenish their reserves. The Chinese did no such thing—they held on to their silver or exported it themselves.

"Whereupon we got into a financial situation that forced the suspension of silver payment in the Chinese government banks; this put a lot of the foreign banks, which had speculated with their silver, dangerously near the rocks, and that played hob generally. Whereupon, also, the banks that made hungry haste to sell their silver abroad at the high prices were forced to buy back that silver at even higher prices, or go broke. Meantime the silver dollar continued to rise jauntily in value; exchange in favor of silver went higher and higher, and the parity between gold and silver—in a dollar sense—dropped from about two dollars and forty cents, silver, for one dollar of gold to—at its lowest—one dollar and fifty-six cents, silver, for a dollar of gold—its lowest thus far. This gave the silver holders a great opportunity for sending their silver abroad; and the American Government of the Philippines took advantage of it, with its stock of silver pesos, and exported them to India, China, and elsewhere, thus turning a pretty penny."

Some of the big firms in China, like the Standard Oil Company and the British-American Tobacco Company, have worked for years on a fixed basis of exchange with their employees—that is, these companies established a rate of exchange between gold and silver, and held to that, no matter what the market fluctuations were. This, of course, worked to the advantage of the company when silver was cheap; but it was equitable, for it is now working to the advantage of the employees. To be sure, when in the old days the man who got sixty, say, a tael saw the other chap, who was paid at the current exchange, getting much less and profiting thereby through this excess of Mex. secured, the gold chap may have been sore; but imagine the grieved, not to say pained, feelings of the man on the market rate of exchange at the present time!

Take the concrete case of the American Minister in Peking, for example. The salary of Doctor Reinsch, as I write this, is one thousand dollars a month less, in silver, then it was before this rise in silver began—one thousand dollars a month! The salary is the same in gold, to be sure, but it is that much less in silver; and, because he lives in Peking, Doctor Reinsch is forced to pay his living expenses in silver. And there he is, cut down that much, and the purchasing power of the silver dollar not increased a whit; but decreased.

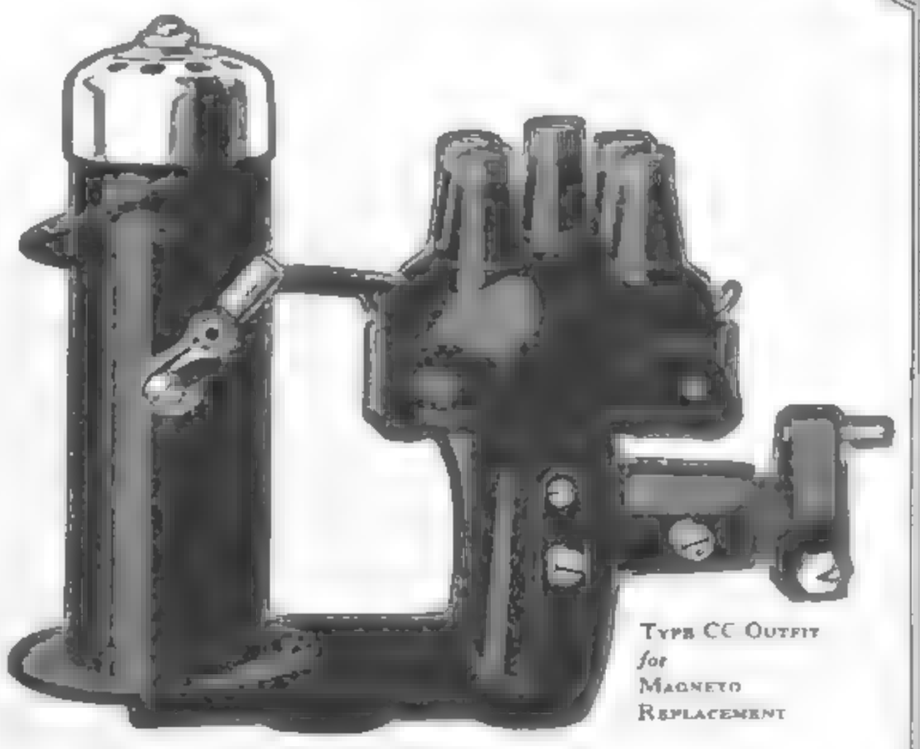
This situation is true not only of our Government officials, but true of everybody in China who is not on a fixed-exchange basis. The world war has reacted in the Far East to the tremendous discomfort of all who are working for pay over there. It is quite possible that the matter will adjust itself by the depreciation in the value of silver; but until silver does go down the spirits and prospects of the gold folks in the Orient will not rise. One idea that has been dissipated in the Orient is that prevailing fetish about the supremacy of gold. Silver is king out there.

Shrewd Deals in Copper

There are other interesting phases of the situation. For example, when the price of silver began to jump the Chinese Government banks suspended specie payment. Instantly, of course, the bank notes, of which there was large supply, became practically worthless. Instantly, also, the copper cent depreciated. In the old days one had in exchange for a silver dollar a hundred and thirty copper cents, or thereabouts. This meant a great deal to the impoverished coolie class. Also there were many thousand tons—many hundreds of thousands of tons—of copper cash, the least valuable of the Chinese subsidiary coins. Copper rose in price. Shrewd persons, many of them Japanese, saw that there was a good profit to be made in buying copper cash and melting them for their bullion value, and thousands of tons were bought and taken from circulation.

Another peculiarity of the money of China is big money and small money. Big money is the silver dollar; small money is the subsidiary Chinese silver and other money. Hence, in the old days, because of the greater alloy in the small money, one had in exchange for a dollar, big money, a dollar and eighteen or twenty cents in small silver money, or a dollar and thirty cents in copper money. Now then, if a coolie got hold of a dollar, that coolie confidently expected to get a hundred and thirty copper cents therefor. Less than that meant more misery for him. So when the banks closed and the moratorium was declared, because of the wild rise in silver, there was acute distress; and the government was forced to resume partial specie payments on its notes to avoid riots.

Out there, in the Orient, silver is king; out there we lose our long-cherished admiration for gold; out there the dollar, Mex., has come into its empire. It seems time for Mr. Bryan to make a few remarks on the subject, in the nature of pointing with pride to the countless remarks he made in 1896 along these lines.



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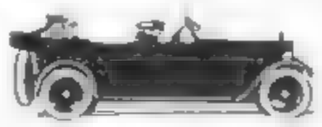

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The Poets' Corner

The Prudential Age

I NEVER stopped to count the price
In those good days when youth was sweet;
I drank whatever tasted nice,
I ate what I desired to eat,
And took no heed of cold or heat.
Now I must turn another page,
And live by rubric and receipt—
I've reached the dull, prudential age.

I seek the doctor for advice
Before I taste of wine or meat;
I live on predigested rice;
I'm wretched if I wet my feet;
I dread the sun, I shun the sleet.
A constant war with Fear I wage.
I'm always sounding a retreat—
I've reached the dull, prudential age.

I act not without thinking twice;
I'm ever on the anxious seat.
I've sworn off every manly vice;
I pass by Pleasure on the street
With glance averted and discreet,
And muttered maxims safe and sage.
Old joys I dare not stop to greet—
I've reached the dull, prudential age.

L'Envoi

Prince, now that life has lost its spice
And has no hunger to assuage,
I keep it carefully on ice—
I've reached the dull, prudential age.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

The Milledgeville Peace Congress

WE'RE peaceful folks at Milledgeville;
our dander ain't yet riz,
And we want peace with honor and whatever else there is;
We held a meetin' weeks ago—Eb Ricks and Silas Lee
And Ezry Cowles and Jared Hicks and Emery Bolts and me,
And mebbe p'raps a dozen more; we advertised it some:
"The Milledgeville Peace Congress"—and invited folks to come;
So when the great Peace Congress set, there wa'n't a vacant chair,
For nearly every man in all of Milledgeville was there.

Eb Ricks called us to order, and he said a word or two
About Uncle Sam, Columby, and the Old Red, White and Blue,
Till the crowd got up and hollered and Jed Hicks said he opined
We could lick the hull durn' Earth, by gosh! with one hand tied behind!
At which Ezry Cowles objected with a p'int of order, for
He said the Congress was for Peace, by heck! and not for war.
And then Jed Hicks up and grabbed him—slammed him down into his chair;
And the Milledgeville Peace Congress came nigh bustin' up right there.

But we got 'em separated after Jed fetched me a clout
In the region of the stomach that nigh put me down and out,
For which I forgave him instant; but, by gosh! you wait and see
When the fight for Peace is over what Jed Hicks'll get from me.
Ezry Cowles, he lost his collar, but he wouldn't change his stand;
While Jed he stood there snortin', with the collar in his hand,
Till Eb Ricks he recollected that there was a preacher there,
And we'd better start perceedin's in a legal way—with prayer.

Well, we had to vote for chairman, and Jed Hicks got up to state
That, in view of past perceedin's, he would be a candidate.
And when all the votes was counted Jed had seven votes to spare,
And perceeded to the platform so's to take the speaker's chair.
Eb was somewhat disappointed, and Jed passed some slightin' word
About packin' of the Congress—I don't know just what occurred;
But Eb hit him with the gavel, and when Jed Hicks come back to,
Eb Ricks was actin' chairman and the meetin' was half through.

Things was calm and fine as could be until Eb he spoke his mind
About passin' resolutions ag'in' war of any kind,
And Si Lee riz, tall and ugly, and said such things might be done,
But he'd lick the crowd that passed 'em if they'd step up one by one.
Which put somethin' of a damper on the Dove of Peace right there,
Until Emery Bolts, a friend of Peace, picked up an op'ry chair,
And stood there, menacin' Silas. "I'm a friend of Peace," he said;
"But who tries to bluff this Congress gets this busted on his head."

Then the secretary bolted with the papers we'd prepared,
For the Congress looked forbiddin', and he thought he could be spared
Till the clouds of war was lifted; for the friends of Silas Lee
Said if Ezry got rambunctious Peace would simply cease to be.
Then some friend of Jared Hicks' from a not far distant spot
Heaved an inkwell full of ink at Eb, with malice aforethought,
Strikin' him right on the forrid; and Si Lee said he'd be durned
If the hull thing wa'n't a failure—and the Congress was adjourned.

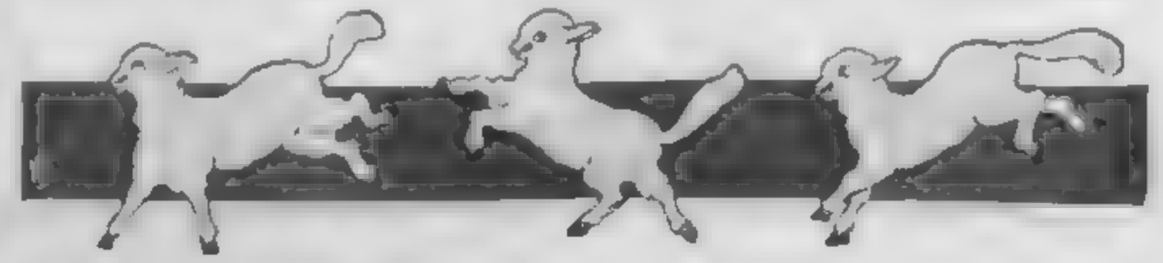
So we held a smaller meetin' after Eb Ricks had come to,
And Si and Jed and friends of their'n had left, and jammed 'em through—
The resolutions as agreed before the row began;
And Eb and me and Ezry Cowles stood for 'em to a man.
We wired 'em in to Congress, and we took the time to say:
"The Milledgeville Peace Congress was unanimous to-day
For Peace, whatever happens." And we writ a P. S. there:
"And ready to fight for it, any time or anywhere."

—*James W. Foley.*

A Delayed Valentine

OH, LADY fair and superfine,
I want you for my valentine.
It's surely spring, and well I know
I should have said this weeks ago;
But Sister Annie's had the grippe,
With fever blisters on her lip;
And when the doctor sent a nurse
She got it too—and got it worse!
My mother has a bad attack
Of rheumatism in her back.
Lumbago's laid up Brother Jim
And laryngitis Uncle Tim.
Dad's got bronchitis—got it right;
He swears all day and coughs all night.
While Isabel—don't be afraid
Of rivals, dearest—she's the maid—
Has some disease not in the book;
She eats and sleeps, but cannot cook!
I'm taking dinner at my clubs
And having breakfast on the tubs;
And cracking ice and dropping drops,
And brewing broth and suchlike slops,
And hunting mustard on the shelf,
And feeling pretty punk, myself!
My love's as warm as ever, dear;
It's just the season of the year!
To be quite sure of promptness, I
Would push the day into July—
Then, on the minute, lady mine,
I'll say: "Come, be my valentine!"

—*Channing Pollock.*



RUSSIAN DEMOCRACY AT WORK

(Continued from Page 19)

A first and temporary National Union was organized during the Japanese War. The bureaucracy was so miserably unable to care for the wounded that they were compelled for a while to tolerate an organization of the zemstvos. But in the general reaction that followed the abortive revolution of 1905 the Union was dissolved.

In order to work together for the relief of the famine in Samara the representatives of the provincial councils had to meet in secret, as I have described.

But the idea of union was still alive in the minds of Prince Lvov and his friends. And before the war of 1914 was a month old the bureaucracy, appalled by its own incapacity, permitted the reorganization of the All Russian Union of zemstvos.

Though the zemstvos have represented the most highly developed movement in Russian democracy, they have not been its sole representative. In the revolution that developed after the Japanese War two other and quite distinct popular parties played a large part—the Constitutional Democratic party, which represented the educated classes of the cities; and the Group of Toil, which developed in the First Duma as the crystallization of the age-old communal institutions of the peasants.

The life of the Russian "Intelligenzia" has been portrayed in many novels, which are available in translations. They are a highly educated, broadly traveled people, who have had opportunity to compare the backwardness and corruption of their own government with the freer institutions of Western people. In politics they are an element not unlike our social-service workers, who furnished the enthusiasm of the first Progressive Campaign. They are more learned, more articulate, than either the zemstvos or the peasants; but they have had less experience in the practical work of democracy. Prof. Paul Milukoff, now Minister of Foreign Affairs in the New Government, has been their leading spokesman.

The democratic institution of the peasants is of a quite different character and much more deeply rooted. In the days before the Emancipation the landlord dealt with his serfs, not individually but collectively through their community council—the Mir. He set aside part of his estate for their use, and they divided it among themselves by their own rules. When he needed labor for his fields he did not call on Ivan and Piotr and Vassily; he summoned the head man of the Mir and said: "Tomorrow my wheatfield must be plowed. The Mir must furnish three laborers." The serfs managed their own affairs. Of course the jurisdiction of the Mir was very limited, but it transacted its business on a basis of democracy and communism more direct and simple than any of our colonial town meetings.

The Group of Toil

Since the abolition of serfdom, the bureaucracy has been even more hostile to this peasant democracy than to that of the landlords in the zemstvos. But, in spite of ukase after ukase intended to abolish the Mir, the peasants have clung doggedly to their local self-government. Almost universally the peasants have boycotted the official judicial system. They prefer to settle their disputes informally before their own wise men.

About a third of the First Duma was composed of peasant deputies. They organized themselves into the Group of Toil, and surprised all observers by their political sagacity. These peasants had very little formal knowledge, but a vast deal of common sense; and they had grown up in the democratic traditions of the Mir.

This Group of Toil was the great enigma of the First Duma. No one knew how they would vote. Some thought they would be stupidly loyal to the Little Father; some thought they would prove utterly impractical revolutionaries. They were courted by both parties. One day the news got about that the government had offered them a palatial clubhouse and that they had refused to accept it. The revolutionary parties, not to be outdone by the Czar, at once offered to furnish them with a meeting place, but the Group of Toil refused that offer, too, and hired their own headquarters.

The Czar's speech from the throne was a carefully organized spectacle intended to dazzle these ignorant rustics. But from this point of view it was a flat failure. The stage director was not adroit. The Czar is a small man and not very impressive. He marched down the great hall of the Winter Palace, between his wife and mother, followed by a group of Grand—gorgeous—Dukes. On a high dais at the end of the room was an immense throne; and for an unfortunate moment—unfortunate from the scenic point of view—the Czar was allowed to sit on the throne in solitude. But it was not grandeur. He was obviously a misfit. His feet hardly reached the floor.

It was a dramatic, historic moment. I suppose all of us in the Press Gallery were thinking of the Etats Généraux, in France, a hundred years before. But there was nothing heroic about this scene. The Czar looked so ludicrously tiny, perched uneasily on that immense throne. One of the other correspondents turned to me in distress and disillusion.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy!" he whispered.

And the deputies of the Group of Toil did not cheer when the Czar had finished his speech. He had not mentioned Liberty or the Land, or anything that interested them. The sight of the Little Father had not impressed them.

A New Type of Officer

That night I asked a peasant deputy from the Moscow Province what he thought of the brilliant Court. He had immense calloused hands and had never learned to read.

"Now we know how our taxes are spent," he said. "And in my village we haven't enough to eat."

No. The democratic spirit of the Russian peasants was not to be seduced by a pageant.

These three groups, the Zemstvos, the Constitutional Democrats and the Peasants, representing all that was vital in Russian democracy, controlled a large majority of the votes in the First Duma. On their right were a few Black Hundred reactionaries, and on the extreme left were a few visionary and doctrinaire revolutionists.

The fact that, in spite of this parliamentary strength, they failed to democratize Russia was principally due to lack of support from the army and from the international bankers.

The days have passed when a revolution can overthrow a tyrant with pitchforks. As modern science complicates weapons, making them at once more deadly and more expensive, the strength of the Central Government grows. Popular indignation is powerless against machine guns, and Mr. Marconi has made it useless to cut down telegraph wires.

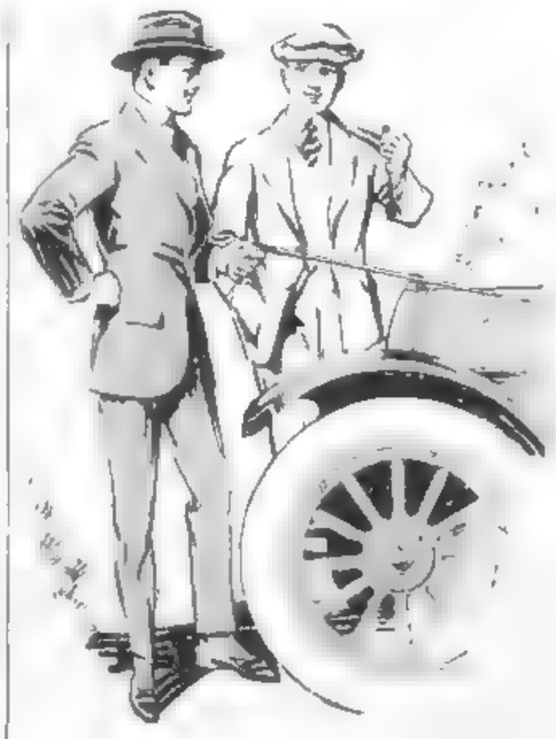
And revolutions, just as much as wars, depend on sinews of gold and silver. England and France overthrew their tyrants by "control of the purse." Their revolts would have failed if they had not first succeeded in starving their kings by withholding taxes. It was international finance that saved the head of the Czar when his people revolted in 1905. The revolutionary movement coincided with the Algeciras Crisis in European politics. The Kaiser was rattling his sword. And Britain and France, not wanting to see the Czar's military strength weakened by internal dissensions, lent him all the money he needed to "restore order."

And the army, smarting from its defeats in Manchuria, could at least win victories over the unarmed populace.

But in the dozen years since that time there has been a great change in the Russian Army. The defeat by the Japanese was more than a mere military reverse; it was felt to be a national disgrace, and, above all, a disgrace for the officers' corps. Their flippancy and inefficiency had become a public scandal. And universal contempt forced on them a new frame of mind; forced them to take their profession seriously. At the Military Academy it became fashionable for the cadets to study. An officer was no longer respected because of his uniform; he had to work. So a new type has been evolved in the Russian Army—officers who are one hundred per cent soldiers.

These men do not care much whom they fight; their one idea is to live down the disgrace of Manchuria by fighting well. They are not politicians; neither monarchists nor

(Concluded on Page 64)



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THE initial cost of The Florsheim is more than the ordinary shoe but the greater value in added style, longer service and perfect comfort will prove from the first to last day's wear that Florsheims cost less in the end.

$7 to $10

The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
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The Gothic—One of two hundred styles—Look for name in shoe

TRY BEFORE YOU BUY

Select the bicycle you prefer from the 44 styles, sizes and colors in the famous "Ranger" line. We ship it on approval and 30 DAYS' TRIAL, *freight paid to your town*. Ride it if not pleased and the trial costs you nothing.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies, and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our *low prices* and *remarkable terms*.

RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do Business *Direct* with the leading bicycle concern in America. Do not buy until you know what we can do.

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PLAY WHILE YOU PAY. Jenkins Plan. SAVE BIG MONEY. FREE Lesson Certificate with Jenkins Beginners Band Book. Instructor. Jenkins Beginners Orchestra Book. Instructor. A beginner can learn to play any Band or Orchestra instrument in a few weeks by the Jenkins Method.

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Thousands Have Thanked Us
Not only for our samples, but because we proved to them that

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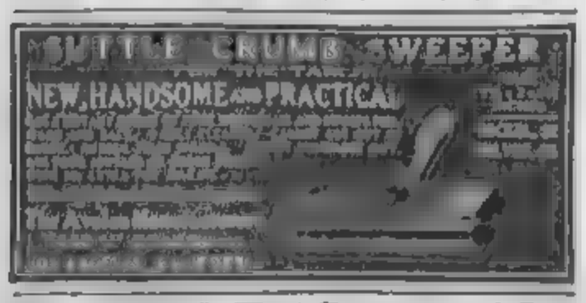
with their rust-proof glass heads will not prick fingers, nor Moore Push-Pins clasp documents together and stay there. Moore Push Pins, Made in Sizes. Moore Push-Pins Hold Sizes. 10c pkts. In Canada 2 Pkts. for 5c. At Stationers, Druggists, Dept. Stores, or by mail. MOORE PUSH PIN CO., 126 Berkley St., Philadelphia, Pa.



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Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 61)

republicans. Their one object is to restore the prestige of Russian arms by a resounding victory. Their program is the efficient conduct of the war.

And the facts recorded in the casualty lists have also, during the course of the war, changed the army from what it was when it restored order twelve years ago. All over Europe, in every army, this is getting to be more and more a war of sublieutenants. Older officers have been killed, disgraced, invalided home, taken prisoners. The proportion of professional soldiers grows less and less. The new officers of Russia, who entered the army as sublieutenants, were, before the war, school-teachers, lawyers or merchants. They are mostly university men, in sympathy with the democratic aspirations of the nation. They, like the hundred per cent soldiers of the High Command—though from somewhat different motives—put the efficient conduct of the war above every other consideration. The German Armies must be defeated.

So to-day it is not surprising that the Russian officers of all grades have deserted the old government. It was inefficient, corrupt, traitorous. They support the Provisional Government, not because of interest in its projects of internal reforms, but because it offers them a better chance of victory.

Spies in High Places

The events of the war have taught the army to distrust the Old Régime and have brought it into ever closer accord with the Union of Zemstvos. Here are two stories, told me by a Russian officer attached to the Embassy at Paris. They are illustrative of the New Army which, phœnixlike, grew up out of the ashes of the Manchuria defeat; of how it lost faith in the bureaucracy; and of the way this accord has grown up between it and the party of revolution.

General Brusiloff, just before his drive into Galicia last spring, called together the newspaper men with his army and put them on their honor not to send out any dispatches. The reason he gave for this stringent order was that he feared treason in high quarters.

"What is known in Petrograd is known in Berlin," he said. "There is a private wire from the Winter Palace to Potsdam."

The officers who wanted to win the war knew that the spies in the Czar's Court were more dangerous than the soldiers in the Kaiser's army.

In the summer of 1915 a general in command of an army corps in Northern Poland made out in due form a requisition for winter uniforms for his men, and dispatched it to the proper bureau in Petrograd. He got no response to his first letter or to his fifth. He could not even get an acknowledgment that his requisition had been received.

After a couple of months of waiting, as the winter was approaching, he sent his aide-de-camp to Petrograd; and he at last brought back a promise that the winter equipment would reach the army some time in November. The general wrote a petulant letter about it to his sister, who lived in Moscow, telling her how this utter inefficiency at headquarters meant that his men must fight through at least two months of snow in summer clothes. His sister took this letter to Prince Lvov: and in less than a month, before the first snowfall, the Union of Zemstvos had delivered the winter uniforms to this army corps.

There are no full statistics at hand of the work of the Union of Zemstvos. Only a few figures are available. At the beginning of this year the shops of the Union, in Moscow alone, were cutting out one hundred and twenty thousand pieces of clothes and three hundred thousand pieces of underwear a day. Here is one sentence from their latest report: "Altogether, from November, 1914, to January 1, 1916, the Union turned out 35,714,099 pieces of clothing for the Commissariat."

The same report shows that by the beginning of 1916 they had carried more than seven hundred and fifty thousand wounded men in their sanitary trains. While the government was furnishing one hundred and sixty thousand hospital beds the Union of Zemstvos was supporting one hundred and seventy-three thousand.

Everywhere when the regular machinery of the War Office has broken down the zemstvos have stepped in and saved the day. They took care of the refugees who fled into Central Russia before the retreating armies; they organized an immense force of laborers to dig new lines of trenches in the rear; they have done most of the sanitary work—furnishing drinking water to the men, combating epidemics, furnishing medicaments and surgical supplies. They have organized the munition works, created a leather industry and shoe factories; and, besides, have furnished the army with such divers supplies as tents, camp kitchens, vehicles, harness, horseshoes, tarpaulin, knapsacks, hand grenades, telephones and shells.

In most of these cases it means that men who before the war were interested in rural problems have suddenly become manufacturers, creating industries before unknown in Russia. Time and time again the Commissary has collapsed and the zemstvos have rushed food to the hungry troops. And now the soldiers speak of Prince Lvov as "the man who feeds us."

The Hope of the Army

And so it has come about that the hundred per cent soldiers, who put victory before every other consideration, have learned from two and a half years of war that, though it was useless to turn to the broken-down bureaus of the Old Régime when they needed support, they could rely on the democratic forces of the nation. The rank inefficiency and corruption of the bureaucrats was bad enough, but the fear of the traitors at court was worse.

Nearly a year ago a delegation from the Duma made a round of courtesy visits to the Parliaments of their Allies in Western Europe.

Paul Milukoff was among them. And at that time he and his friends were convinced that a revolution was necessary.

But in Britain and France he met with small encouragement. The West knew little of the real conditions in Russia—the rottenness of the Old Régime, or the strength of the democratic movement. The collapse of the revolution of 1905 was in all men's minds. So the statesmen of London and Paris were opposed to changing horses in the middle of the stream.

But the validity of that ancient saw depends entirely on how had the horse is. If there is a sporting chance that he will reach the other side there is a good deal to be said in favor of sticking to him. But if he is obviously dying in midstream even the most conservative will admit that it is wise to jump.

For more than a year this revolution has been brewing. But it had no chance of success unless it was supported by the army and financed by the Western Allies. Neither the army in Russia nor the bankers of London and Paris were, for the moment, interested in abstract consideration of Liberty; they wanted to win the war.

It was only as the hopeless inefficiency of the bureaucratic machine became evident at home and abroad, as the menace of a separate peace became a real danger, that the revolution was possible. During the first months of this year things became so bad that it was inevitable.

Will the revolution succeed? Almost everyone who asks this question has a different meaning for the word "success."

The Task of the Leaders

Prince Lvov and Milukoff, and the statesmen of the Allied countries, will consider it an immense success if it increases the fighting power of the Russian Armies. From their point of view it will have been successful if only it keeps Russia fighting at all. For the alternative was collapse and the freeing of all the Eastern armies of the Central Powers for campaigns in the West.

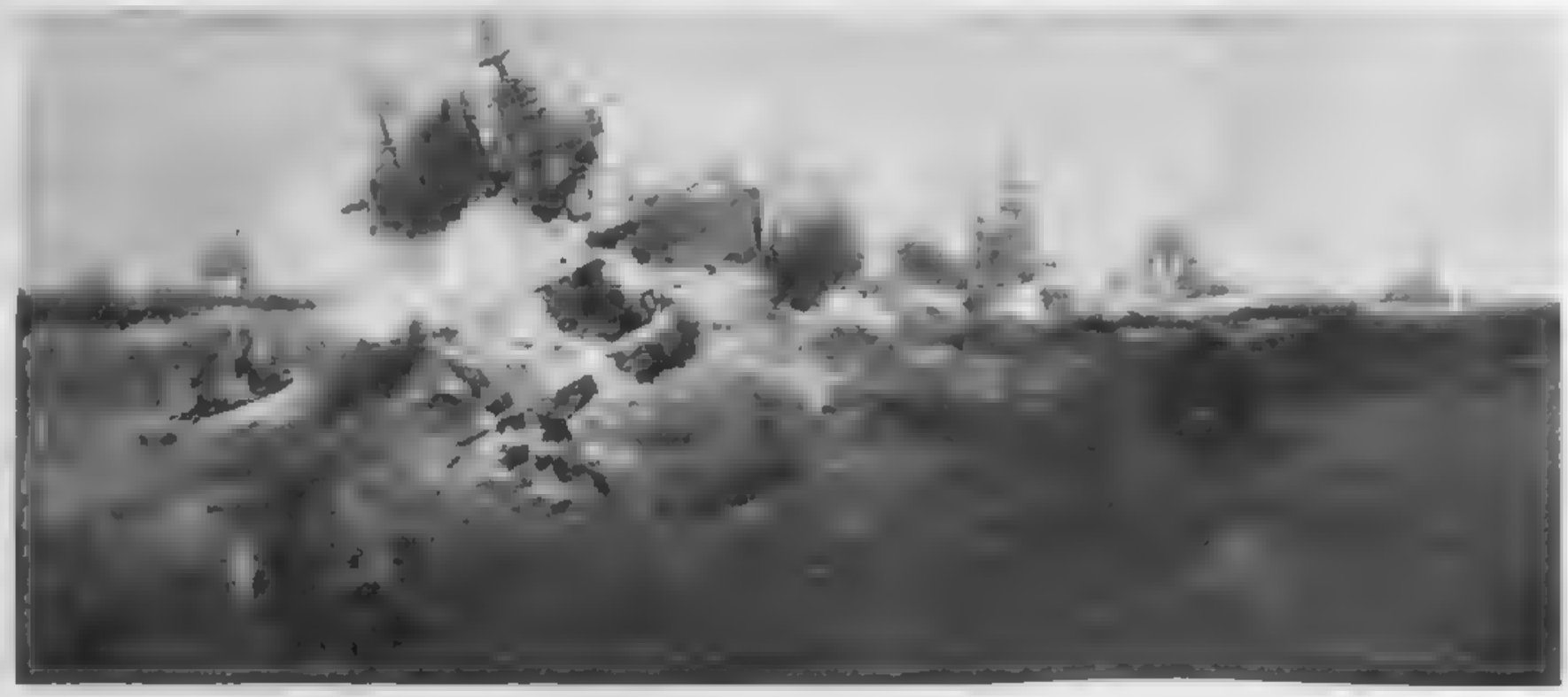
It is too much to hope that vast Russia will be completely reorganized according to our Western ideas of constitutional liberty so simply. The leaders of the revolt undoubtedly hope to continue the revolution in the future, but their immediate interest is the defeat of Germany.

The task before them is formidable. They must substitute for the wrecked bureaucracy a new governmental machine. But this is the simplest part of their problem. The Union of Zemstvos already has many thousands of workers, and it will not be difficult to transform them into government employees. But, besides doing officially what they formerly did unofficially—feeding the army, supplying it with clothes and munitions—the Provisional Government must face and in some way solve the more pressing problems of internal reform.

If the revolution fails—from the point of view of its instigators—it will be because they were unable to postpone dissension among themselves over internal problems until Germany was defeated. If Russians get to fighting among themselves over the problem of whether the New Parliament shall have two chambers or one, the German Armies will probably enter Petrograd, change its name back to St. Petersburg, and reëstablish the Romanoffs.

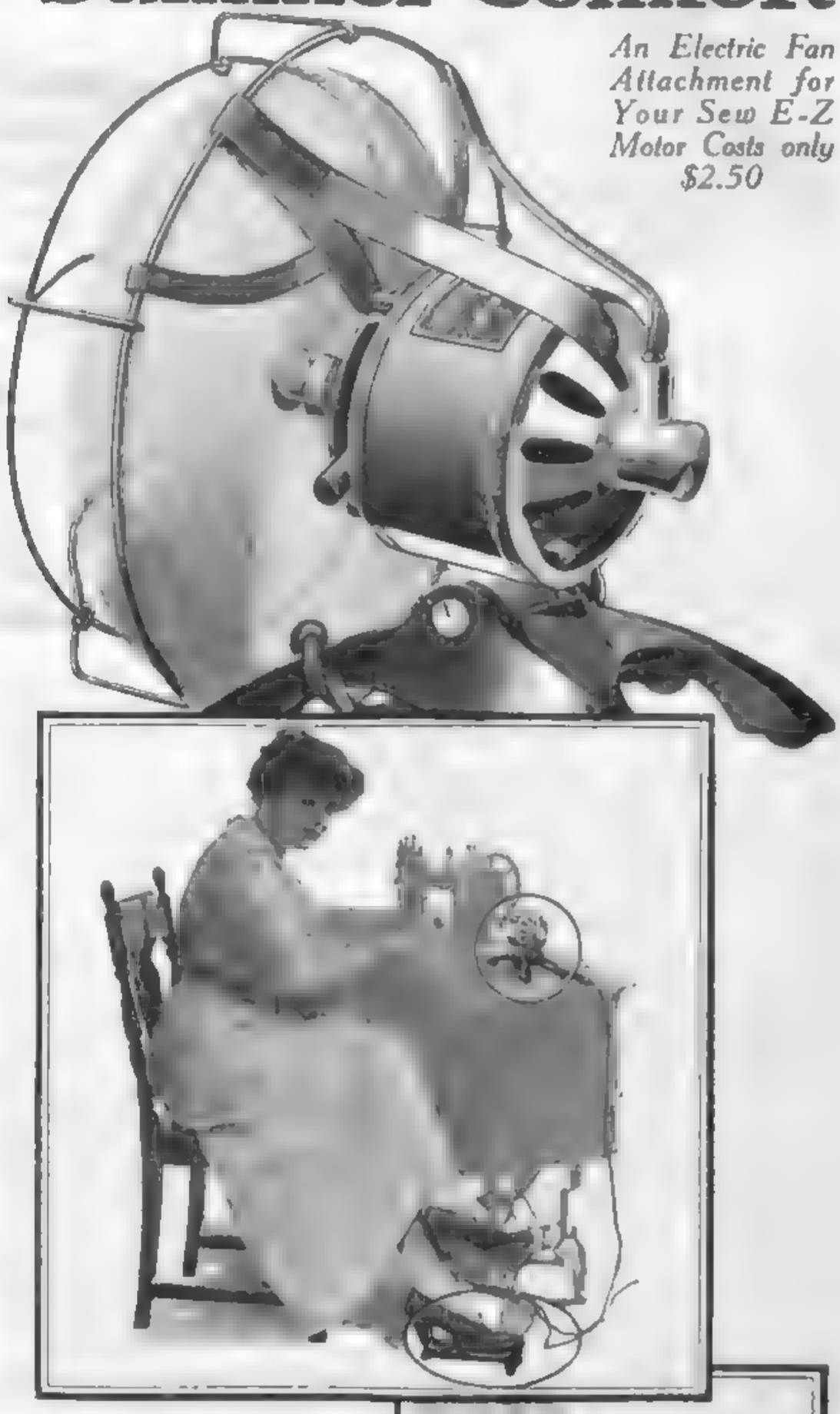
It is a hopeful sign that the dispatches from Russia indicate that the leaders of the revolution seem to realize this danger. The task before them is Herculean, but not hopeless.

Russian Democracy to-day has the army with it, and limitless financial credit. And—what is less often realized here—the Russians, thanks to the village Mirs, the Municipal Councils and the Rural Zemstvos, have a vital tradition of democracy and a broad experience in self-government.



Here's Summer Comfort

An Electric Fan Attachment for Your Sew E-Z Motor Costs only $2.50



This Fan Only $2.50

Can be quickly attached to your labor saving Sew E-Z motor

Here's seashore luxury and all-summer-long comfort in the cooling breeze of the Sew E-Z Motor converted into an electric fan. Vacation in the porch wicker—heat, languor, and stuffy air are frozen out by the refreshing cucumber-cool that Sew E-Z makes.

That isn't all Sew E-Z will do. It's the most willing, cheerful, all 'round the home helper you ever saw. You just can't heap too much work on this vigorous, sturdy little electric motor.

A snap of the hand and the fan attachment is off; then one motion places the Sew E-Z Motor next to the hand wheel of your sewing machine and changes it instantly into an electric sewing machine. Not a bolt or screw is needed. No more foot-pumping, treadmill pedal drudgery, but fast or slow—a stitch at a time or eight hundred a minute—Sew E-Z sews for you all day without effort, at a cost for current so small that your bill will never show it.

Then there's the grinding and sharpening attachment for putting keen, cutting edges on the household knives, and the polisher and buffer attachment that keeps all the silver clean and bright as a new minted dollar.

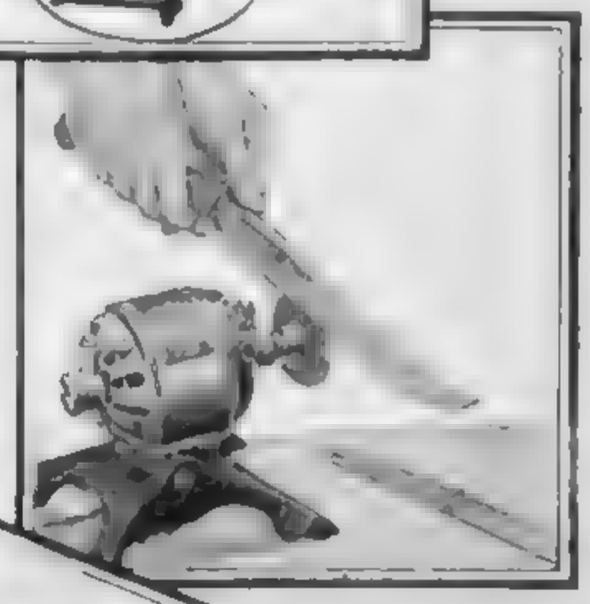
The Sew E-Z Home Motor is wonderfully simple, compact, dependable, economical, and lasting—proved by the lifelong guarantee.

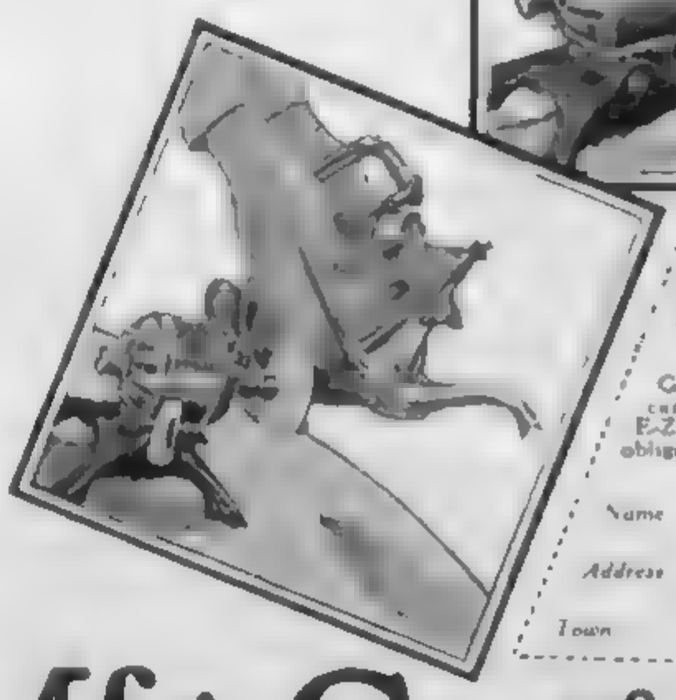
It is a time saver, health saver, labor saver, and comfort maker in over 100,000 homes.

The Sew E-Z Motor costs but $15.00; the fan attachment but $2.50; the grinder and polisher attachment in combination, $1.50.

Telephone your dealer for a week's free service that will prove the value of Sew E-Z in your home. No cost; no obligation! If you don't know a dealer, send the coupon and we will see that you get a week's free trial.

Phone your dealer today for a week's free service





COUPON

Hamilton-Beach Mfg. Co.
1518 Mate St., Racine, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can get a free demonstration of Sew E-Z without placing myself under any obligation to buy.

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Town State

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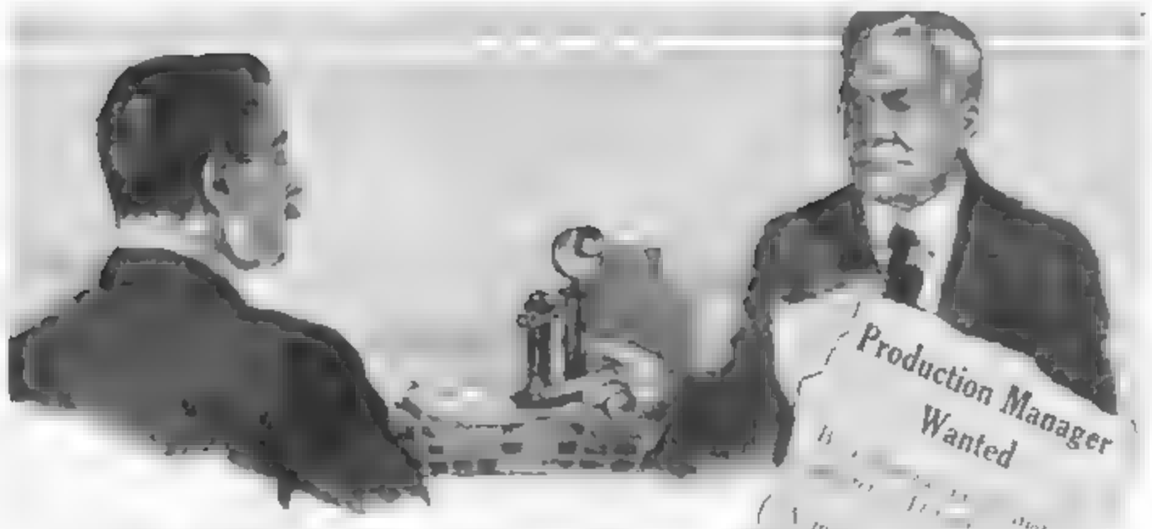

A $25,000 position—can you qualify?

The production-managership of a big corporation is open. The salary is $25,000 a year.

You want that job. You call on the president and try to "sell" yourself to him and the corporation.

What have you to offer? What are your talking points? Could you, with confidence, answer the advertisement for a $25,000 executive which appeared last January in a leading weekly magazine?

Do you really believe you are qualified for such a responsible executive position? Or do you realize that you cannot fill the place because you are one-sided? You are a capable traffic manager, office manager, auditor or credit man. But what do you know about the rest of the business?

The knowledge an executive must have

An executive must have a thoro knowledge of business and of the principles that underlie it. Have *you* that knowledge?

You cannot qualify for an executive position unless you know the fundamentals of business. Modern corporations have no high places for untrained or merely one-job men. *For the big places, sound judgment and a broad knowledge, rather than specialization, are required.*

The Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute trains men in business principles. It qualifies men for executive positions by teaching them business fundamentals. It gives you the benefit of the experience of thousands of successful men with all their errors eliminated.

The man with this training has a saleable asset. He does not lack talking points when the big opportunity comes. He can "sell" himself.

Now is the time to acquire that business training. The Modern Business Course and Service is designed for the spare time of busy men. You can study in your home, in the odds and ends of your time.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for this Course and Service along with ambitious young men in their employ. Among the 50,000 subscribers are such men as H. C. Osborn, President, American Multigraph Sales Co.; George M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills; William H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Co.; and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co., 270 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the General Electric Co., 293; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 92—and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Institute. This Advisory Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist, and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of the 135-page book "Forging Ahead in Business," which we will send you free, will repay you many times over. Every man with either a business or a career to guide to bigger, surer success, should read this book. Simply fill out and send the coupon below.

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Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

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GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH!

(Continued from Page 10)

"But how can I drive while he's hopping up and down behind me? He puts me all off my swing!"

"I'm glad my protest has some effect on you," said Wally. "Now I understand that some of you are members of the Greens Committee of this club. As a member of the said club, I wish to make a formal request that we be allowed to pass."

"Denied," said Watlington. "Drive, Jim."

"Do you mean to say that you refuse us our rights—that you won't let us through?"

"Absolutely," murmured old Peebles. "Absolutely."

"But why—why? On what grounds?"

"On the grounds that you're too fresh," said Colonel Peck. "On the grounds that we don't want you to go through. Sit down and cool off."

"Drive, Jim," said Watlington. "You talk too much, young man."

"Wait a second," said Wally. "I want to get you all on record. I have made a courteous request ——"

"And it has been refused," said old Peebles, blinking at both of us. "Gentlemen, you can't go through!"

"Is that final?"

"It is—absolutely."

And Watlington and Peck nodded.

"Drive, Jim!"

This time it was Hamilton who spoke.

"Pardon me," said Wally. He skipped out in front of the tee, lifted his cap and made a low bow. "Members of the Greens Committee," said he, "and one other hog as yet unclassified, you are witnesses that I default my match to Mr. Curtiss. I do this rather than be forced to play behind four such pitiable dubs as you are. Golf is a gentleman's game, which doubtless accounts for your playing it so poorly. They tell me that you never let anyone through. God giving me strength, the day will come when you will not only allow people to pass you, but you will beg them to do it. Make a note of that. Come along, Curtiss. We'll play the last nine—for the fun of the thing."

"Oh, Curtiss!" It was Watlington speaking. "How many did you have him down when he quit?"

The insult would have made a saint angry, but no saint on the calendar could have summoned the vocabulary with which Wally replied. It was a wonderful exhibition of blistering invective. Watlington's thick hide stood him in good stead. He did not turn a hair or bat an eye, but waited for Wally to run out of breath. Then:

"Drive, Jim," said he.

Now I did not care to win that match by default, and I did everything in my power to arrange the matter otherwise. I offered to play the remaining holes later in the day, or skip the eighth and begin all square on the ninth tee.

"Nothing doing," said Wally. "You're a good sport, but there are other men still in the tournament, and we're not allowed to concede anything. The default goes, but tell me one thing—why didn't you back me up on that kick?"

I was afraid he had noticed that I had been pretty much in the background throughout, so when he asked me I told him the truth.

"Just a matter of bread and butter," said I. "My uncle's law firm handles all the Midland's business. I'm only the junior member, but I can't afford ——"

"The Midland?" asked Wally.

"Yes, the Midland Manufacturing Company—Peck, Peebles and Hamilton. Watlington's money is invested in the concern too."

"Why," said Wally, "that's the entire gang, isn't it—Greens Committee and all?"

"The Big Four," said I. "You can see how it is. They're rather important—as clients. There has been no end of litigation over the site for that new plant of theirs down on Third Avenue, and we've handled all of it."

But Wally hadn't been listening to me.

"So all the eggs are in one basket!" he exclaimed. "That simplifies matters. Now, if one of 'em had been a doctor and one of 'em a lawyer and one of 'em ——"

"What are you talking about?" I demanded.

"Blest if I know!" said Wally.

So far as I could learn no official action was taken by the Big Four because of conduct and language unbecoming a gentleman and a golfer. Before I left the clubhouse I had a word or two with Peebles. He was sitting at a table in the corner of the lounging room, nibbling at a piece of cheese and looking as meek as Moses.

"We—ah—considered the source," said he. "The boy is young and—rash, quite rash. His father was a mule-skinner—it's in the blood—can't help it possibly. Yes, we considered the source. Absolutely!"

I didn't see very much of Wally after that, but I understood that he played the course in the mornings and gave the club a wide berth on Wednesdays and Saturdays. His default didn't help me any. I was handsomely licked in the finals—four and three, I believe it was. About that time something happened which knocked golf completely out of my mind.

IV

I WAS sitting in my office one morning when Atkinson, of the C. G. & N., called me on the phone. The railroad offices are in the same building, on the floor above ours.

"That you, Curtiss? I'll be right down. I want to see you."

Now, our firm handles the legal end for the C. G. & N., and it struck me that Atkinson's voice had a nervous worried ring to it. I was wondering what could be the matter, when he came breezing in all out of breath.

"You told me," said he, "that there wouldn't be any trouble about that spur track along Third Avenue."

"For the Midland people, you mean? Oh, that's arranged for. All we have to do is appear before the City Council and make the request for a permit. To-morrow morning it comes off. What are you so excited about?"

"This," said Atkinson. He pulled a big red handbill out of his pocket and unfolded it. "Possibly I'm no judge, Curtiss, but this seems to be enough to excite anybody."

I spread the thing out on my desk and took a look at it. Across the top was one of those headlines that hit you right between the eyes:

SHALL THE CITY COUNCIL
LICENSE CHILD MURDER?

Well, that was a fair start, you'll admit, but it went on from there. I don't remember ever reading anything quite so vitriolic. It was a bitter attack on the proposed spur track along Third Avenue, which is the habitat of the downtrodden workingman and the playground of his children. Judging solely by the handbill, anyone would have thought that the main idea of the C. G. & N. was to kill and maim as many toddling infants as possible. The Council was made an accessory before the fact, and the thing wound up with an appeal to class prejudice and a ringing call to arms.

"Men of Third Avenue, shall the City Council give to the bloated bondholders of an impudent monopoly the right to torture and murder your innocent babes? Shall your street be turned into a speedway for a modern car of Juggernaut? Let your answer be heard in the Council Chamber tomorrow morning—'No, a thousand times, no!'"

I read it through to the end. Then I whistled.

"This," said I, "is hot stuff—very hot stuff! Where did it come from?"

"The whole south end of town is plastered with bills like it," said Atkinson glumly. "What have we done now, that they should be picking on us? When have we killed any children, I would like to know? What started this? Who started it? Why?"

"That isn't the big question," said I. "The big question is: Will the City Council stand hitched in the face of this attack?"

The door opened and the answer to that question appeared—Barney MacShane, officially of the rank and file of the City Council of our fair city, in reality the guiding spirit of that body of petty pirates. Barney was moist and nervous, and he held one of the bills in his right hand. His first words were not reassuring.

(Continued on Page 68)

P-R-E-P-A-R-E-D-!

FOR COMFORT CONVENIENCE ECONOMY

Wear Union-Alls for Work or for Play — Everybody's Doing It

UNION Lee MADE

Union-Alls

TRADE MARK REG.

Shirt and Pants All In One

"Preparedness"—that's it. LEE UNION-ALLS are daily preparing hundreds of thousands of men for greater working efficiency. The big, new idea has taken the country by storm. Binding, superfluous clothing is being discarded by workers everywhere. Convenient, comfort-giving, economical LEE UNION-ALLS have come to stay. Good-bye to useless belts, suspender straps, work shirts, separate jackets, etc. The new suit which assures healthful ease and freedom for the body, which slips on and off so quickly, and which is so sturdily made has superseded old fashioned, unsanitary work clothing forever.

But remember there is but one UNION-ALL—that's the Lee

Look for the name on the button. Look for the triple stitched seams, the reinforced strain points, the riveted steel buttons. UNION-ALL is a trade-mark name. Accept no substitute. There is none "just as good".

MOTHERS: Slip a suit of LEE UNION-ALLS on your kiddie. He'll be delighted with a suit "just like Dad's". What a saving there'll be in stockings, trousers and shirt waists; what a reduction in the high cost of living. It's the ideal summer play suit.

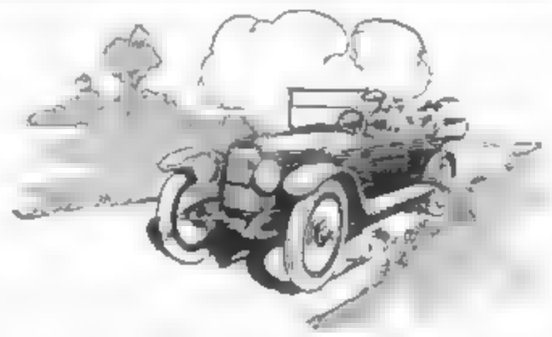
Lee Union-Alls

are made of khaki, heavy blue denim, express stripe, pin check or white twill. Children's sizes are from 2 years to 12 years and are made "just like Dad's". Ask your dealer to show you LEE UNION-ALLS. If he does not supply you, send your order direct to any of our factories, enclosing money order and stating size and material desired. Sent prepaid to any address in the United States.

Men's 34 to 50 Chest	$3.00
Youths' 12 to 17 Years	2.25
Boys' 7 to 11 Years	1.75
Child's 2 to 6 Years	1.50

The H. D. Lee Mercantile Company

Factories and Branches at: Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kas., Salina, Kas., Waterbury, Conn., South Bend, Ind.



Higher-speed engines have put your lubricating oil on its mettle

A number of cars are now equipped with engines capable of an engine speed of from 2000 to 2600 revolutions per minute—some over.

To realize the meaning of this new demand on lubrication, we must know what 2600 r. p. m. means.

Every second the magneto must furnish 21 individual sparks in each cylinder. 21 times *per second* the temperature, at time of ignition, reaches from 2000° to 3000° F.

In an engine having, for instance, a bore of 3¼" and stroke of 4½", during each *second* each piston travels over a surface equal to about 27 square feet.

If the combined heats of combustion and friction were permitted to continue unchecked, the cylinders would soon be a mass of molten metal.

Destructive friction-heat must be prevented. The burden falls sharply on a thin film of lubricating oil—seldom over .003 of an inch thick.

If the oil is of poor quality this thin film stands in great danger of breaking down.

A prominent manufacturer of tractors recently made the following severe test—

A tractor pulling 6500 pounds on drag was driven for 30 minutes through mud ten inches deep. With a supposedly good oil the water in the radiator reached boiling point in 17 minutes. On replacing this oil with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils, the boiling point, under the same operating conditions, was not reached until 27 minutes passed by.

This plainly indicates better lubrication and a marked reduction of friction heat.

Write for new 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Marine Engines.

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation:—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below the letter preceding the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. [illegible] recommendations are for cars of both pleasure and commercial [illegible] unless otherwise noted.

Model of CARS	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	[illegible] Summer	[illegible] Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter
Abbott-Detroit (8 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 33-34-35)					A	Arc				
Apperson (8 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn (4-cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" (6 cyl)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Autocar (2 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Avery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mod. 3 & C tons			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Brisco			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Buick			A	A						
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
8 cyl							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
"	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
Chalmers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. 6-40)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. 6-36)			A	Arc						
Chandler Six	A	A	A	A						
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Cole	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" (Mod. C)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
Delaunay-Belleville					B	A	B	A	A	A
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					Arc	Arc				
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E				
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Federal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
H. A. L.	A	A	A	A						
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Hudson			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	Arc	A	A						
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
" (6 cyl)	A	A								
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel			E	E	E	E				
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
King					A	A	A	A	A	E
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Mod. 48)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Lippard Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. M)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	E	F	F	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22-70)					Arc	Arc				
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
8 cyl			A	A					A	Arc
Moline Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Moon 6					Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
8 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
National	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
12 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
8 cyl			A	A						
Oldsmobile			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
8 cyls	A	A	A	A						
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard					A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
12 cyl	A	A	A	A						
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A
Paige					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
6-46	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
" 6-50 & 38	A	Arc	A	A	A	A				
Pathfinder	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
12 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
6 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
4 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Reliance			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Richmond	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickey	E	E								
Scripps	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
Sterling	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Stearns	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Stearns-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
8 cyl	A	A	B	A						
Sterling Wisconsin	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A
Texas 4 cyl					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A		
Westcott	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
White	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Wisconsin Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Woods	Arc	Arc								
Overton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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(Continued from Page 66)

"All hell is loose—loose for fair!" said he. "Take a look at this thing."

"We have already been looking at it," said I with a laugh intended to be light and care-free. "What of it? You don't mean to tell me that you are going to let a mere scrap of paper bother you?"

Barney mopped his forehead and sat down heavily.

"You can laugh," said he, "but there is more than paper behind this. The whole west end of town is up in arms overnight, and I don't know why. Nobody ever kicked up such a rumpus about a spur track before. That's my ward, you know, and I just made my escape from a deputation of women and children. They treed me at the City Hall—before all the newspaper men—and they held their babies up in their arms and they dared me—yes, dared me—to let this thing go through. And the election coming on and all. It's hell, that's what it is!"

"But, Barney," I argued, "we are not asking for anything which the city should not be glad to grant. Think what it means to your ward to have this fine big manufacturing plant in it! Think of the men who will have work ——"

"I'm thinking of them," said Barney sorrowfully. "They're coming to the Council meeting to-morrow morning, and if this thing goes through I may as well clean out my desk. Yes, they're coming, and so are their wives and their children, and they'll bring transparencies and banners and God knows what all ——"

"But listen, Barney! This plant means prosperity to every one of your people ——"

"They're saying they'll make it an issue in the next campaign," mumbled MacShane. "They say that if that spur track goes down on Third Avenue it's me out of public life—and they mean it too. God knows what's got into them all at once—they're like a nest of hornets. And the women voting now too. That makes it bad—awful bad! You know as well as I do that any agitation with children mixed up in it is the toughest thing in the world to meet." He struck at the poster with a sudden spiteful gesture. "From beginning to end," he snarled, "it's just an appeal not to let the railroad kill the kids!"

"But that's nonsense—bunk!" said Atkinson. "Every precaution will be taken to prevent accidents. You've got to think of the capital invested."

Barney rolled a troubled eye in his direction.

"You go down on Third Avenue," said he, "and begin talking to them people about capital! Try it once. What the hell do they care about capital? They was brought up to hate the sound of the word! You know and I know that capital ain't near as black as it's painted, but can you tell them that? Huh! And a railroad ain't ever got any friends in a gang standing round on the street corners!"

"But," said I, "this isn't a question of friends—it's a straight proposition of right and wrong. The Midland people have gone ahead and put up this big plant. They were given to understand that there would be no opposition to the spur track going down. They've got to have it! The success of their business depends on it! Surely you don't mean to tell me that the Council will refuse this permit?"

"Well," said Barney slowly, "I've talked with the boys Carter and Garvey and Dillon. They're all figuring on running again, and they're scared to death of it. Garvey says we'd be damned fools to go against an agitation like this—so close to election, anyhow."

I argued the matter from every angle—the good of the city; the benefit to Barney's ward—but I couldn't budge him.

"They say that the voice of the people is the voice of God," said he, "but we know that most of the time it's only noise. Sometimes the noise kind of dies out, and then's the time to step in and cut the melon. But any kind of noise so close to election? Huh! Safety first!"

Before the meeting adjourned it was augmented by the appearance of the president and vice president of the Midland Manufacturing Company, Colonel Jim Peck and old Peebles, and never had I seen those stiff-necked gentlemen so humanly agitated.

"This is terrible!" stormed the Colonel. "Terrible! This is unheard of! It is an outrage—a crime—a crying shame to the city! Think of our investment! Other manufacturing plants got their spur tracks for the asking. There was no talk of killing children. Why—why have we been singled out for attack—for—for blackmail?"

"You can cut out that kind of talk right now!" said Barney sternly. "There ain't a nickel in granting this permit, and you know it as well as I do. Nobody ain't trying to blackmail you! All the dough in town won't swing the boys into line behind this proposition while this rumpus is going on. And since you're taking that slant at it, here's the last word—sit tight and wait till after election!"

"But the pl-plant!" bleated Peebles, tearing a blotter to shreds with shaking fingers. "The plant! Think of the loss of time—and we—we expected to open up next month!"

"Go ahead and open up," said Barney. "You can truck your stuff to the depots, can't you? Yes, yes—I get you about the loss! Us boys in the Council—we got something to lose too. Now here it is, straight from the shoulder, and you can bet on it." Barney spoke slowly, wagging his forefinger at each word. "If that application comes up to-morrow morning, with the Council chamber jammed with folks from the south end of town—good-a-by, John! Fare thee well! It ain't in human nature to commit political suicide when a second term is making eyes at you. Look at our end of it for a while. We got futures to think of, too, and Garvey—Garvey wants to run for mayor some day. You can't afford to have that application turned down, can you? Of course not. Have a little sense. Keep your shirts on. Get out and see who's behind this thing. Chances are somebody wants something. Find out what it is—rig up a compromise—get him to call off the dogs. Then talk to me again, and I'll promise you it'll go through as slick as a greased pig!"

"I believe there's something in that," said I. "We've never run into such a hornets' nest as this before. There must be a reason. Atkinson, you've got a lot of gumshoe men on your staff. Why don't you turn 'em loose to locate this opposition?"

"You're about two hours late with that suggestion," said the railroad representative. "Our sleuths are on the job now. If they find out anything I'll communicate with you P. D. Q."

"Good!" ejaculated Colonel Peck. "And if it's money ——"

"Aw, you make me sick!" snapped Barney MacShane. "You think money can do everything, don't you? Well, it can't! For one thing, it couldn't get me to shake hands with a stiff like you!"

▼

I WAS called away from the dinner table on the following Friday evening. Watlington was on the telephone.

"That you, Curtiss? Well, we think we've got in touch with the bug under the chip. Can you arrange to meet us in Room 85 at the Hotel Brookmore at nine to-night? . . . . No, I can't tell you a thing about it. We're asked to be there you're asked to be there and that's as far as my information goes. Don't be late."

When I entered Room 85 four men were seated at a long table. They were Elsberry J Watlington, Colonel Jim Peck, Samuel Alexander Peebles and W. Cotton Hamilton. They greeted me with a certain amount of nervous irritability. The Big Four had been through a cruel week and showed the marks of strain.

"Where's Atkinson?" I asked.

"It was stipulated, expressly stipulated," said old Peebles, "that only the five of us should be present. The whole thing is most mysterious. I—I don't like the looks of it."

"Probably a hold-up!" grunted Colonel Peck.

Watlington didn't say anything. He had aged ten years, his heavy smooth-shaven face was set in stern lines and his mouth looked as if it might have been made with a single slash of a razor.

Hamilton mumbled to himself and kept trying to light the end of his thumb instead of his cigar. Peck had his watch in his hand. Peebles played a tattoo on his chin with his fingers.

"Good thing we didn't make that application at the Council meeting," said Hamilton. "I never saw such a gang of thugs!"

"Male and female!" added Colonel Peck. "Well, time's up! Whoever he is, I hope he won't keep us waiting!"

"Ah!" said a cheerful voice. "You don't like to wait, do you, Colonel?"

(Concluded on Page 70)

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(Concluded from Page 68)

There in the doorway stood Wally Wallace, beaming upon the Big Four. Not even on the stage have I ever seen anything to match the expressions on the faces round that table. Old Peebles' mouth kept opening and shutting, like the mouth of a fresh caught carp. The others were frozen, petrified. Wally glanced at me as he advanced into the room, and there was a faint trembling of his left eyelid.

"Well," said Wally briskly, "shall we proceed with the business of the meeting?"

"Business!" Colonel Peck exploded like a firecracker.

"With—you?" It was all Watlington could do to tear the two words out of his throat. He croaked like a big bullfrog.

"With me," said Wally, bowing and taking his place at the head of the table. "Unless," he added, "you would prefer to discuss the situation with the rank and file of the Third Avenue Country Club."

The silence which followed that remark was impressive. I could hear somebody's heart beating. It may have been my own. As usual Colonel Peck was first to recover the power of speech, and again as usual he made poor use of it.

"You—you young whelp!" he gurgled. "So it was ——"

"Shut up, Jim!" growled Watlington, whose eyes had never left Wally's face. Hamilton carefully placed his cigar in the ashtray and tried to put a match into his mouth. Then he turned on me, sputtering.

"Are you in on this?" he demanded.

"Be perfectly calm," said Wally. "Mr. Curtiss is not in on it, as you so elegantly express it. I am the only one who is in on it. Me, myself, W. W. Wallace, at your service. If you will favor me with your attention, I will explain ——"

"You'd better!" ripped out the Colonel.

"Ah," said the youngster, grinning at Peck, "always a little nervous on the tee, aren't you?"

A sudden light flickered in Wally's eyes. He turned to Elsberry J. with an expression that was almost friendly.

"Do you know," said he, "I'm beginning to think there may be human qualities in you after all."

Watlington grunted and nodded his head.

"Take the honor!" said he.

Wally rose and laid the tips of his fingers on the table.

"Members of the Greens Committee and one other"—and here he looked at Hamilton, whose face showed that he had not forgotten the unclassified hog—"we are here this evening to arrange an exchange of courtesies. You think you represent the Midland Manufacturing Company at this meeting. You do not. You represent the Sundown Golf and Country Club. I represent the Third Avenue Country Club—an organization lately formed. You may have heard something of it, though not under that name."

He paused to let this sink in.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "you may recall that I once made a courteous request of you for something which was entirely within my rights. You made an arbitrary ruling on that request. You refused to let me through. You told me I was too fresh, and advised me to sit down and cool off. I see by your faces that you recall the occasion.

"You may also recall that I promised to devote myself to the task of teaching you to be more considerate of others. Gentlemen, I am the opposition to your playing through on Third Avenue. I am the Man Behind. I am the Voice of the People. I am a singleton on the course, holding you up while I sink a putt. If you ask me why, I will give you your own words in your teeth: You can't go through because I don't want you to go through."

Here he stopped long enough to light a cigarette, and again his left eyelid flickered, though he did not look at me. I think if he had I should have erupted.

"You see," said he, flipping the match into the air, "it has been necessary to teach you a lesson—the lesson, gentlemen, of courtesy on the course, consideration for others. I realized that this could never be done on a course where you have power to make the rules—or break them. So I selected another course. Members of the Greens Committee and one other, you do not make the rules on Third Avenue. You are perfectly within your rights in asking to go through; but I have blocked you. I have made you sit down on the bench and cool off. Gentlemen, how do you like being held up when you want to play through? How does it feel?"

I do not regret my inability to quote Colonel Peck's reply to this question.

"Quit it, Jim!" snapped Watlington. "Your bark was always worse than your bite, and it's not much of a bark at that 'Sound and fury, signifying nothing.' Young man, I take it you are the chairman of the Greens Committee of this Third Avenue Country Club, empowered to act. May I ask what are our chances of getting through?"

"I know I'm going to like you—in time!" exclaimed Wally. "I feel it coming on. Let's see, to-morrow is Saturday, isn't it?"

"What's that got to do with it?" mumbled Hamilton.

"Much," answered Wally. "Oh, much, I assure you! I expect to be at the Sundown Club to-morrow." His chin shot out and his voice carried the sting of a lash. "I expect to see you gentlemen there, playing your usual crawling foursome. I expect to see you allowing your fellow members to pass you on the course. You might even invite them to come through—you might insist on it, courteously, you understand, and with such grace as you may be able to muster. I want to see every member of that club play through you every member!"

"All d-damned nonsense!" bleated Peebles, sucking his fingers.

"Shut up!" ordered Watlington savagely. "And, young man, if we do this what then?"

"Ah, then!" said Wally. "Then the reward of merit. If you show me that you can learn to be considerate of others—if you show me that you can be courteous on the course where you make the rules—I feel safe in promising that you will be treated with consideration on this other course which has been mentioned. Yes, quite safe. In fact, gentlemen, you may even be asked to play through on Third Avenue!"

"But this agitation?" began Hamilton.

"Was paid for by the day," smiled the brazen rascal, with a graceful inclination of his head. "People may be hired to do anything—even to annoy prominent citizens and frighten a City Council." Hamilton stirred uneasily, but Wally read his thought and froze him with a single keen glance. "Of course," said he, "you understand that what has been done once may be done again. Sentiment crystallizes—when helped out with a few more red handbills—a few more speeches on the street corners ——"

"The point is well taken!" interrupted Watlington hurriedly. "Damn well taken! Young man, talk to me. I'm the head of this outfit. Pay no attention to Jim Peck. He's nothing but a bag of wind. Hamilton doesn't count. His nerves are no good. Peebles—he's an old goat. I'm the one with power to act. Talk to me. Is there anything else you want?"

"Nothing," said Wally. "I think your streak of consideration is likely to prove a lasting one. If not—well, I may have to spread this story round town a bit ——"

"Oh, my Lord!" groaned Colonel Peck.

It was a noble and inspiring sight to see the Big Four, hats in hand, inviting the common people to play through. The entire club marched through them—too full of amazement to demand explanations. Even Purdue McCormick, trudging along with a putter in one hand and a mid-iron in the other, without a bag, without a caddie, without a vestige of right in the wide world, even Purdue was coerced into passing them. At dusk he was found wandering aimlessly about on the seventeenth fairway, babbling to himself. We fear that he will never be the same again.

I have received word from Barney MacShane that the City Council will be pleased to grant a permit to lay a spur track on Third Avenue. The voice of the people, he says, has died away to a faint murmuring. Some day I think I will tell Barney the truth. He does not play golf, but he has a sense of humor.

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OVER, UNDER, AROUND OR THROUGH

(Continued from Page 25)

him to deny us our askings. But, for your mock at me, I want you both to know two things: The first is, I desire no headship for myself; the second is this—I take Zurich's orders because I think he has the best head, as a usual thing; and I follow those orders exactly so far as I please, and no step more. I am mean and worthless because I choose to be and not at all because Mayer Zurich led me astray. Got that, now?"

"If you're quite through," said Dewing, "I'll take that ride."

The door closed behind him.

"Disappointed! Had his mouth fixed for a million or so, and didn't get it; couldn't stand the gaff; made him ugly," said Zurich slowly. "And when Dewing is ugly he is unbearable; absolutely the limit."

"Isn't he?" agreed Eric in disgust. "Enough to make a man turn honest."

VI

STANLEY MITCHELL topped the last rise in Morning Gate Pass in the late afternoon. Cobre Basin spread deep and wide before him, ruddy in the low sun; Cobre town and mines, on his left, loomed dim and misshapen in the long dark shadows of the hills.

Awguan, top horse and foreman of Stanley's mount, swung pitapat down the winding pass at a brisk fox trot. The gallop, as a road gait, is frowned upon in the cow countries as immature and wasteful of equine energy.

He passed Loder's Folly, high above the trail—gray, windowless and forlorn; the trail dipped into the cool shadows, twisted through the mazy deeps of Wait-a-Bit Cañon, clambered zigzag back to the sunlit slope, and curved round the hillsides to join, in long levels, the wood roads on the northern slopes.

As he turned into the level, Stanley's musings were broken in upon by a sudden prodigious clatter. Looking up, he became aware of a terror, rolling portentous down the flinty ridge upon him; a whirlwind streak of billowed dust, shod with sparks, tipped by a hurtling color yet unknown to man; and from the whirlwind issued grievous words.

Awguan leaped forward.

Bounding over bowlders or from them, flashing through catclaw and ocotillo, the appearance swooped and fell, the blend disjoined and shaped to semblance of a very small red pony bearing a very small blue boy. The pony's small red head was quite innocent of bridle; the bit was against his red breast, held there by small hands desperate on the reins; the torn headstall flapped rakishly about the red legs. Making the curve at sickening speed, balanced over everlasting nothingness for a moment of breathless equipoise, they took the trail.

Awguan thundered after. Stanley bent over, pelted by flying pebbles and fragments of idle words.

Small chance to overhaul the prodigy on that ribbed and splintered hill; Awguan held the sidelong trail at the red pony's heels. They dipped to cross an arroyo; Stan lifted his head and shouted:

"Fall off in the sand!"

"Damnfido!" wailed the blue boy.

Sand flashed in rainbow arches against Awguan's brown face—he shut his eyes against it; they turned up the hill beyond. A little space ahead showed free of bush or bowlder. Awguan took the hillside below the trail, lowered his head, laid his ears back, and bunched his mighty muscles. He drew alongside; leaning far over, heel to cantle, Stan threw his arm about the small red neck and dragged the red pony to a choking stand. The small blue boy slipped to earth, twisted the soft bridle rein once and again to a miraculous double half hitch about the red pony's jaw, and tightened it with a jerk.

"I've got him!" shrieked the blue boy.

The red pony turned mild bright eyes upon brown Awguan, and twitched red velvet ears to express surprise, and wrinkled a polite nose.

"Hello! I hadn't noticed you before. Fine day, isn't it?" said the ears.

Awguan rolled his wicked eye and snorted. The blue boy shrilled a comment of surprising particulars—a hatless boy in denim. Stanley turned his head at a clatter of hoofs; Something Dewing, on the trail from town, galloped to join them.

"That was a creditable arrest you made, Mitchell," he said, drawing rein. "I saw it all from the top of Mule Hill. And I certainly thought our Little Boy Blue was going to take the Big Trip. He'll make a hand!"

The gambler's eyes, unguarded and sincere for once, flashed quizzical admiration at Little Boy Blue, who, concurrently with the above speech, quavered forth his lurid personal opinions of the red pony. He was a lean, large-eyed person, apparently of some nine or ten years—which left his vocabulary unaccounted for; his face was smeared and bleeding, scratched by catclaw; his apparel much bettattered by the same reason.

He now checked a flood of biographical detail concerning the red pony long enough to fling a remark their way:

"Ain't no Boy Blue—damn your soul! Name's Robteeleecarr!"

Dewing and Mitchell exchanged glances.

"What's that? What did he say?"

"He means to inform you," said Dewing, "that his name is Robert E. Lee Carr." His glance swept appraisingly up the farther hill, and he chuckled: "Old Israel Putnam would be green with envy if he had seen that ride. Some boy!"

"He must be a new one to Cobre; I've never seen him before."

"Been here a week or ten days, and he's a notorious character already. So is Nan-ná."

"Nan-ná, I gather, being the pony?"

"Exactly. Little Apache devil, that horse is. Robert's dad, one Jackson Carr, is going to try freighting. He's camped over the ridge at Hospital Springs, letting his horses feed up and get some meat on their bones. Here! Robert E. Lee, drop that club or I'll put the dingbats on you instanter! Don't you pound that pony! I saw you yesterday racing the streets with the throat-latch of your bridle unbuckled. Serves you right!"

Robert E. Lee reluctantly abandoned the sotol stalk he had been breaking to a length suitable for admonitory purposes.

"All right! But I'll fix him yet—see if I don't! He's got to pack me back up that hill after my hat. Gimme a knife, so's I can cut a saddle string and mend this bridle." These remarks are expurgated.

He mended the bridle; he loosened the cinches and set the saddle back. Stan, dismounting, made a discovery.

"I've lost a spur. Thought something felt funny. Noticed yesterday that the strap was loose." He straightened up from a contemplation of his boot heel; with a sudden thought, he searched the inner pocket of his coat. "And that isn't all. By George, I've lost my pocketbook, and a lot of money in it! But it can't be far; I've lost it somewhere on my boy chase. Come on, Dewing; help me hunt for it."

They left the boy at his mending and took the back track. Before they had gone a dozen yards Dewing saw the lost spur, far down the hill, lodged under a prickly pear. Stanley, searching intently for his pocketbook, did not see the spur. And Dewing said nothing; he lowered his eyelids to veil a sudden evil thought and when he raised them again his eyes, which for a little had been clear of all save boyish mischief, were once more tense and hard.

Robert E. Lee Carr clattered gayly by them and pushed up the hill to recover his hat. The two men rode on slowly; a brown pocketbook upon a brown hillside is not easy to find. But they found it at last, just where Stanley had launched his pursuit of the hatless horseman. It had been jostled from his pocket in the first wild rush. Stanley retrieved it with a sigh of relief.

"Are you sure you had your spur here?" asked Dewing. "Maybe you lost it before and didn't notice it."

"Oh, never mind the spur," said Stan. "I'm satisfied to get my money. Let's wait for Little Boy Blue and we'll all go in together?"

"Want to try a little game to-night?" suggested Dewing. "I could use that money of yours. It seems a likely bunch—if it's all money. Pretty plump wallet, I call it."

"No more for me," laughed Stanley. "You behold in me a reformed character."

"Stick to that, boy," said Dewing. "Gambling is bad business."

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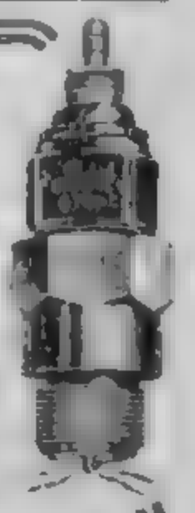

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It grew on to dusk when Robert E. Lee Carr rejoined them; it was pitch dark when they came to the Carr camp fire at Hospital Springs, close beside the trail; when they reached Cobre suppertime was over.

At the Mountain House Stanley ordered a special supper cooked for him, with real potatoes and cow milk. Dewing refused a drink, pleading his profession; and Stanley left his fat wallet in the Mountain House safe.

"Well, I'll say good night now," said Dewing. "See you after supper?"

"Oh, I'll side you a ways yet. Goin' up to the shack to unsaddle. Always like to have my horse eat before I do. And you'll not see me after supper—not unless you are up at the post office. I'm done with cards."

"I'd like to have a little chin with you to-morrow," said Dewing. "Not about cards. Business. I'm sick of cards, myself. I'll never be able to live 'em down—especially with this pleasing nickname of mine. I want to talk trade. About your ranch: You've still got your wells and water holes? I was thinking of buying them of you and going in for the straight and narrow. I might even stock up and throw in with you—but you wouldn't want a partner from the wrong side of the table? Well, I don't blame you—but say, Stan, on the level, it's a funny old world, isn't it?"

"I'm going to take the stage to-morrow. See you when I come back. I'll sell. I'm reformed about cattle too," said Stan.

At the ball ground he bade Dewing good night. The latter rode on to his own hostelry at the other end of town. Civilization patronized the Admiral Dewey as nearest the railroad; mountain men favored the Mountain House as being nearest to grass.

Stanley turned up a side street to the one-roomed adobe house on the edge of town that served as city headquarters for himself and Johnson. He unsaddled in the little corral; he brought a feed of corn for brown Awguan; he brought currycomb and brush and made glossy Awguan's sleek sides, turning him loose at last, with a friendly slap, to seek pasture on Cobre Hills. Then he returned to the Mountain House for the delayed supper.

Meantime Mr. Something Dewing held a hurried consultation with Mr. Mayer Zurich; and forthwith took horse again for Morning Gate Pass, slipping by dark streets from the town, turning aside to pass Hospital Springs. Where the arrest of the red pony had been effected Dewing dismounted; below the trail, a dozen yards away, he fished Mr. Stanley Mitchell's spur from under a prickly pear; and returned in haste to Cobre.

After his supper Stanley strolled into Zurich's—The New York Store.

Unknown to him, at that hour brown Awguan was being driven back to his little home corral, resaddled—with Stanley's saddle—and led away into the dark.

Stanley exchanged greetings with the half dozen customers who lingered at the counters, and demanded his mail. Zurich handed out two fat letters with the postmark of Abingdon, New York. While Stanley read them Zurich called across the store to a purchaser of cigars and tobacco:

"Hello, Wiley! Thought you had gone to Silverbell so wild and fierce."

"Am ageing now," said Wiley, "soon as I throw a couple or three drinks under my belt."

"Say, Bat, do you think you'll make the morning train? It's going on nine now."

"Surest thing you know! That span of mine can stroll along mighty peart. Once I get out on the flat, we'll burn the breeze."

"Come over here, then," said Zurich. "I want you to take some cash and send it down to the bank by express—about eight hundred; and some checks besides. I can't wait for the stage—it won't get there till to-morrow night. I've overdrawn my account, with my usual carelessness, and I want this money to get to the bank before the checks do."

Stanley went back to his little one-roomed house. He shaved, bathed, laid out his Sunday best, reread his precious letters, and dropped off to dreamless sleep.

Between midnight and one o'clock Bat Wiley, wild-eyed and raging, burst into the barroom of the Admiral Dewey and startled with a tale of wrongs such part of wakeful Cobre as there made wassail. At the crossing of Largo Draw he had been held up at a gun's point by a single robber on horseback; Zurich's money had been taken from him, together with some seventy dollars of his own; his team had been turned loose; it had taken him nearly an hour to catch them again, so delaying the alarm by that much.

Boots and spurs; saddling of horses; Bob Holland, the deputy sheriff, was called from his bed; a swift posse galloped into the night, joined at the last moment by Mr. Dewing, who had retired early but had been roused by the clamor.

They came to Largo Crossing at daybreak. The trail of the robber's horse led straight to Cobre, following bypaths through the mountains. The tracks showed plainly that his coming had been by these same short cuts, saving time while Bat Wiley had followed the tortuous stage road through the hills. Halfway back a heavy spur lay in the trail; someone recognized it as Stanley Mitchell's—a smith-wrought spur, painfully fashioned from a single piece of drill steel.

They came to Cobre before sunup; they found brown Awguan, dejected and sweat-streaked, standing in hip-shot weariness on the hill near his corral. In the corral Stanley's saddle lay in the sand, the blankets sweat-soaked.

Unwillingly enough, Holland woke Stan from a smiling sleep to arrest him. They searched the little room, finding the mate to the spur found on the trail, but nothing else to their purpose. But at last, bringing Stan's saddle in before locking the house, Bull Pepper noticed a bumpy appearance in the sheepskin lining, and found, between saddle skirt and saddle tree, the stolen money in full, and even the checks that Zurich had sent.

They haled him before the justice, who was also proprietor of the Mountain House. Waiving examination, Stanley Mitchell was held to meet the action of the Grand Jury; and in default of bond—his guilt being assured and manifest—he was committed to Tucson Jail.

The morning stage, something delayed on his account, bore him away under guard, en route, most clearly, for the penitentiary.

VII

MR. PETER JOHNSON'S arrival in Morning Gate Pass was coincident with that of a very bright and business-like sun. Mr. Johnson had made a night ride from the Gavilan country, where he had spent the better part of a pleasant week, during which he had contrived to commingle a minimum of labor with a joyous maximum of innocent amusement. The essence of these diversions consisted of attempts—purposely clumsy—to elude the vigilance of such conspirator prospectors as yet remained to neighbor him; sudden furtive sallies and excursions, beginning at all unreasonable and unexpected hours, ending always in the nothing they set out for, followed always by the frantic espionage of his mystified and bedeviled guardians—on whom the need fell that some of them must always watch while their charge reposed from his labors.

Tiring at last of this pastime, observing also that his playfellows grew irritable and desperate, Mr. Johnson had sagely concluded that his entertainment palled. Caching most of his plunder and making a light pack of the remainder, he departed, yawning, taking trail for Cobre in the late afternoon of the day preceding his advent in Morning Gate.

He perched on the saddle, with a leg curled round the horn; he whistled the vivacious air of Tule, Tule Pan, a gay fanfaronade of roistering notes, the Mexican words for which are, for considerations of high morality, best unsung.

The pack horses paced down the trail, far ahead, with snatched nibblings at convenient wayside tufts of grass.

Jackson Carr, freighter, was still camped at Hospital Springs. He lifted up his eyes as this careless procession sauntered down the hills; and, rising, intercepted its coming at the forks of the trail, heading the pack horses in toward his camp. He walked with a twisting limp, his blue eyes were faded and pale, his bearded face was melancholy and sad; but as he seated himself on a stone and waited for Johnson's coming, some of the sadness passed and his somber face lit up with unwonted animation.

"Howdy, Pete! I heard yuh was coming. I waited for yuh."

Pete leaped from his horse and gripped the freighter's hand.

(Continued on Page 77)

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

Up Hill or Down It's Double Duty for the Axle

Gathering headway on the level you take the up-grade with a running start—

And almost immediately *two tremendous forces attack the gears in your rear axle.*

All the way up to the summit, motor-power is *pulling ahead*, weight of car and passengers is *dragging back*. Coming down, it's the motor or the brakes that hold back, and gravity that pulls ahead.

Six gear teeth must withstand the efforts of these conflicting forces to tear them apart or force them out of mesh.

Six little teeth—three in the pinion and three in the big bevel gear! And while under that relentless stress, they must also take the sudden wrench, shock and pound of every rut and thank-you-ma'am.

But for your protection, Timken-Detroit Axle engineering insists, first of all, on *anticipating and providing for the extreme emergencies of hard service.*

Back in the factory, a companion gear to the one in your axle—exactly like it in every detail, made of the same steel, fashioned by the same machines—was sacrificed to prove that *your* gear would do its duty.

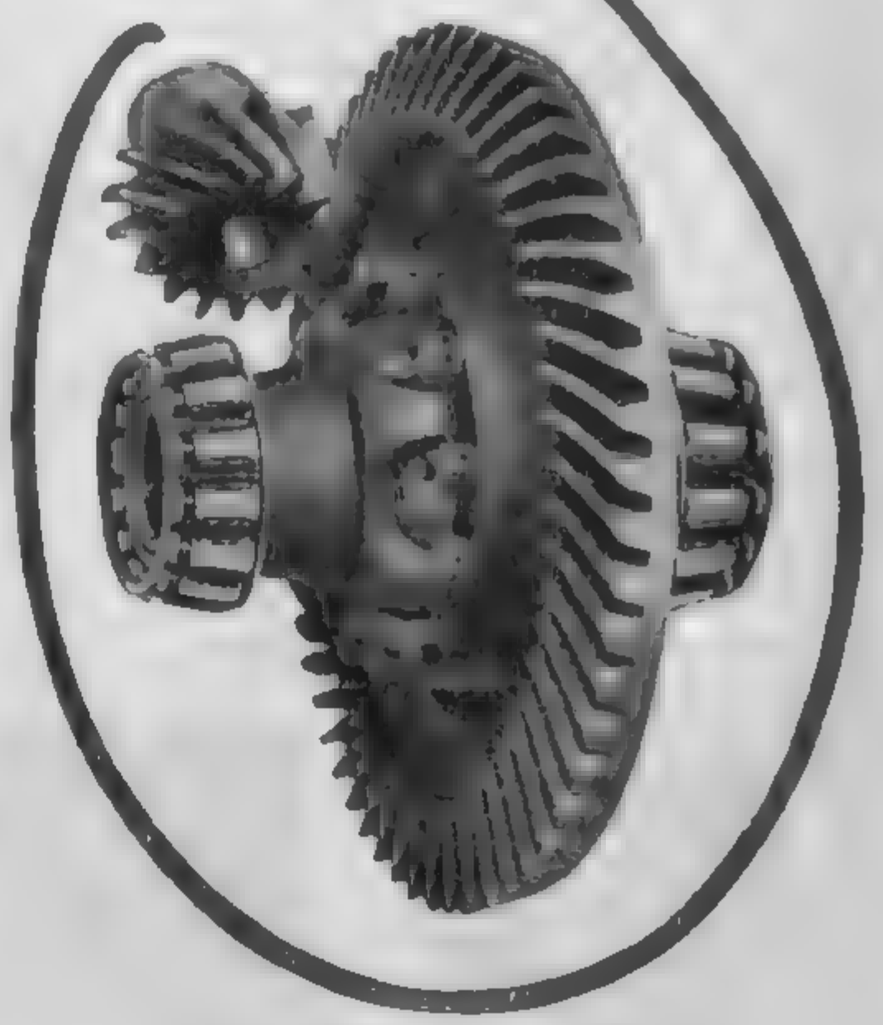
That brother gear was locked in mesh between two pinion gears revolving in opposite directions with forces greater than the forces of motor and gravity on the steepest hills.

More and more power was turned on till the teeth of gear or pinion finally gave way *far beyond the danger limit.*

Not that Timken-Detroit Gears are indestructible or that the full power of a high speed motor might not—*once in a million starts, perhaps*—break a tooth, for perfection is unattainable through human agency. *Nor has the steel-making art been able to attain absolute uniformity.*

But the margin of safety provided by that gear test protects you on the hills or the level. And you'll find it in every part and piece of Timken-Detroit front and rear axles.

The inside facts about good axle construction are yours for the asking. Write for the Timken Primer, A-7, "On Axles." Sent free, postpaid, on request.



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The larger one delivers that power to the rear wheels. The six teeth in mesh at any time must literally lift your car up over the hill against the resistance of gravity.

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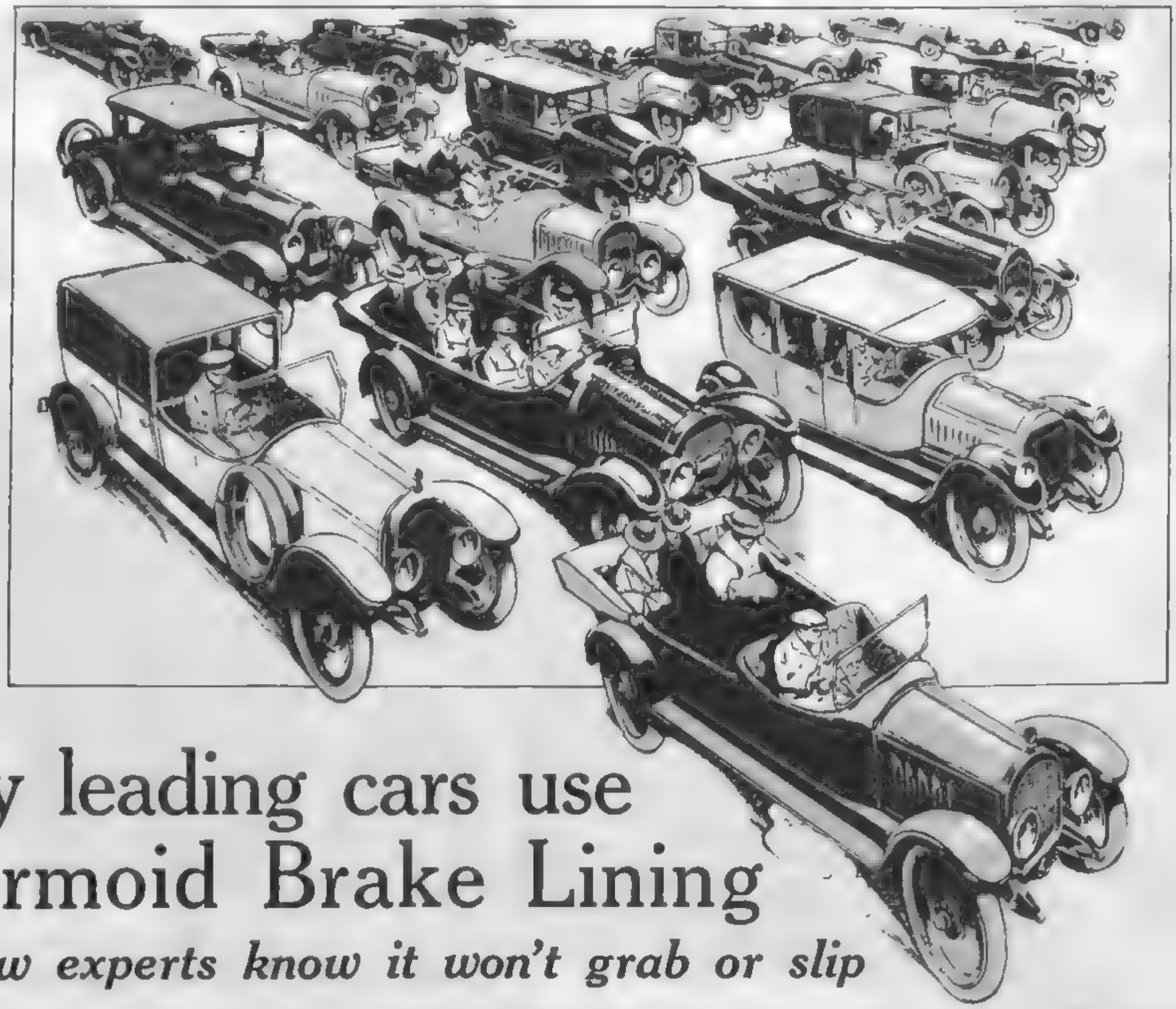

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Apperson	*Cadillac*	*Union Truck*
Autocar	*National*	*Denby Truck*
Premier	*Stephens*	*Fulton Truck*
Auburn	*Kline Kar*	*Gersix Truck*
Haynes	*Patterson*	*Republic Truck*
Kissel	*Pathfinder*	*Bessemer Truck*
White	*Atlas Truck*	*Sayers & Scovill*
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This means its entire construction is such that brakes equipped with Thermoid Brake Lining cannot grab or slip, no matter how thin Thermoid becomes throughout long usage.

A grabbing or slipping brake lining is a constant source of danger to the motorist.

Three tests prove Thermoid Brake Lining's worth

Thermoid Brake Lining proves its superiority in passing all three drastic tests by which brake lining efficiency is determined—*Coefficient of Friction Test—Absorption Test—Durability Test.*

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The reason Thermoid Brake Lining has the ideal coefficient of friction, is impervious to moisture, and is durable, lies in its scientific construction. In its process of manufacture it has three exclusive features:

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This means longer service—best service. *Thermoid is over 40% heavier than any woven brake lining, not hydraulic compressed.* That is why it is better fitted to stand the responsibilities placed on it.

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Thermoid brake lining is impregnated throughout with Grapnal. This exclusive process makes it impervious to gasoline, oil, water, dust, etc. No other brake lining is Grapnalized, or can be. That is why ordinary brake lining will not, and cannot give the length of life and service that Thermoid Brake Lining does give.

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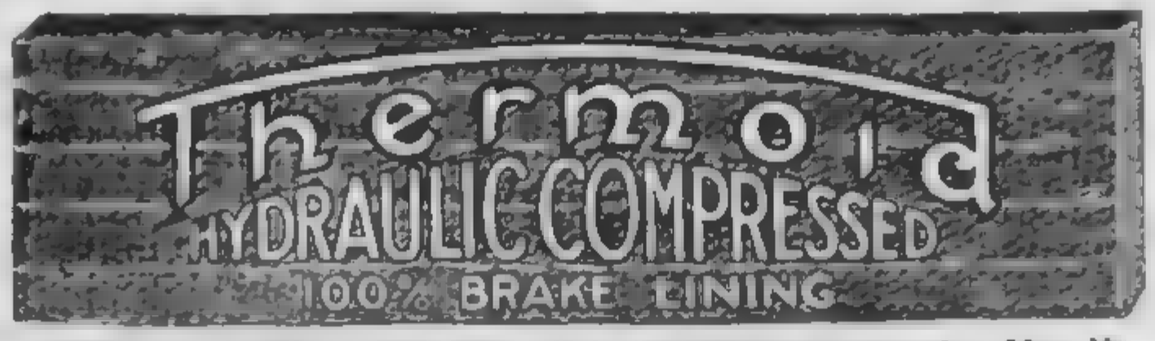


Makers of "Thermoid Tires" and "Thermoid Garden Hose"

(Continued from Page 74)

"Jackson Carr, by all that's wonderful! Jack, old man! How is it with youse?"

Jackson Carr hesitated, speaking slowly:

"Sally's gone, Pete. She died eight years ago. She had a hard life of it, Pete. Gay and cheerful to the last, though. Always such a brave little trick." . . .

His voice trailed off to silence. It was long before Pete Johnson broke upon that silence.

"We'll soon be by with it, Jack. Day before yesterday we was boys together in Uvalde an' Miss Sally a tomboy with us. To-morrow will be no worse, as I figure it." He looked hard at the hills. "It can't all be a silly joke. That would be too stupid! No dolthead ever made these hills. It's all right, I reckon. . . . And the little shaver? He was only a yearlin' when I saw him last. And I haven't heard a word about you since."

"Right as rain, Bobby is. Goin' on ten now. Of course 'tain't as if he had his mother to look after him; but I do the best I can by him. Wish he had a better show for schoolin', though. I haven't been prosperin' much—since Sally died. Seems like I sorter lost my grip. But I aim to put Bobby in school here when it starts up, next fall. I am asking you no questions about yourself, Pete, because I have done little but ask questions about you since I first heard you were here, four or five days ago."

"By hooky, Jack, I never expected to see you again. Where you been all these years? And how'd you happen to turn up here?"

"Never mind me, Pete. Here is too much talk of my affairs and none of yours. Man, I have news for your ear! Your pardner's in jail."

"Ya-as! What's he been doin' now?"

"Highway robbery! He got caught with the goods on. Eight or nine hundred."

"The little old skeesicks! Who'd have thought it of him?" said Pete tolerantly. Then his face clouded over. "He might have let me in on it!" he complained. "Jack, you lead me to your grub pile and tell me all about it. Sounds real interestin'. Where's Bob? He asleep yet?"

"Huh! Asleep?" said Carr with a sniff that expressed fatherly pride in no small degree. "Not him! Lit out o' here at break o' day—him and that devil horse of his, wrangling the work stock. He's a mighty help to me. I ain't very spry on my pins since—you know."

To eke out the words he gave an extra swing to his twisted leg. They came to a great freight wagon under a tree, with tackle showing that it was a six-horse outfit.

"Here we are! Light down and unsaddle, Petey, and we'll take off the packs. Turn your horses loose. Bobby'll look out for them when he comes. No need to hobble. There! Wash up? Over yonder's the pan. I'll pour your coffee and one for myself. I've eaten already. Pitch in!"

Pete equipped himself with tinware and cutlery, doubled one leg under and sat upon it before the fire. From the ovens and skillets on the embers Pete heaped his plate with a savory stew, hot sourdough bread, fried rabbit and canned corn fried to a delicate golden brown. Pete took a deep draught of the unsweetened hot black coffee, placed the cup on the sand beside him and gathered up knife and fork.

From the farther side of the fire Carr brought another skillet, containing jerky, with onions and canned tomatoes.

"From the recipe of a nobleman in the county," he said.

"Now then," said Pete, "tell it to me."

So Carr told him at length the story of the robbery and Stanley Mitchell's arrest, aided by a few questions from Pete.

"And the funny thing is, there's a lot of folks not so well satisfied yet, for all they found the money and notwithstandin' the young feller himself didn't make no holler. They say he wasn't that kind. The deputy sher'f, 'special, says he don't believe but what it was a frame-up to do him. And Bull Pepper, that found the money hid in the saddle riggin', says he: 'That money was put there a-purpose to be found; fixed so it wouldn't be missed.'"

He looked a question.

"Ya-as," said Pete.

Thus encouraged, Carr continued:

"And Old Mose Taylor, at the Mountain House—Mitchell got his hearin' before him, you know—he says Mitchell ain't surprised or excited or much worried, and makes no big kick, just sits quiet, a-studyin', and he's damned if he believes he ever done it. Oh, yes! Mose told me if I see you to tell you young Mitchell left some money in the safe for you."

"Ya-as," said Pete. "Here comes your *caballada*. Likely looking horses, Jack."

"A leetle thin," said Carr.

He took six nose bags, already filled, and fed his wagon stock. Bobby pulled the saddle from the Nan-ná pony, tied him to a bush, and gave him breakfast from his own small *morral*. Then he sidled toward the fire.

"Bobby, come over here," said Bobby's father. "This is your stepuncle, Pete."

Bobby complied. He gave Pete a small grimy hand and looked him over thoughtfully from tip to tip, opening his blue eyes to their widest for that purpose, under their long black lashes.

"You Stan Mitchell's pardner?"

"I am that."

"You goin' to break him out o' the pen?"

"Surest thing you know!" said Pete.

"That's good!" He relaxed his grip on Pete's hand and addressed himself to breakfast. "I like Stan," he announced, with his head in the chuck box.

Pete used the opportunity to exchange a look with Bobby's father.

Bobby emerged from the chuck box and resumed the topic of Stanley Mitchell.

"He'll make a hand after he's been here a spell—Stan will," he stated gravely.

"Oh, you know him, then?"

"I was with him the evenin' before the big doin's. He didn't steal no money!"

"What makes you think so?"

"Easy! He's got brains, hain't he? I rode with him maybe a mile, but I could see that. Well! If he'd stole that money they wouldn't 'a' found it yet. Them fellows make me tired!"

Pete made a pretext of thirst and brought a bucket of water from the spring, crooking a finger at Jackson Carr to follow. Carr found him seated at the spring, shaking with laughter.

"Jack, he's all there—your boy! Couldn't any judge size it up better."

"Frame-up, then?"

"Sure! That part's all right."

"I see you wasn't much taken aback."

"No. We was expectin' something like that and had discounted it. I'm just as well pleased Stan's in jail just now, and I'm going to leave him there a spell. Safer there. You remember old Hank Bergman?"

Carr nodded.

"Well, Hank's the sheriff here—and he'll give us a square deal. Now I'm goin' back to interview that boy of yours some more. I reckon you're right proud of that kid, Jack."

"Yes; I am. Bobby's a pretty good boy most ways. But he swears something dreadful."

"Pull a strap off of him," said Pete warmly. "That's a damn fine boy, and you want to start him right. That's half the battle."

Pete returned to the fire for a final cup of coffee.

"Young man," he said, "would you know that brown horse Stan was ridin' when you met up with him?"

"Awguan? Sure! I'd know him in hell!" said Bobby.

"Well, Stan turned that horse loose to rustle for himself, of course. Do you reckon you could stir round and find him for me—if your dad can spare you? I want to go to the railroad to-night, and Awguan, he's fresh. My horses are tired."

"If you don't want that horse," said Bobby, "don't send me after him."

"Now, Jack," said Pete after Bobby had departed on the search for Awguan, "you go away and don't pester me. I want to think."

To the processes of thought, for the space of four pipes, he gave aid by hugging his knees, as if he had called them in consultation. Then he summoned Jackson Carr.

"How're you fixed for work, Jack?"

"None. I reckon to get plenty, though, when I get my teams fitted up. They're jaded from a lumber job."

"You're hired—for a year, month and day. And as much longer as you like. Suit you?"

"Suits me."

"You're my foreman, then. Hire yourself the first thing. Make your own terms. I'll tell you this much—it's a big thing. A mine—a he-mine; copper. That's partly why Stan is in jail. And if it comes off you won't need to worry about the kid's schooling. I aim to give you, extra, five per cent of my share—and, for men like you and me, five per cent of this lay is exactly the same as all of it. It's that big.

Success Dresses the Part

THE real standard of success today is business success. Captains of Industry are the close advisors of Rulers of Nations.

If you want a perfect picture of success, it is the picture of a physically active, mentally alert, and above all, a *well dressed* American business man.

A man careless about clothes is pushed aside.

It is for the men who are at the top or on their way to success that we make

ADLER-ROCHESTER Clothes

They embody all those qualities of individuality and distinctiveness which we Americans translate into the word Class.

If you want to dress in a way which will lift you above the crowd, wear Adler-Rochester Clothes.

At your request we shall be glad to mail you a copy of a book illustrating Men's Styles for Spring and Summer, 1917

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

HOW do you know they're mowing the lawn?

"Your Nose Knows"

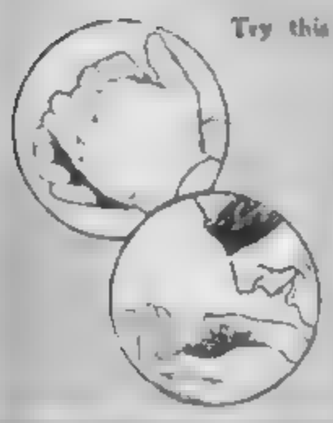
By the *fragrance!* Indescribable, undefinable fragrance! Yet how appealing to your sense of goodness, of freshness, of purity. *Pure fragrance* is the most infallible guide to Nature's best products. Without doubt "Your Nose Knows." The *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco, likewise, is Nature's proof positive of merit—a guarantee of personal satisfaction.

Such a guarantee you will find in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

Blue Grass sunshine and the soil of Old Kentucky give the blended Burley leaves of Tuxedo that rich, *pure fragrance* which is so appealing, so satisfying. There's no fragrance like it. "Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance*

"Your Nose Knows"

"I'm asking you to obey orders in the dark. If you don't know any details you won't be mad, and you won't know who to be mad at; so you won't jump in to save the day if I fail to come through with my end of it on schedule, and get yourself killed off. That ain't all, either. Your face always gives you away; if you knew all the very shrewd people I'm buckin' you'd give 'em the marble eye, and they'd watch you. Not knowin' 'em, you'll treat 'em all alike, and you won't act suspicious.

"Listen now: You drift out quiet and go down on the Gila, somewhere between Mohawk Siding and Walton. Know that country? Yes? That's good. Leave your teams there and you go down to Yuma on the train. I'll get a bit of money for you in Tucson, and it'll be waitin' for you in Old Man Brownell's store, in Yuma. You get a minin' outfit, complete, and a good layout of grub, enough to last six or seven men till it's all gone, and some beddin', two or three thirty-thirty rifles, any large quantity of cartridges, and most anything else you see.

"Here's the particular part: Buy two more wagons, three-and-a-half-inch axles; about twenty barrels; two packsaddles and kegs for same, for packing water from some tanks when your water wagons don't do the trick. Ship all this plunder up to Mohawk.

"Here's the idea: I'm goin' back East for capital, and I'm comin' back soon. Me and my friends—not a big bunch, but every man jack of 'em to be a regular person—are going to start from Tucson, or Douglas, and hug the Mexican border west across the desert, riding light and fast; you're to go south with water; and Cobre is to be none the wiser. Here, I'll make you a map."

He traced the map in the sand.

"Here's the railroad, and Mohawk; here's your camp on the Gila. Just as soon as you get back load up one of your new wagons with water and go south. There's no road, but there's two ranges that makes a lane, twenty miles wide, leadin' to the southeast: Lomas Negrus, the black mountain due south of Mohawk, and Cabeza Prieta, a brown-colored range, farther west. Keep right down the middle, but miss all the sand you can; you'll be layin' out a road you'll have to travel a heap. Only, of course, you can straighten it out and better it after you learn the country. It might be a pious idea for you to ship up a mowing machine and a hayrake from Yuma, like you was fixin' to cut wild hay. It's a good plan always to leave something to satisfy curiosity. Or, play you was aimin' to dry-farm. You shape up your rig to suit yourself but play up to it."

"I'll hay it," said Carr.

"All right—hay it, by all means. Take your first load of water out about twenty-five miles and leave it—using as little as you can to camp on. You'll have to have three full sets of chains and whiffletrees for your six-horse team, of course. You can't bother with dragging a buckboard along behind. Go back to the railroad, take a second load of water, camp the first night out at your first wagon, and leave the second load of water farther south, twenty-five miles or so.

"Then go back to the Gila and pack the rest of your plunder in this wagon of yours, all ready to start the minute you get a telegram from me. Wire back to me so I'll know when to start. You will have water for your horses at twenty-five miles and fifty, and enough left to use when you go back for your next trip. After that we'll have other men to help you.

"When you leave the last wagon put on all the water your horses can draw. You'll strike little or no sand after that and we'll need all the water we can get. With no bad luck, you come out opposite the south end of your black mountain the third day. Wait there for us. It's three long days, horseback, from Tucson; we ought to get to your camp that night.

"If we don't come wait till noon the next day. Then saddle up, take your pack saddles and kegs, and drag it for the extreme south end of the mountains on your west, about twenty miles. That ought to leave enough water at the wagon for us to camp on if we come later. If you wait for us your horses will use it all up.

"When you come to the south end of your Cabeza Prieta Mountain, right spang on the border, you'll find a cañon there, coming down from the north, splitting the range. Turn up that cañon, and when it gets so rough you can't go any farther, keep right on; you'll find some rock tanks full of water, in a box where the sun can't get 'em. That's all. Got that?"

"I've got it," said Carr. "But, Pete, aren't you taking too long a chance? Why can't I—or both of us—just slip down there quietly and do enough work on your mine to hold it? They're liable to beat you to it."

"I've been tryin' to make myself believe that a long time," said Pete earnestly; "but I am far too intelligent. These people are capable of any rudeness. And they are strictly on the lookout. I do not count myself timid, but I don't want to tackle it. That mine ain't worth over six or eight millions at best."

"But they won't be watching me," said Carr.

"Maybe not. I hope not. For one thing, you'll have a good excuse to pull out from Cobre. You won't get any freighting here. Old Zurich has got it all grabbed and contracted for. All you could get would be a subcontract, giving you a chance to do the work and let Zurich take the profit.

"Now to come back to this mine: No one knows where it is. It's pretty safe till I go after it; and I'm pretty safe till I go after it. Once we get to it, it's going to be a case of armed pickets and Who goes there?—night and day, till we get legal title. And it's going to take slews of money and men and horses to get water and supplies to those miners and warriors. Listen: One or the other of two things—two—is going to happen. Count 'em off on your fingers. Either no one will find that mine before me and my friends meet up with you and your water, or else someone will find it before then. If no one finds it first we've lost nothing. That's plain. But if my Cobre friends—the push that railroaded Stan to jail—if they should find that place while I'm back in New York, and little Jackson Carr working on it—Good-by, Jackson Carr! They'd kill you without a word. That's another thing I'm going back to New York for besides getting money. There's something behind Stanley's jail trip besides the copper proposition; and that something is back in New York. I'm going to see what about it.

"Just one thing more: If we don't come, and you have to strike out for the tanks in Cabeza Mountain, you'll notice a mess of low, little, insignificant, roan-colored squatty hills spraddled along to the south of you. You shun them hills, bearing off to your right. There's where our mine is. And someone might be watching you or following your tracks. That's all. Now I'm going to sleep. Wake me about an hour by sun."

Mr Peter Johnson sat in the office of the Tucson Jail and smiled kindly upon Mr. Stanley Mitchell.

"Well, you got here at last," said Stan. "Gee, but I'm glad to see you! What kept you so long."

"Stanley, I am surprised at you. I am so. You keep on like this and you're going to have people down on you. Too bad! But I suppose boys will be boys," said Pete tolerantly.

"I knew you'd spring something like this," said Stan. "Take your time."

"I'm afraid it's you that will take time, my boy. Can't you dig up any evidence to help you?"

"I don't see how. I went to sleep and didn't hear a thing; didn't wake up till they arrested me."

"Oh! You're claiming that you didn't do the robbin' at all? I see-e! Standing on your previous record and insistin' you're the victim of foul play? Sympathy dodge? . . . Hum! You stick to that, my boy," said Pete benevolently. "Maybe that's as good a show as any. Get a good lawyer. If you could hire some real fine old gentleman and a nice little old gray-haired lady to be your parents and weep at the jury, it might help a heap. . . . If you'd only had sense enough to have hid that money where it couldn't have been found, or where it wouldn't have been a give-away on you, at least! I suppose you was scared. But it sorter reflects back on me, since you've been running with me lately. Folks will think I should have taught you better. What made you do it, Stanley?"

"I suppose you think you're going to get me roiled, you old fool! You've got another guess, then. You can't get my nanny! But I do think you might tell me what's been going on. Even a guilty man has his curiosity. Did you get the money I left for you?"

Pete's jaw sagged; his eye expressed foggy bewilderment.

(Continued on Page 81)

$1750
For this
Speedster Type

New Hudson Speedster

With Super-Six Motor—Seating Four

Here is the smartest Speedster you have ever seen. Also the best performer.

We shall not build many. There is too much demand for our regular models. But Hudson dealers in large centers have them. And any Hudson dealer can get them while they last.

We are anxious to scatter our output, and among the right owners. For this model seems to typify the Hudson Super-Six.

Looks the Super-Car

This Hudson Speedster is finished in Cobalt blue, with vermilion wheels. The body edges are beveled, and finished in black.

The body is low and comfortable, and suggestive of a speedster. The steering wheel is at a rakish angle. There are seats for four.

It is for men who want something distinctive—a car that stands out—in this type. The men who get them will have the raciest cars on the road.

The Record-Breaker

The Super-Six motor, used in this Speedster, holds all the worth-while records. That is, the stock-car records for speed, for endurance, for quick pick-up and for hill-climbing.

This stock motor in a touring car—under A. A. A. supervision—has maintained a speed exceeding 75 miles per hour for 100 miles.

This stock motor in a stock chassis has attained a speed of 102.53 miles per hour.

It has made 1819 miles in 24 hours, breaking the record by 52 per cent.

It has twice broken the ocean-to-ocean record, in one continuous 7000-mile round trip. And a special Super-Six, in the world's greatest hill-climb, made the best time against twenty special cars up Pike's Peak.

For All Lovers of a Matchless Car

But the Hudson Super-Six, in its various styles, appeals to more than speed lovers. It appeals to all who admire supremacy. And to all who want endurance.

In all the accepted tests for stock cars, it has proved itself the greatest car that's built.

And all this performance is due to super-endurance. All due to the fact that this invention has reduced motor friction to almost nil. It has nearly doubled endurance, and added 80 per cent to our motor's efficiency.

It has given to Hudson the top place among fine cars. Last year, no car above $1100 equaled it in sales.

All our body styles are designed and finished and equipped to make the Hudson look the leader that it is.

Have you seen our latest bodies?

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Phaeton, 7-passenger . .	$1650	Speedster, 4-passenger .	$1750	Town Car Landaulet . .	$3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger .	1950	Town Car	2925	Limousine	2925
Touring Sedan	2175	(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)		Limousine Landaulet . .	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Holds All Worth-While Records

Have Some

LIFE SAVERS

What Are Life Savers?

Delightful little candy mints. But that doesn't tell the "hole" story. They're *different!* They're *better!* You can *see* the difference in the hole—and *taste* the difference in the flavor.

Try Life Savers after dinner, after smoking—any time, anywhere, all the time, everywhere. One nickel. Four pleasing flavors to soothe the weary throat or put a tingle on your tongue.

PEP-O-MINT WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE LIC-O-RICE

Don't be fooled by imitations. Insist on the mints with the Life Saver *hole*.

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY, New York

Canadian Sales Agents
MacLean, Benn & Nelson Ltd., Montreal

(Continued from Page 78)

"Money? What money? I thought they got it all when they arrested you!"

"Oh, don't be a gloomy ass! The money I left with Old Man Taylor; the money you got down here for preliminary expenses on the mine."

"Mine?" echoed Pete blankly. "What mine?"

"Old stuff?" Stanley laughed aloud. "Go to it, old-timer! You can't faze me. When you get good and ready to ring off, let me know."

"Well then," said Pete, "I will. Here we go, fresh. And you may not be just the best-pleased with my plan at first, son. I'm not going to bail you out."

"What the hell!" said Stan. "Why not?"

"I've thought it all out," said Pete, "and I've talked it over with the sheriff. He's agreed. You have to meet the action of the Grand Jury, anyhow; you couldn't leave the county; and you're better off in jail while I go back to New York to rustle money."

"Oh—you're going, are you?"

"To-night. You couldn't leave the county even if you were out on bond. The sheriff's a square man; he'll treat you right; you'll have a chance to get shut of that insomnia, and right here's the safest place in Pima County for you. I want a letter to that cousin of yours in Abingdon."

"'Tisn't Abingdon—it's Vesper. And I'm not particularly anxious to tell him that I'm in jail on a felony charge."

"Don't want you to tell him—or anybody. I suppose you've told your girl already? Yes? Thought so. Well, don't you tell anyone else. You tell Cousin Oscar I'm your pardner, and all right; and that you've got a mine, and you'll guarantee the expenses for him and an expert in case they're not satisfied upon investigation. I'll do the rest. And don't you let anybody bail you out of jail. You stay here."

"If I hadn't seen you perform a miracle or two before now, I'd see you damned first!" said Stan. "But I suppose you know what you're about. It's more than I do. Make it a quick one, will you? I find myself bored here."

"I will. Let me outline two of the many possibilities: If I don't bail you out, I'm doing you dirt, ain't I? Well then, if Zurich & Gang think I'm double-crossing you they'll make me a proposition to throw in with them and throw you down on the copper mine. That's my best chance to find out how to keep you from going to the pen, isn't it? And if you don't tell Vesper that you're in jail—but Vesper finds it out, anyhow—that gives me a chance to see who it is that lives in Vesper and keeps in touch with Cobre. And I'll tell you something else: When I come back I'll bail you out of jail and we'll start from here."

"For the mine, you mean?"

"Sure! Start right from the jail door at midnight and ride west. Zurich & Company won't be expecting that."

"But my cousin will never be able to stand that ride. It's a hundred and sixty miles—more too."

"Your cousin can join us later—or whoever comes along with development money. There'll be about four or five of us—picked men. I'm going this afternoon to see an old friend—Joe Benavides—and have him make all arrangements and be all ready to start whenever we get back, without any delay. I won't take the sheriff, because we might have negotiations to transact that would be highly indecorous in a sheriff. But he's to share my share, because he put up a lot more money for the mine today. I sent it on to Yuma, where an old friend of mine and the sheriff's is to buy a six-horse load of supplies and carry 'em down to join us, starting when I telegraph him.

"Got it all worked out. You do as I tell you and you'll wear diamonds on your stripes. Give me a note for that girl of yours, too."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sense and Nonsense

The Fruits of Learning

IRVING BACHELLER, the novelist, hails from Saint Lawrence County, which is the banner Republican county of New York State. He says that on the day after the first election of Cleveland as president, the lone Democrat of one voting district of Saint Lawrence County paraded all by himself in honor of the victory, bearing a banner upon which he had lettered the words:

"Education Done It!"

A fellow townsman, who had taken an active part in the campaign upon the other side, yelled from the sidewalk:

"Well, anyway, Hank, they can't blame it on you—education never done nothin' to you!"

The Piefaced Pest

IN THE days when "Butch" White was city editor of one of the Chicago papers, Miss Amy Leslie was dramatic critic on the same sheet. Her office adjoined that of White, and to reach it one had to pass through his domain.

One day when she was out at lunch there called to see her a press agent, wishful of getting something about his attraction into print. He wore a tan suit, tan shoes, a yellow waistcoat, a yellow tie, a yellow hat and yellow gloves, and he carried a brown cane. White, who had small use for press agents anyhow, took instant offense at the visitor's sartorial scheme, and in reply to his questions regarding Miss Leslie's whereabouts gave him the short answers which are supposed to turn away wrath but which are more likely to create it.

"Amy," said Butch when the young lady returned, "one of those pests that travel ahead of the troupers was in to see you a while ago and I chased him."

"Who was it?" she asked.

"Well," said Butch, "it didn't leave its name, but I think it was a custard pie."

Confidential Disclosures

AFTER an exceedingly hard night a prominent judge in a Kentucky town was making his way from his residence to his office, carrying one hand pressed against a throbbing brow and wondering to himself whether he would ever again be the same man he had been. A fellow jurist hailed him from a doorway.

"Hello, Hal!" he shouted cheerily. "Where are you going so bright and early in the morning?"

The sufferer answered, without turning his head:

"None of your blanketty-blank business!" he said. "And if you weren't such a good friend of mine I wouldn't tell you that much."

The Test of Friendship

A SCOTCHMAN ran away with the wife of a neighbor. The local clergyman called upon the deserted husband to sympathize with him. The bereft one seemed singularly cheerful, considering the nature of his loss.

"It's too bad, Jock; too bad!" said the dominie. "I understand that Sandy, who persuaded your wife to elope with him, was your best friend too."

The husband smiled gently.

"Yuss," he said; "he was—and he is!"

Astute Ethan

THERE is a corner of Vermont where, if a male citizen is not named Ethan Allen Something, the chances are that he is named John Wesley Something. This story concerns one of the innumerable John Wesleys and one of the frequent Ethan Allens, the latter a middle-aged agriculturist. He drove up to the crossroads store and, with gratification ringing in his voice, hailed the proprietor.

"Wal, Wes," he stated, "I sold her."

"You sold which?" inquired Wesley, coming to the door.

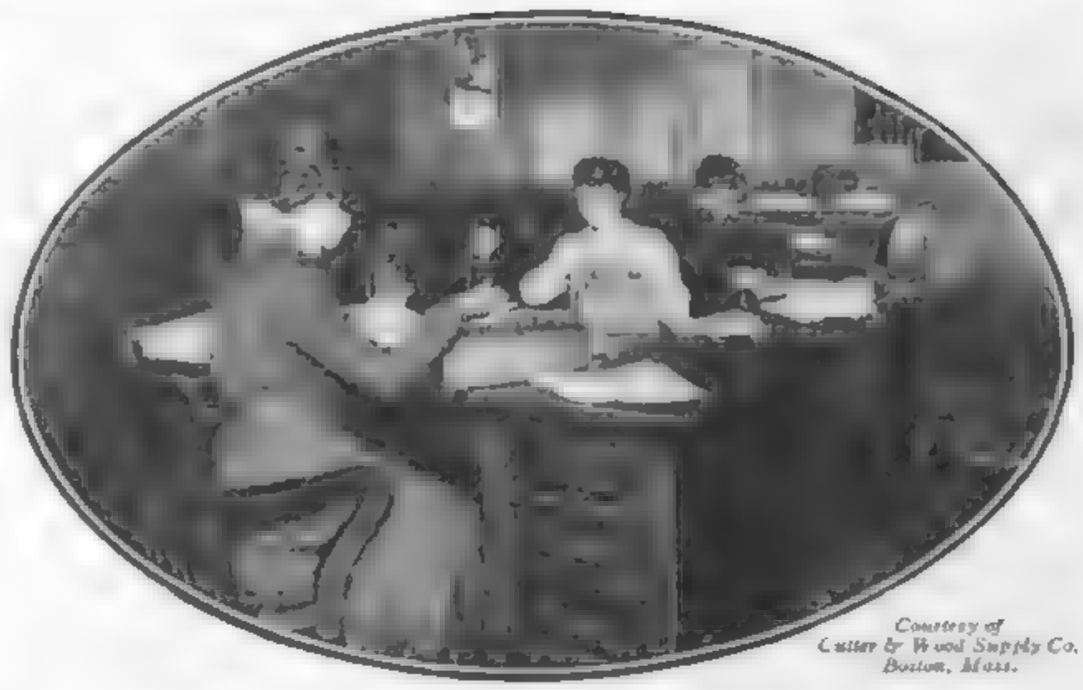
"Sold that thar old mare of mine that you said I couldn't never hope to git shet of, noways," proclaimed the triumphant Ethan.

"Wal, you suttinly air the smart one!" admitted Wes. "Whut did you git fur her?"

"I got a hundred dollars cash down."

"A hundred dollars fur that there old spavined, stump-suckin', wind-broken crowbait? Wal, I must ag'in say you air the smart one. Who did you sell her to, Eth?"

"I sold her," said Eth with simple pride, "to mother."



Courtesy of Cutter & Wood Supply Co. Boston, Mass.

"How We Kept Our Accounting Work In Step With the War Time Rush"

"Business began pouring in like a freshet. Our Accounting Office was bending every effort to keep pace with the increase. With everyone working overtime, we were facing the necessity of hiring additional help. But seasoned office people with knowledge of our line were hard to get.

"About this time our attention was called to the Comptometer. It seemed to offer a way out of our difficulties and we concluded to try it.

"With the installation of the Comptometer in our Accounting Office, came a newer order of things.

"Until then we never realized how much time we had been spending in the mental drudgery of adding endless columns of figures and making the many calculations incidental to our business—nor the cost of it. It was scattered and parcelled out to this man and that. There was constant interruption—no regular flow of work.

"Now with two Comptometers all the figure work of the office is centralized on the machines.

"The two operators add the Ledgers, Cash Book—in fact, all Bookkeeping adding. They extend and foot the Invoices, figure Discounts and Interest, extend and add Inventory, prove all extensions and discounts on Purchase Invoices.

"The strain is gone. Trial Balances are no longer a nightmare. We have not hired one additional person—yet our Accounting work is kept up to date and is remarkably free from figure errors.

"The many helpful suggestions and attention received from your Boston office have given to Service a new meaning."

Walter S. Wood *President*
Cutter & Wood Supply Co.

Mr. Wood's experience is an epitome of what happens when the mechanical operation of handling figures is centralized and turned over to the Comptometer.

There is no theory about it—it is a demonstrable fact. Let a Comptometer man demonstrate it on your work.

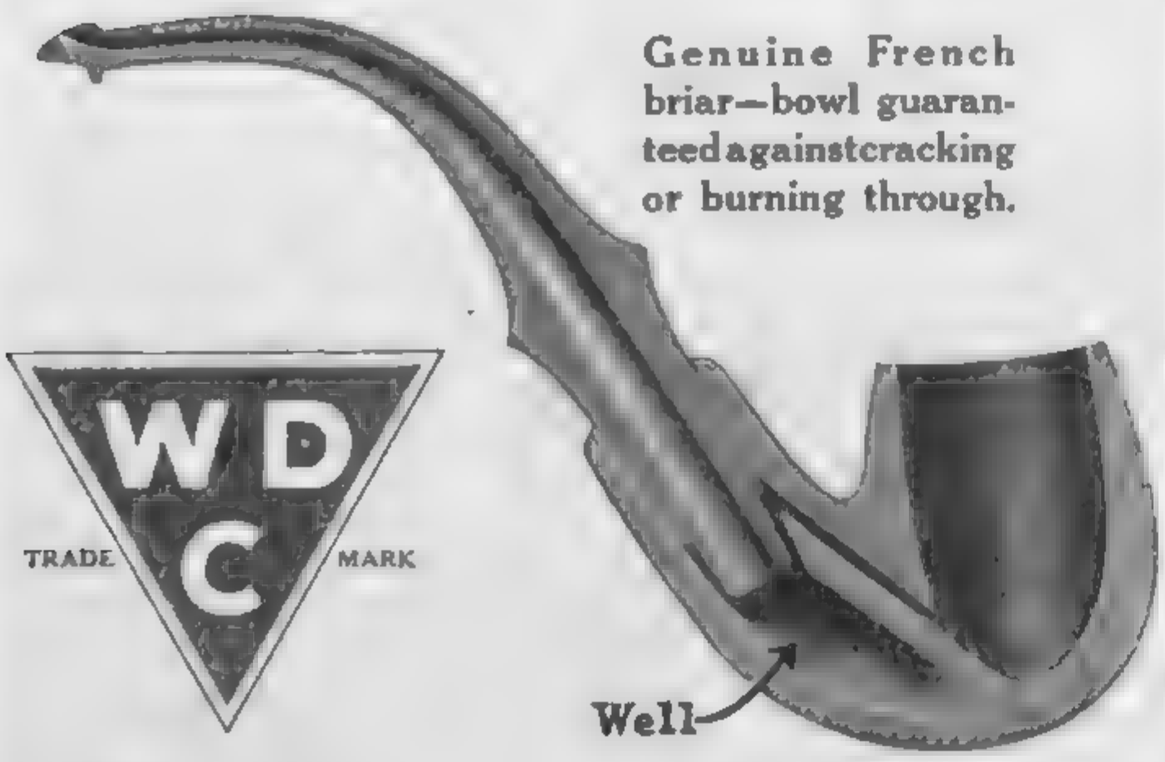
Write for Free Copy of "Better Methods of Accounting"

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co. Comptometer 1723 N. Paulina St. Chicago

The Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

Note the well in the bowl that keeps the tobacco dry. It's this true pipe principle that has made the Wellington the Universal Pipe among men. Get one. There's a shape for every face.



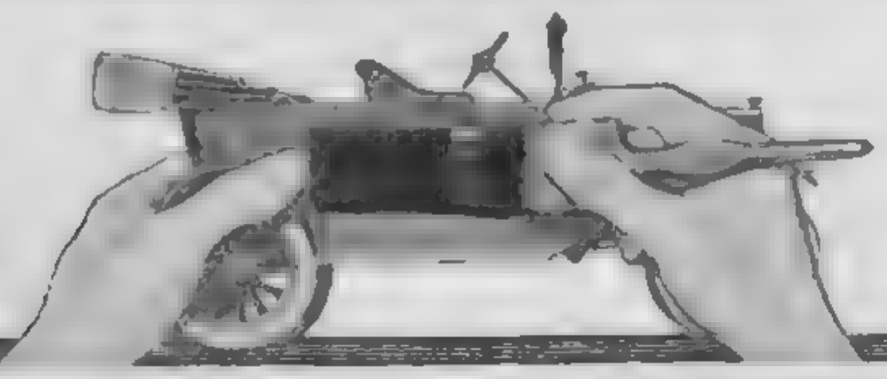
Genuine French briar—bowl guaranteed against cracking or burning through.

W D C TRADE MARK

"If it's a W D C it's a dandy."

50c and up—at all good Dealers'

WILLIAM DEMUTH & COMPANY, New York



Paint Your Ford for $1.00

Think of it—only one coat of Glidden Auto Finish and you have a new looking car. You can easily do it yourself and in less than 48 hours you'll be driving again. You'll have a rich, brilliant finish that will give you lasting satisfaction. Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you, send $1.00 (Canadian Imperial Quart $1.25) for 1 quart of Auto Finish Black to THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 1507 Beres Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. Canadian Address, Toronto, Ontario.

Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

PUTTING THE BEE IN HERBERT

(Continued from Page 13)

because it would give you the edge on every other banker there."

The worst enemy that Philander B. Melville ever had never accused him of being dull-witted or of running behind the scenes when the spotlight was searching the stage. Before he had blinked his eyes again, he had realized the humanizing touch that the quartette would add to the occasion, to say nothing of the columns of publicity that he and his bank would receive. Nor was he mistaken. On Friday morning every New York paper referred to the songs which the Consolidated National Bank Quartette had sung at the bankers' annual banquet, and most of them printed the verses in full. There was one thing, though, that none of the papers printed, and that was the remark which Herbert made to Philander B. Melville when he went to bid him good-night.

"This proves that I'm worth five thousand a year," he whispered. "And I shall have something else to show you on Tuesday."

Herbert had worn his evening clothes that night, for the first time since he was married, but when he left the banquet hall and reached the street he did a rather undignified thing. He cut a caper, laughed at the moon and made the following childish remark:

"That's Nellie's male quartette at the chicken potpie supper which the ladies of the Congregational church got up. We'll have the checker match between the granges next!"

VI

ON THE following Tuesday afternoon the chairman of the executive committee happened to be sitting by the side of Mr. Melville's desk when Herbert went in to make his report. The chairman was a venerable old gentleman, with that rosy complexion which is characteristic of nice young babies and nice old men. His silky-white hair was brushed in the middle behind his ears, but he had the shrewdly benevolent glance of one who seldom forgets how many beans make five.

Bowing to them both, Herbert handed Mr. Melville a clipping, and while the latter read it the chairman of the executive committee rested his hands on the head of his cane and looked Herbert up and down and through and over, as though he were doing a little reading too.

"International Chess Match," read the heading of the clipping, and then it continued:

"A chess match has been arranged between the Bank of England and the Consolidated National Bank of New York. The moves will be made by cable, one move to be made from New York each afternoon, and the answering move to be received from London the next morning. The losers are to pay the costs of the match. The game will begin on Thursday. The New York details have been arranged by Herbert Macklin of the Consolidated National Bank. Other international contests will follow."

After the chairman of the executive committee had read Herbert through, he read the clipping through as well.

"You play chess?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Belong to the Chess Club?"

"No, sir. But I play a good deal with my wife."

"She plays well?"

"Yes, sir," said Herbert proudly. "I taught her the game, but I think she's a better player than I am now."

"To my mind, Philander," said the chairman, after Herbert had gone out, "this is the best thing the young man has done yet!"

"What do you think of him, now you've seen him?"

"Oh, a nice young man," mused the chairman. "A nice young man. Got some good stuff in him. Too good for the job he's got—that's sure. I liked the way he spoke about his wife."

"I noticed that."

"Yes, and it's important too. A man's women folks count more than he thinks they do, when he starts to rise in the world. I remember your mother well, Philander. It was she who made you. Personally, I should never have amounted to a tinker's you-know-what, if it hadn't been for my wife. So—— What's this?"

A secretary placed a note on the desk.

"Dear Mr. Melville," it read. "I didn't like to say much before Mr. Thorn. But this makes seventy-five hundred dollars a year and I shall have another report to make next Tuesday. Yours sincerely, Herbert Macklin."

VII

ON FRIDAY, the New York newspapers began reporting the chess match. The Bank of England had the first move.

"Looks like a queen's gambit!" said the chairman of the executive committee, at the meeting that day. "Have our boys cabled their answering move yet?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Melville. "I understand they're going to have a consultation after office hours."

"Well, I'll tell you, Philander," complained the chairman, "that's all right for the clerks. But I have to get up town earlier, and I'd like to have a finger in this chess business too. Any of you gentlemen play?"

Two directors spoke. They also would like to have a hand in a game that was evidently going to receive so much public attention.

"That's the idea," said the chairman. "None of us wants to see the Consolidated take a beating on a poorly considered move. I'll tell you what we'll do. We're generally through our board meeting by noon, and we'll have the chess consultation right here in this room every day at twelve o'clock, or as soon after that as possible. Philander, will you send some one to notify that young bookkeeper—what's his name—yes, Macklin—and he can tell the others."

And so, in the most natural manner, Herbert began to make the acquaintance of the directors and officers of his bank, men whose names were known wherever money was spoken. For the first time in years he began to experience those feelings of ascendancy which he had felt in his courtship days, ambitious stirrings in his breast and the conviction that he had the makings of a great man in him and only needed opportunity to show his worth. It was with the same feelings that he entered Mr. Melville's office the next Tuesday afternoon and handed Philander B. the following clipping:

"The clerks of the Consolidated National Bank are organizing a rifle club and expect to begin practice at an early date.

"'We haven't a jingo in the bank,' said Herbert Macklin, one of the bookkeepers, when interviewed yesterday, 'but when Uncle Sam needs men we want to feel that we are ready to help him.'

"The financial district was referring to the club yesterday as Melville's Musketeers. It is expected that the United Trust Company will promptly form a rival association and that a tournament will be arranged for the sharpshooting championship of lower New York."

The president of the Consolidated National read the last paragraph twice.

"Melville's Musketeers," he repeated. "Whose idea was that?"

"The reporter's, I believe," said Herbert, but, *nota bene*, if you please, the sly fox said nothing about Nellie being the reporter in question.

"Mmm!" said Mr. Melville. "And is this right about the United Trust starting a rifle club too?"

"Yes, sir. I dropped over and saw Mr. Beggs about it yesterday noon."

"Which Mr. Beggs?"

"Mr. William H.—the president."

"Oh? You knew Mr. Beggs?"

"No, sir. I called by appointment. I told him in my letter what I'd been doing over here this last month, and in reply I received a very friendly note, asking me to call yesterday noon. I went right over as soon as we were through with the chess consultation."

"What did he—well, no; never mind. Just leave this, Mr. Macklin, and I may speak to you again about it later in the week."

As a matter of fact, he sent for Herbert the very next morning, as soon as the executive committee had finished its session.

"Come right in, Macklin!" he cheerfully cried. "I've got good news for you. You remember that clipping you gave me yesterday—Melville's Musketeers?"

"Yes, sir."

(Concluded on Page 85)

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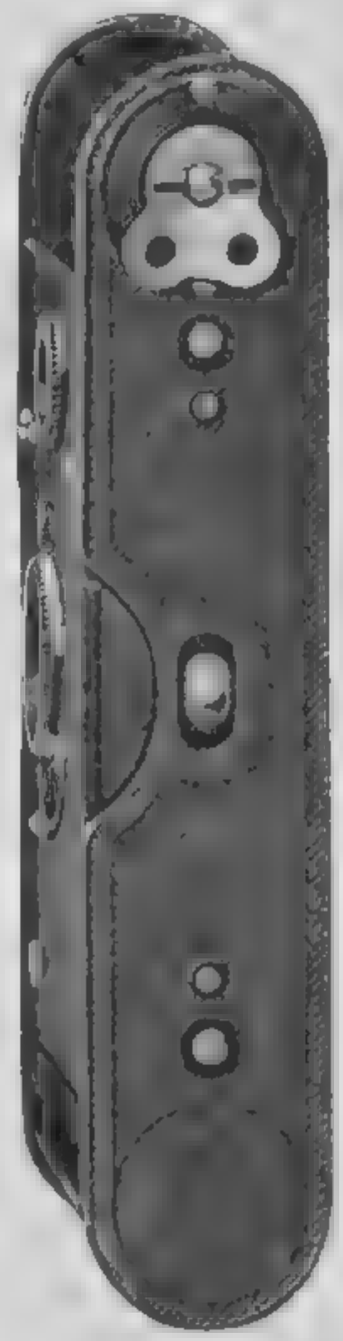

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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Concluded from Page 62)

"Great work, my boy! Great work! Last night at the Union League I saw Commodore Shelton, president of one of the large shipping lines. Charming old gentleman and very keen for preparedness—very keen! He told me that he had seen that item about our musketeers. Charming old gentleman—very! We must have chatted together for a couple of hours and, well, the result of it is this: Hereafter he's going to carry his main account in the Consolidated National. Mighty profitable account, running well up into the millions, and we're mighty glad to get it. The commodore will shortly join our board of directors. And—er—Macklin!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you think the bookkeeping department could worry along without you?"

Herbert's heart didn't jump. It leaped.

"I—I think so," he managed to say.

"And I hope so. To be quite frank with you, the other members of the committee agree with me that your talents for—er—leadership are somewhat misplaced in your present position. We have, therefore, created a new position in the bank—assistant to the president, salary, ten thousand a year—and if you think you can fill the bill ——"

Herbert didn't hear a great deal after that. And if you were to offer him all the money in the world he couldn't tell you what he did at the bank that afternoon. He remembers getting off the Subway, but he didn't walk home from the station—he ran—and tearing into the kitchen like a fire-engine horse he let Nellie have it in one great incoherent burst and frightened her so that she nearly fell over backward.

But when she grasped the news she immediately recovered and rushed upon her Herbert with such enthusiasm that he had to brace himself for the shock; and there they stood, for as long as you could count ten, holding each other up in a sort of a rapturous capital-A arrangement and more than making up for that sad time which I told you about a little while ago. They went into the sitting room at last and there Herbert started at the beginning, in a sensible manner, and told her all about it.

"And I wish you to know, madam," he added in mock dignity, "that Herb has left the bank for good; his place has been taken by Mr. Macklin, thank you! Though what we're going to do with ten thousand a year ——" He laughed in conclusion.

"Well, for one thing," whispered Nell, giving him a lingering look of love which had come to her lately, "it won't be a terrible long time before we shall need more money!"

"What?" cried Herbert in awed delight. "You don't mean ——?"

Nellie pressed her face against his cheek and held him tight.

"I think that's why I've been such a trial to my man just lately," she whispered again. "I felt so anxious. But you aren't going to scold me for it now, are you, Mr. Macklin?"

A Fore-Thoughted Community

SOME years ago Sam Blythe spent the summer on a point on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain. On the first day after his arrival he left the cottage he had rented and climbed the bank to where the road ran, in order to introduce himself to the mail carrier and arrange for the delivery of his mail.

Blythe was rather startled to note that the carrier had practically no forehead; his brow ran back like a Potomac shad's. Also, he gave queer, mumbling, confused answers to Blythe's questions.

When the U. S. Government's representative had driven away in his little wagon, Blythe addressed a native who had a summer camp also on the promontory.

"Peculiar looking chap, that postman," he said.

"He don't look a bit more peculiar'n whut he is, neither," said the Vermonter.

"I wonder how he came to get the job he has?" mused Blythe.

"I had a hull lot to do with it, myself," said the native with an air of pride. "Here a few year back when Pratt's pa died—Pratt's the name of the carrier—why it looked as if Pratt was goin' to come onto the township; goin' to be a pauper charge, you understand? But about that time they established this here rural free delivery down to Washington, and so a lot of us clubbed in together, regardless of politics, and rekermended Pratt fur the job. And by Heck he got it, and so he didn't come onto the township. Smart idee, I call it! It tickled everybody 'round here most to death."

"What made you so positive that he would become a charge on the community?" asked Blythe.

"Wal," said the Vermonter, "you see, he happens to be harf-witted."

AN EVENING IN SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 22)

I thought Bobby Grantland might have told you. Only twenty-five members so far—just the men we want ——"

"It's time," put in the imitation Mrs. Van Winkler languidly. "New York society is getting so dreadfully mixed!"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Hartleigh. "And yet," she added with a fine air of democracy, "society must be renewed now and then; and occasionally the newcomers are very delightful people. Where are your clubrooms?" she inquired of the Major.

"Haven't settled as yet," replied the Major. "Getting a little house decorated up on Park Avenue; so just now we're using a hotel suite."

"How original!" exclaimed Mrs. Hartleigh. "And I suppose all you do is play cards?"

"Oh, that—and just talk!" responded the Major with a bored air. "What else is there to do in a club?"

"Well, I must say," Mrs. Hartleigh put in, "it's amusing to see how cards have been the fad with us this last season. Society is always following a fad. I can remember the season when I came out—it was smart to read. Really, I was reading all the time. I was forever being bored with long-haired poets and palmists and professors, and—and people who wanted to paint your miniature."

Mrs. Hartleigh was running short of local color. "You play bridge, do you, Mrs. Luffington?" she asked.

"I love it!" responded the widow from North Platte, with enthusiasm.

"Do you?" replied Mrs. Hartleigh. "So do I! I'm afraid I'm not intellectual. We must gather up a party and have a brush sometime."

"Say," said Mr. Van Winkler, reaching unsteadily for his champagne glass and leaning again toward Mrs. Luffington, "count me in, will you?"

"Count me in on that too," said Mr. McLeod, gazing steadily from his side of the table at the blue eyes of the widow from North Platte.

Mrs. Hartleigh, accustomed to catch the meanings in human voices, thought he said it a little disagreeably. It seemed plain to her, as the evening progressed, that Mr. McLeod was becoming more than a little taken with Mrs. Luffington. Here was a new possibility and rather an embarrassing one—unless she turned it somehow to account. To marry these social strugglers to each other—would there be anything in that for her?

She was pondering this, while keeping up an imitation of smart society chatter, when a new shoal loomed up on the course she was traveling. Bowes had not yet appeared. The footmen were serving champagne; and Mr. Van Winkler was already getting too much. He saw to that. At this very moment he waved his glass genially in the direction of that footman who was approaching with the bottle and exclaimed:

"Say, old top, you ain't overlooking this bet, are you?"

Final catastrophe! As the footman started to pour the glass he gave a lurch and sent a foaming, sizzling stream over the dress trousers of Mr. Van Winkler. The imitation host gave him a backhanded slap in his fancy waistcoat.

"Cost me ten bucks a bottle and you treatin' goo' bubble water like it was mud!" said Mr. Van Winkler.

"That's a very beautiful painting you have there," said Mrs. Luffington, as though covering up this embarrassing episode; she indicated a Greuze above the mantelpiece.

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"Sure!" said Mr. Van Winkler. "All hand-painted too. I hired an artist in Paris to paint it for me. He stung me something fierce. Here's happy days!"

Mrs. Hartleigh felt it was time to act.

"There!" she said. "I've left my handkerchief upstairs. Don't think of troubling the servants, Alice dear. Besides, I want to powder my nose!"

She rose and slipped to the door. Mr. McLeod made as though to rise, also; then, seeing that Mr. Van Winkler paid no attention to this exit, he sat down again.

Mrs. Hartleigh sped down the hall, found the door to the serving pantry, and entered in time to catch one of the footmen in the act of lifting a glass of champagne to his lips. At the sight of a guest intruding into servants' quarters, he stood so astonished that he had not the presence of mind left to cover up the motion.

"Where's Bowes—the butler?" she asked abruptly; then, remembering the part she was playing: "Mrs. Van Winkler asked me to give him some orders."

"Don't know, madam," replied First Footman. "'E told us to serve, an' hexplained where everythink was. 'Aven't seen him since we started serving."

Second Footman was more voluble. He was the one who had spilled the champagne over the false Mr. Van Winkler; and plainly, now that his immediate superior was away, he had been matching Mr. Van Winkler drink for drink. He stood, with his feet straddled apart, waving the cover of a silver server; and his air was genial and familiar as he cut into the conversation with a mixture of New York slang and Cockney accent:

"If you arsk me, I think he's beat it somew'eres. An' aye"—here he faced the guest—"if you're talkin' to that missus of 'is, arsk her do we get our money."

"I'm sure I have no knowledge of that," replied Mrs. Hartleigh with all the dignity she could assume.

"Somebody'd better!" said Second Footman in a sinister tone. "'E was to pye us as soon as the job was done to-night; ten dollars apiece 'e was to pye, an' no questions arsked. 'E paid the cook in advance an' went awye an' left us to whistle. We get paid before we leave this 'ouse to-night—understand me? W'y ain't the regular servants 'ere? Wot do they want of accommodators in a 'ouse like this? Somethin' phony abart this 'ouse!"

Regarding her with a look of uncertain cunning, he poured himself a glass of champagne and drank it before her outraged eyes.

Mrs. Hartleigh's foot tapped for a second; and one tooth shot out over her lower lip. But the kind of life she had led had taught her quick thought in emergency.

"My man, you are forgetting yourself!" she said in an icy voice.

She backed into the hall. There, she dove down into her stocking, removed three bills from the roll, and hurried back to the serving room.

"Here is your money—Mrs. Van Winkler sent it," she said in her most superior manner.

"Thank you—no 'arm intended," said Second Footman, reduced momentarily to the position of a servant again, and a little frightened, in the midst of his befuddlement, by what he had said and done.

"I wish to see you a moment in the hall," said Mrs. Hartleigh to First Footman. Outside she slipped another ten-dollar bill into his hands—she was getting past economy. "Mrs. Van Winkler," she announced in her best society manner, "says you are not to allow that man in the dining room again. He is in a disgraceful condition."

"Yes, madam—disgryceful!" echoed First Footman, who held his liquor better than Second Footman.

"And you are to give Mr. Van Winkler as little to drink as possible. Pass him up. Get me?" Mrs. Hartleigh dropped back to Broadway dialect in her excitement. "I'm attending to this for Mrs. Van Winkler—she isn't feeling well. And the moment the butler comes back you are to let me know."

"Very well."

Mrs. Hartleigh, speeding back to the dining room, permitted herself one quick "Damn!" of anxiety before she drew over her face a set society smile.

Tongues were all clattering. Mrs. Van Winkler was saying to Mr. McLeod:

"Ah, yes; the impertinence of the lower orders in this country has become intolerable—simply intolerable! Abroad, now, servants keep their place. Don't you think so, Mr. McLeod?"

"Well, up in the Circle, where I live, I keep only one Chink," said Mr. McLeod. "You bet he always stands round! He gets a crack on the bean if he don't."

"Jolly bore, most everything!" said the Major to Mrs. Luffington. "I suppose I'll get tired of everything in time—except the ladies"—at this stiff piece of British gallantry he accomplished a bow—"and cards."

The Major was not letting a pair of blue eyes distract him from his game; but, for variety, he launched into foreign travel. Mrs. Luffington, it appeared, wanted very much to go abroad. She asked him particularly about the location in the European galleries of her two favorite pictures - Queen Louise descending the staircase, and the Countess Potocka.

Mrs. Hartleigh, noting everything again, saw that she, on her part, was not insensible to the attractions of Mr. McLeod. Again and again her look wandered toward his comely face; and her eye, as she regarded him, was bright.

Mrs. Hartleigh tried to engage the false Mr. Van Winkler in conversation; and ever as she talked she looked daggers, first at him and then at his wineglass. He, piqued apparently because the widow from North Platte was paying all her attentions to the Major, returned the look with sheepish defiance.

"Say, don't we get no more booze?" he whispered finally.

"No, you little beast—oh, I'll fix you!" she whispered back; and then she addressed Mrs. Van Winkler aloud:

"I see Bobby Grantland has a new French car. Alice dear, how did your new one suit you?"

"I let it go, dear," replied Mrs. Van Winkler languidly. "The cushions didn't match my complexion."

Mr. Van Winkler pounded the table rhythmically with the handle of a dessert knife, at every blow leaving a dent on one of Chippendale's finest creations.

"Say, don't I get no more booze—in my own house?" he roared to First Footman.

From without, like a crash box in vaudeville, came the prolonged noise of breaking glass. Second Footman was evidently no better.

■■

WHEN the dessert was cleared away the moment came—as Mrs. Hartleigh well knew from her researches in Manners and Social Usages—for the ladies to withdraw to the parlor or drawing-room, leaving the gentlemen to smoke.

This, Mrs. Hartleigh felt, must be avoided by all means. The Major was no person for emergencies; and the alleged Mr. Van Winkler was not to be trusted away from her executive eye. He had regained the attention of Mrs. Luffington. The thin cloak of society manner he had assumed in the beginning was by now fallen away from him. He was engaged in making love in his brazen but inarticulate Broadway manner.

"Say, you're a peach!" he was repeating for the hundredth time. Then he leaned over and touched the strap on the shoulder of her gown. "Nice lace!" he said. "Where'd ju git it?"

Mrs. Luffington extricated herself, with the fine tact of woman. And Mrs. Hartleigh noted that the enamored Mr. McLeod half started from his chair. No; though it was dangerous to have him in the same room with Mrs. Luffington, it was more dangerous to have him away from her executive eye.

"Alice, my dear," she said, "you're surely not going to leave us all alone in the salon while these three charming men use all their conversation on each other? Let them come and smoke with us. The separation of the sexes is out of date, now that so many of us have taken up Suffrage."

She bent a meaning look upon her two competent accomplices. The imitation Mrs. Van Winkler had been doing pretty well with the champagne herself, but each drink had served only to heighten her appearance of hauteur.

"You are so original!" said she. "Shall we repair to the parlor?"

They rose; but as they moved out of the dining room the false Mr. Van Winkler tailed the procession. On the sideboard stood a carafe of Scotch whisky. As soon as Mrs. Hartleigh had disappeared, Mr. Van Winkler poured himself a four-finger drink, tossed it off, and lurched after the guests. *(Concluded on Page 89)*

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(Concluded from Page 86)

In the drawing-room Mr. McLeod immediately settled himself on the davenport, beside the widow from North Platte. Mr. Van Winkler backed himself unsteadily against the fireplace and looked upon this tête-à-tête with surly, muttering disapproval. And finally he moved unsteadily to the other side of Mrs. Luffington.

"Say," he said, "cut out that guy! He's too handsome to have any guts. Take a look at a live one. Say, you're a peach!"

"Mr. Van Winkler," said his unofficial wife in a haughty tone, "you are forgetting yourself something awful!"

"Sure!" said Mr. Van Winkler, sagging over on to Mrs. Luffington's shoulder. "Blue eyes make you forget."

For an instant Mr. McLeod showed an evident intention of rising up, in his direct Western way, and breaking the neck of his host. He half stood, his right fist clenched. But Mrs. Hartleigh knew the moment when diplomacy was exhausted and force must take its place. With a quick motion she crossed over to the imitation Mr. Van Winkler, caught him by both shoulders, and gazed hypnotically into his eyes.

Gently but firmly she drew him to his feet and—he being a small man and she a large woman—pulled him along by the arm toward the dining room. His drunken mind took a sudden turn, after the fashion of drunken minds.

As he trailed after her, his knees sagging, his feet responding limply to her energetic jerks, he grinned genially over his shoulder at the company.

"Li'l' Willie's goin' to get it from mamma! Naughty Willie!" he said.

In the passage to the dining room Mrs. Hartleigh shook him as a terrier shakes a rag doll. She dumped him, limp and breathless, into a chair. Her eye lit upon the decanter of Scotch. She slammed it down on the table before him.

"There—you—you ——" she began; this emergency was past swearing. "Take that and drink yourself to death, you poor prune, you!"

At this moment First Footman, swaying a little, stepped to the doorway.

"Madam was arsking," he said, "about the butler—Mr. Bowes. I 'ave just been to his quarters. 'E's gone away, seems like. Drawers all pulled out—clothes missing."

First Footman did not tell her that he had been looking for Bowes in the hope and expectation of collecting double pay before the butler could match notes with his mistress.

Mrs. Hartleigh, all consideration of modesty gone, dived down into her stocking and produced another ten-dollar bill.

"Take that and sink it!" she said. "And get yourself out of this house—you and the souse you have with you! But first, telephone to Circle 11000 and say that Mrs. Luffington's limousine is wanted at once!"

Where was Bowes? I have taken the reader behind the scenes in the servants' quarters only once during this accurate narrative; and so I have not mentioned a small but significant series of incidents. Bowes, being busy otherwise, had not let in Mrs. Hartleigh and Mrs. Luffington. He did admit Mr. McLeod; and as we have seen, withdrew at once to the rear of the house. Thereafter a pallor had overspread the features of that well-mannered if corrupt English servant. While the group of guests posed in the drawing-room, Bowes, as though drawn by magnetic attraction, crept up to the folding doors and regarded them through a crack.

Again, when they were seated at dinner, he ventured to peep through the doorway between pantry and dining room. At that moment Mr. McLeod happened to look up. He stared at Bowes a moment, face to face, and a slight smile crossed the countenance of Mr. McLeod. At that Bowes drew suddenly back, and his skin, already pale, became like white paper. With a few quick directions to the footmen, he rushed to his room, dressed rapidly for the street, packed his belongings hurriedly into two bags, and fled from the house.

As Mrs. Hartleigh and Mrs. Luffington bowled toward the Hamblen in the hired limousine, the social promoter recovered her grip upon herself.

"It was shameful about Mr. Van Winkler!" she said. "He's perfectly charming when he's sober; but just once in a while he gets like this. And he grows so common when he's in his cups. I can't see, with his antecedents, how he can be that way! Poor Alice! I took care of him for her—she's so sensitive that she dreads the scenes he makes."

"She carried it off very well," said Mrs. Luffington.

"She's to the manner born, isn't she? Did you like her?"

"Very much."

"And have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Tremendously! It was —— It was like fairyland to me!" Mrs. Luffington paused a moment, as though thinking over the pleasures of her evening in society, before she asked: "What sort of man, by the way, is Mr. McLeod?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing—at least—he asked to call."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Hartleigh. "Well, I should go slow on that if I were you."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Luffington, fixing her with her large, innocent blue eyes.

Mrs. Hartleigh felt by now that the limit of invention had been reached. Never in all her life had she so overworked her imagination. So she fell weakly back upon secrecy and innuendo.

"I'll tell you sometime," she said; "it's too long a story for now. If I'm to steer you, you must rely on me, you know. You have made a beautiful start. Alice told me in the hall that she was quite taken with you. But there are many peculiarities about New York society—wheels within wheels." Then, delicately, she introduced the subject of clothes. "You're just a little wrong. You have real natural taste, my dear; but there's a subtle difference between modistes. I must show you the really exclusive shops."

"That would be delightful!" breathed Mrs. Luffington.

"And, since you love bridge, you and Alice and I might have a brush—for small stakes, of course; I can't afford large ones."

"I should love it!"

As they drew up at the Hamblen Mrs. Hartleigh ventured:

"Shall we go shopping to-morrow?"

Mrs. Luffington seemed to hesitate.

"I've some affairs of my own to settle," she said, "and to-morrow I'll be engaged. Suppose you telephone to me on the day after." The carriage starter had opened the door. "Good night—I've had the time of my life!"

She vanished through the ladies' entrance of the Hamblen.

▼

MRS. LUFFINGTON did not go upstairs. She waited five minutes in the ladies' parlor; then she turned to the carriage entrance, ordered a taxicab, and gave a number. The taxicab turned north up Fifth Avenue; it skirted the Park; it brought up in a street but two blocks away from the Van Winkler house. And all the way Mrs. Luffington was breaking into smiles that made ripples like sunshine under the lamplights.

The house at which the taxicab stopped was rather larger and more pretentious than its fellows. Mrs. Luffington alighted, said "My account!" to the chauffeur, tipped him, and touched the bell. The door flew open at the touch of a liveried servant. Back of him came, with a rush, he whom we have known as Mr. McLeod; and he took her into his arms. She cast one look at the servant, and drew "Mr. McLeod" into a little room off the hall. There, still holding each other tightly, they went off into roars, peals and explosions of laughter, broken by gasping sentences, as:

"Our best society is going in for bridge this season! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

"Poor Van Winkler has the drink habit—she told me in the cab he was vulgar when he got drunk. If I don't stop I shall be ill ——"

"Kate, it was that new English butler of theirs—he recognized me when I came in. Oh, did you see the drunks he had for footmen? We'll never dare to tell the Van Winklers ——"

"She wanted to take me to the exclusive shops! Oh—for heaven's sake!—I shall burst this hired costume ——"

"He's going to let me into his exclusive poker club! What did you think of that blighter I came so near smashing?"

"Bobby Grantland, you're a genius! I never should have thought of answering that advertisement—and going through with it. And your acting! And that tie!"

"Cost me the price of a polo pony, Mrs. Bobby; but wasn't it worth it?"

"Oh, joy!"

"Oh, rapture!"

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CAREFUL mothers all over the land rely on Johnson's Baby Powder for aid in protecting baby's tender skin. The physician who years ago realized the need of a pure, antiseptic and not heavily-scented powder, did much for baby's comfort and mother's peace of mind.

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If there is no Kyanize Dealer in your locality send us your Dealer's name and 10 cents for postage—and we will send you a trial can (White Enamel or any color of Kyanize Floor Finish) and a brush to apply it. Don't fail to mention color you want.

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Tasteful confections that melt in your mouth

IN THE DANGER ZONE

(Continued from Page 16)

went off to find the Holland-America Line offices and arrange things for everybody.

But do you think those people would take us? They would not! They were not allowed to carry passengers between Holland and England. They were willing enough, but the English were not. And the English were quite positive about it. The objection was to the danger of spies, or something of that sort. We argued the matter pleadingly and at length, but the only solution of our problem that the politely interested Dutch passenger agent had to offer was that we might go all the way to New York and back again. That, and that only, would we be permitted to do. It might not stop an earnest, hard-working and well-paid spy; but it stopped us.

How long some of those Americans and Britishers had to stay in Holland I do not know; but at the end of about two weeks I got away. The British authorities recommended me and my difficulties to the consideration of the Russian authorities, and asked whether a ticket reserved for a Russian prisoner of war who had escaped from Germany and was being sent home by way of England could not be turned over to me, the prisoner waiting for the next opportunity. And the Russians were just so polite and generous about it that they made of me one everlasting devotee to all their interests for all time.

The ship—of the Batavia Line—sailed from Rotterdam one wonderful midnight and there was a long run under a full moon down through the crowded river, when everybody should have been in bed and asleep, instead of leaning against deck rails talking about every imaginable thing on earth except the danger ahead. There was some talk about the danger too; but it was cool, indifferent-sounding talk that had to do with nothing but the location of lifeboats and life belts, and the hour of our arrival at the edge of the mined area. We knew we should not put out into the open sea until daylight, and we were assured that we should "get our orders in due time."

If anybody ever tells you that he has gone to sea under such circumstances "without a single qualm"—as they say—or a suggestion of nervousness, just don't you believe him. It is not humanly possible. The only humanly possible thing is to pretend to feel a confidence you do not feel, and that is exactly what everybody was doing then and doubtless is doing now. Meantime everybody proceeds to prove his confidence by making every possible arrangement for self-preservation.

All Hands in Cork Overcoats

This was the only ship I have been on where these arrangements were ordered by the captain. When I came up from my cabin shortly after sunrise that morning I found everybody stalking round in life belts; and a more extraordinary sight I never saw. The officers were in life belts; sailors washing down decks were in life belts; other sailors who, in the most comfortingly usual way, were polishing brass and cleaning cabin portholes were in life belts; stewards serving rolls and coffee were in life belts; a steward in a life belt was administering to the wants of a seasick passenger in a life belt; and the belts were all of the stiff cork variety, against which one can bruise oneself most unmercifully. It was an order from the captain, of course; and the only persons I saw who had failed to obey it were two American men who were sitting in deck chairs drowsing comfortably in the morning sunlight. They had their own life jackets with them and these they were using for pillows.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "Are we sinking or anything?"

"Likely to," one of them answered. "Better get your latest thing in a cork overcoat and come along here with us; though, I can tell you right now, if anything happens you needn't cling to me, because I can't swim, and my quickly inflatable, high-priced, patented, guaranteed and exclusively trade-marked life preserver is busted. I've made up my mind to drown, just to show how I got rooked."

He took it from under his head with mournful deliberation, and proceeded to demonstrate its defects to the accompaniment of a running line of inverted salesman talk. Then along came the captain.

"Madam," he said to me, "where is your life preserver?"

"In my cabin," I answered.

"It is the order that you wear it until we have passed the danger zone.

"And, gentlemen," he added, "you also disregard that order at your own risk."

They laughed—a little apologetically; and one of them muttered something like "Oh, gee! What a fussy skipper!" Underneath their casual demeanor they were probably just as apprehensive as anybody; but, being Americans, they naturally preferred any risk to a risk of making themselves grotesque and ridiculous. And can you imagine anything more grotesque and ridiculous than a shipload of people parading round level and solid-seeming decks on a bright summer morning all swaddled up in awkward and cumbersome life preservers?

Such unexampled precautions may have steadied the nerves of many and would undoubtedly have justified themselves in an emergency, but they were not calculated to keep anyone's mind off the dreaded possibilities. We continued to disobey the order; but only because we felt quite confident that we were as fully prepared with our life preservers close at hand as we should have been with them on. And we were much more comfortable.

The Professor's Wrath

The whimsical gentleman whose inflatable vest had "gone on the fritz," as he expressed it, was an eminent professor of psychology, who was just finishing a learned work on mental phenomena incident to war. He had been spending several months in Belgium and was convinced that his own thought processes during that period afforded him a "horrible example" of inestimable scientific value. In happier times he had acquired a degree at a German University, and was consequently among those who had to learn in sorrow and distress that there are defects in German reasoning; had to be convinced that there are certain peculiarities about the German mind requiring separate classification, and for which there are no known designations. Belgium, of course, was the best possible place on earth for such conviction to be borne in on him.

They say he behaved beautifully all the time he was there, never once forgetting his status as a neutral; but he was witness to so many acts that could not possibly have been conceived by well-regulated mentalities that he had to give up and leave the country before his work was finished. He stood it just as long as he could. And, now that he was out, he was comforting himself with frequent announcements of what he declared was his fixed intention.

"When I get home," he said, "I'm a-gonna get me a little German, and I'm a-gonna put him on starvation rations until he gets all shriveled up and hungry-looking, like a li'l' Belgian baby; and then—I'm a-gonna kill him!" . . .

I think I am not exaggerating in the least when I say that on that trip across the North Sea I was really surprised to get through in safety. Perhaps it was just because such insistent anticipation of danger made the danger seem inescapable. It was but twelve hours between safety zone and safety zone; and the banks of the Thames, as we steamed up toward Tilbury Docks, had a sort of unreal look to me, as though I was only imagining myself within their friendly shelter.

You see, I had already had my submarine encounter; I had already gone down and familiarized myself with all the sensations of drowning, when what I thought was my last look was directed into the muzzles of guns; so, if anything I write tends to convict me of giving way to nerves in situations where nerve, singular, would naturally be required, perhaps this fact may be accepted as a sufficient excuse. Besides, it is only outward manifestation of nerves that is objectionable; and that is a thing everybody manages to avoid.

It would please me greatly to be able to detail a few sea experiences without touching upon the worst that I have known; but, after all, it is just the memory of that one which gives me an understanding of the possibilities to be faced by those who go to sea these days. If I had been able to sail up and down and in and out among the dangers

(Continued on Page 93)

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The 23 Stewarts in the service of all divisions of the New York Telephone Co—according to investigation made by Commercial Car Journal) cost less, per mile, in gas, oil, tires and repairs, than any of the other dozen makes of trucks of the Stewart's weight or heavier. Many of the Stewarts which helped lower the economy-records for the Bell Telephone Co. were several years old.

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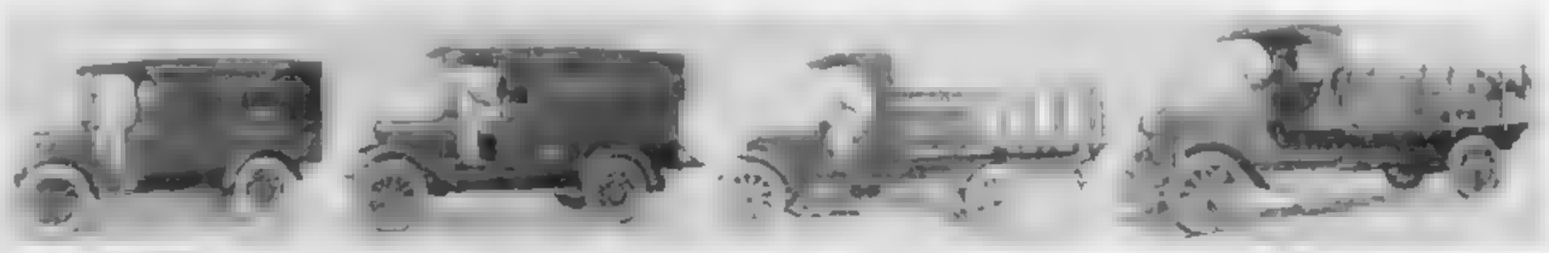
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bradford, Pa.	Cumberland, Md.	Los Angeles, Cal.	New Orleans, La.	Providence, R. I.	Schenectady, N. Y.	[illegible]



1500 lb. 1 ton 1½ ton 2 ton

Stewart Motor Corporation

Buffalo, New York

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without ever being brought face to face with the reality of them, there are certain things I should not be able now to visualize.

I wish the modern trend of thought and expression did not so greatly discourage the use of exclamation points. I have not written an oh! for ever so long; yet my emotional system is fairly clogged with them. I am consumed with accumulated and accumulating anger. And all on account of the Seven Seas and my wide, wide, wonderful world—no longer mine. This is a separate and distinct anger, and the fact that it rubs rough edges constantly with other angers about other things makes it no easier to bear.

Do you remember that the call of the far places by which most of us are frequently tempted and sometimes almost tortured found its best description in a German word—a long time ago? And do you remember what an important element in the general joy of living *Wanderlust* was? The very ache of it was a delight, even though it could not be indulged. It led one in imagination "over the world and under the world," along gypsy trails of dreams and splendid longings. But our soul wing stretchings and the hurt of them are different now. It requires an effort even to recall the days when the seas smiled happily in accord with the spirit of a smiling, happy world; though when Mr. Kipling wrote about the sea that "sits and smiles, so sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue," he was exuberantly and universally understood. Can anyone think of any sea as smiling now? No; not any more.

More than any other people on earth, the Germans fostered and encouraged *Wanderlust* in others. Why, they guided the whole world's footsteps in the trodden paths to alluring things! And more than any other people on earth they profited. They had command of the seas to the extent, at least, that nearly all habitual travelers preferred to travel on their ships; and they specialized in catering to the demands of the two great traveling peoples—the English and the American—with such success that, so far as passenger traffic was concerned, they had nobody left to be jealous of. Was it necessary, then, that they should deliberately change the enticement of the open seas to a repellence which a generation of peace will hardly serve to dispel? Perhaps! They will reap the reward they confidently believe is due them when a Vaterland or Kaiser Wilhelm, or a big new Von Tirpitz—maybe—crowded with Americans, as in the good old days, steams proudly across the grave of the Lusitania.

Getting Out of Greece

However, it is not my intention to attempt to engage anybody's interest in my hot indignation, when everybody has a fine hot indignation of some kind all his own—and all focusing in the same general direction.

It was a particularly happy day for me which ended in the greatest tragedy I have ever witnessed. I have never written about that day because—I could not. Behind it lies a background of bright color and lightsomeness, even though it was in the midst of war. One often wonders how anything like happiness can exist in anybody's life these days; but if we had to live war every hour, and think only of war, our standards of sanity would suffer greatly, would they not? It is just that we do "live our lives"—and the war goes on.

And I had been living through a specially blissful period, wherein my mind had been absorbed in a past so great that the present, even as it passes in unparalleled events, was to me a sort of shadowy unreality. To-day links up with the Dark Ages—with the fire and scourge and horror of barbarism. The Germans are not called Huns and barbarians by the whole civilized world for no reason. Other wars have been fought; other great epochs have been marked by the blood of men. But when before have such epithets been hurled by an enemy at his enemy, to be accepted even by moderate and thoughtful men as just? Nobody thinks of going farther back than the Dark Ages for comparisons to fit the thing we are living now; but there was a bright age of war and glitteringly habilimented struggle during which the Greeks built indestructible temples to splendidly conceived deities, and made indestructible records of high thought and exalted impulse. It was in that age that I had been living—a modern devotee at the shrines of ancient Greek conceptions of elemental things.

And I was leaving Greece. The war I had run from in Serbia, in Bulgaria and in Turkey snarled at my heels in Athens. Greece was mobilizing; everything was in the utmost confusion, and I knew I must get away, my objective then being my own homeland, where there was no war.

Sailings of the Italian ships to Brindisi had not been suspended; but in that direction the greatest danger lay. There were rumors of Austrian submarines, and one was made to believe that to the westward they were as thick as fishes in an aquarium. Very well; I would go down to Egypt, and from Egypt I would go to Malta, from Malta to Palermo, and thence across to Naples. There was a promise of British and Italian convoy on this route, and the sensible idea is always to seek the safest possible avenue.

When the war is over I am going back to Greece for the sole purpose of inquiring into the subject of Greek shipping facilities and seamanship. They really ought to be better than they are, even though they are Greek. I had crossed the Atlantic on a Greek ship and had made several trips between Athens and Saloniki—to say nothing of running in and out and up and down the islands of Greece; and I thought I knew the worst. But the Borulos! That was the name of the ship I took to get from Athens to Alexandria. It was not a matter of choice, else I think one look would have been enough. She was what is known as "about a two-thousand tonner"—dirty beyond belief, and packed to her rails with a motley throng of Greeks and Arabs, men, women and children. She was owned by an English company, but she was run by Greeks. And at that time, because Greece was mobilizing, any beach comber or human derelict alive, if he had two hands and a pair of legs to stand on, could ship in a Greek crew as a first-class sailor.

English Castaways

It was the Borulos or nothing, everything else afloat being engaged in service connected with either Greek mobilization and the transportation of troops to Macedonia, or with the battle of Gallipoli, which was then wallowing along to its end.

The Borulos it had to be. But what difference did it make? Goodness me! It was only about forty hours to Alexandria; it was October; the Mediterranean was in a mood to do nothing but lie lazily still; and the softness of the air was like a benediction. One could make the trip on anything that would keep afloat and have no need to worry about accommodations if there just happened to be a corner of the deck unoccupied. It was with such feelings of entire unconcern that I went aboard.

I can never think of that part of the world in any terms but terms of color. Even now, when I remember the drowned, with their black heads bobbing on the surface of the sea, I remember, too, the silver light that lay all round them. I may be fanciful, but it was as though the sea refused to look menacing and rather sought to express a profound pity for its unhappy victims.

The first day began with the mauve dawn of the East; and I lay in my deck chair all through a flaming sunrise and the glinting brilliance of a long morning, looking back at the receding shores of many-islanded Greece. Then came another soft October night and another perfect sunrise. Could anyone remember war in the midst of such peace? I think not. No vision of danger could creep even into the outermost edges of one's thought. That was how it was.

I was the only English-speaking passenger aboard. I think there were probably thirty or thirty-five persons on the first-class deck; but they were all Greeks or Egyptians or near-East half-castes of some kind. There was a brother of the Sultan of Egypt, who took up more room than anybody else. His wife, the Princess, was with him, and there was a retinue of giant black eunuchs and Nubian maids, who kept coming and going, swiftly and silently attending to the wants of the exalted ones, and making themselves very generally and picturesquely entertaining to the likes of me. For the rest, they were quite commonplace when one got used to their violent manners and their explosive conversational peculiarities.

The three hundred-odd other passengers suggested nothing but nomadic tribes. Where they spread their padded quilts and unpacked their food baskets, there they were at home. And they covered every foot of space on the well decks and on the superstructures fore and aft. And babies—well, in a crowd like that there would be babies

Foot Joy—Foot Ease—Foot Comfort—

call it what you will, it's there and in full measure when you wear

Keds

And what are Keds? They are canvas rubber-soled shoes brought up to the last notch of perfection.

They are made for men who discriminate as to footwear. There is a style of Keds for any occasion—sports, dress, business, traveling. Comfort for the business man. Good looks for the business man. Then add quality. What more could any man ask?

Ask the dealer for KEDS. He's the man to supply you. He's the man to satisfy you for fit, style and size, and he can do it, too. More than this—he can fit your purse. Probably that's the most important to you. Makes no difference what you want in canvas rubber-soled shoes—ask your dealer for Keds.

How are Keds made? Best materials and the Know How. Canvas with the stretch taken out before making up. Yet each fibre flexible, yielding, conforming to the movements of the foot without losing shape. Rubber Soles? Made by the largest rubber manufacturer in the world—that tells the story.

And remember, men, just as in your line, expert talent plays a big, mighty big, part. That's why, in Keds, you get perfect fit, style, comfort.

Get out of stiff leather. Change to the comforts of Keds. Your mind will respond to the snap, buoyancy, spring, that Keds put into your feet.

The way to buy them is to figure out how much you want to pay: Then ask for the brand according to price. Here are the brands and prices. Very simple trade-marks. You can't mistake them.

NATIONAL Keds $1.50 up

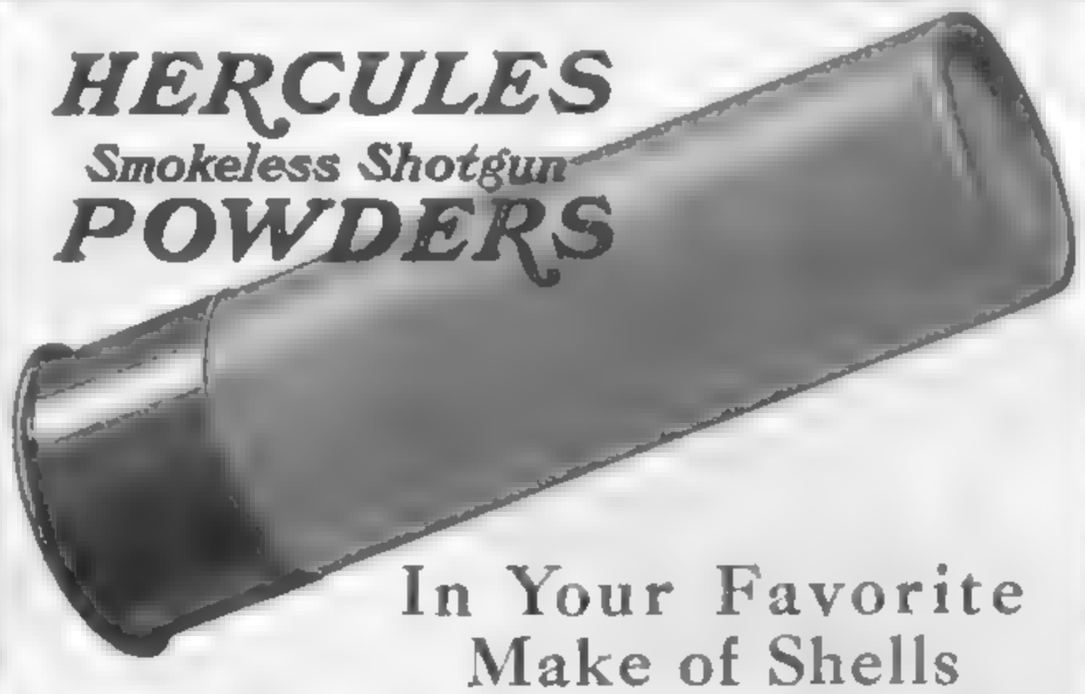
CAMPFIRE Keds $1.25 to $2.00

CHAMPION Keds $1.00 to $1.50

WOMEN! GIRLS! BOYS! What we have said about Keds for men applies to Keds for you. The only difference—Keds for you folks are made especially for you. All carry the style, beauty and comfort that only high-grade footwear can. Ask your dealer for them, by the same names.

United States Rubber Company

New York



HERCULES
Smokeless Shotgun
POWDERS

In Your Favorite Make of Shells

THE fact that you prefer some particular make of shell when shooting at the traps or in the field need not prevent you from enjoying the satisfaction given sportsmen by Hercules Smokeless Shotgun Powders, Infallible and "E. C."

These splendid powders, which are of high and remarkably uniform quality, may be obtained in any standard make of shell. Undoubtedly the shell you use is named in the list given at the left. The next time you order ask for a Hercules Powder in that particular make of shell. You will see the name of the powder stenciled on the box and on the top wad in each shell.

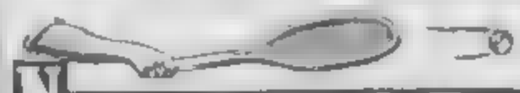
Hercules Smokeless Shotgun Powders give light recoil, high velocity, even patterns. You can't do better than shoot either Infallible or "E. C." Write for a free booklet that describes them fully.

Infallible and "E. C." can be obtained in all of the following makes of shotgun shells.

PETERS
REMINGTON
SELBY
U. S.
WESTERN
WINCHESTER

HERCULES POWDER CO.
1029 Market Street
Wilmington Delaware

Ballard's Bran
IDEAL DRUGLESS LAXATIVE
At your Grocer's. If he does not have it, send us his name and address with 35c (West of Denver 40c) in stamps for trial package.
BALLARD & BALLARD CO.
Station C Louisville, Ky.



National Tennis Tapes
GALVANIZED IRON
PERMANENT MARKING
SAMPLE FREE
LORD MFG CO 118 W 40 ST N Y

Celebrate "Bicycle Week" by Seeing the 1917

Dayton Bicycle

THE good old bicycle season is here again, and bicycle dealers everywhere are celebrating it by making special displays from April 28 to May 5 — which they call "Bicycle Week."

Join in the celebration! DAYTON dealers are waiting to show you the fine new DAYTON bicycles — bicycles whose name has stood for America's finest for nearly twenty-five years.

There are seven splendid models in the 1917 DAYTON line — each one the best that a great organization and long experience can produce.

A DAYTON opens up a new world of fun and pleasure for boys of 40 as well as 14. It builds health and can make you money too. See the 1917 DAYTONS at your dealer's at once.

Two interesting booklets, "More Time to Do as You Please (*for men*) and "50 Ways to Make Money With a Bicycle" (*for boys*) show the pleasure and profit of owning a DAYTON. Men ask for Booklet No. 22. Boys ask for Booklet No. 21. Sent free, with your dealer's name. Write today.

More Time to do as You Please

Cycle Department
THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO. DAYTON, OHIO

everywhere, of course; shrill-voiced babies with dirty faces and nearly naked little plump brown bodies. It was horrible to see them drown.

It was along about three o'clock in the afternoon when we picked up the Englishmen. By that time we were far out of sight of land and were steaming along through a smooth sea south of Crete. We caught sight of the lifeboats away off on the horizon; and when we had come up close to them we stopped, while their men rowed alongside, where sailors were lowering a gangway. Excitement? Yes, naturally; but at that time an excitement of interest only, not of fear.

They were twenty-seven Englishmen whose ship had been sunk by a submarine about two hours before. They had been set adrift and were rowing north, with a determination to reach the shores of Crete, about one hundred miles away.

They should have gone on; it would have been much better for them if they had. But who is to resist the temptation of a ship under such circumstances? We were bound for Alexandria, and nothing suited them better than to get to Alexandria, where they would be taken care of by British authorities and could get immediate passage home to England. They were needed by England, and that seemed to be the only thing they were thinking of; though the fourteen-year-old "boy" of the crew did confide in me later that he thought he would try for a "berth ashore."

He had an imagination, that boy; and had suffered in his own way when he saw his ship go down. He didn't just blubber everything right out. He had his dignity and self-control as well as anybody. But I was a sort of blood sister, speaking his own language; he had been a long time away from his own kind of womenfolks. After all, he was only fourteen; and it was not long before he was talking to me quite freely and telling me lots of things.

He had left all his little treasures aboard and he could not bear to think of them. Then there was a man in Cyprus whose mother lived in his home town in Scotland, and this man had given him a letter to deliver—a letter with money in it. He had tucked it away for safe-keeping in the little locked box under his berth, and when the submarine came he forgot all about it.

"I know he'll think I took the money!" That thought troubled him more than anything.

I gathered that the sea was his home and his ship the dearest thing in the world to him. The submarine had stood off and "planted nine shots along her water line." That was the way he told me about it; and he said that as she was going under her masts looked to him like arms outstretched, and he had to shut his eyes tight. He tried not to, he said; but he "cried like a kid!"

The Submarine Appears

We pulled their two lifeboats up and suspended them amidships, even with the first-class deck rail. And there they hung, ready for instant use. We had four lifeboats of our own—only four—but they were roped in and canvased in and nailed in and rusted in and painted in, and were apparently about as useful as the ornaments on the woodwork.

I thought maybe I could write about this now; but it is not so easy. Who is to describe the sullen, murmurous quiver that went through that crowd the minute they understood the full significance of the Englishman's situation? A submarine! A ship sunk two hours before! And everybody knew we were low in the sea, with a heavy cargo for the base that was supplying Gallipoli!

I think the British captain was sorry he had brought his men aboard when he found what our ship was like. He told me afterward that if he had only had a gun on his ship he could have saved himself and consequently us; but that was before the British had abandoned the idea that peaceful voyages were possible and that no British ship must carry guns into a neutral port. The Sailor Prince—that was the name of the English ship—had carried a gun on her outward voyage as far as Gibraltar; but there they took it away from her.

"It was a twelve-pounder, like the ones on the submarine," said the captain; "and if I had had it—well, I saw 'em in plenty of time and I'd 'a' got 'em, as sure as anything!"

After he had made a few calculations with regard to our situation he went to the Greek captain and—if an Englishman can implore—implored him either to turn back to Greece with his human freight, or make a big detour to the eastward, off the regular course of traffic. But the Greek captain shrugged his very fat shoulders and kept right on. I went timidly to the chief engineer, with whom I could communicate in a mixture of French and English, and asked him whether it would not be wise to swing out our lifeboats, provide our passengers with life preservers, and go quietly among them with instructions as to what they should do in case of emergency. He just laughed at me. That is what he did—he laughed! But he rather explained himself later by saying that if he touched the lifeboats or suggested precautions there would be a panic at once in that awful mob. And he may have been right. He knew his people.

I was standing by the rail when the submarine came up—all by myself. We had steamed along for quite a distance by that time and everybody became very quiet. We were longing for darkness. That was it; we knew we must hurry silently into the shelter of night. I got up and walked to the rail to look westward into the evening sun colors. It was one of the most beautiful sunsets I ever saw. But I was not so interested in it, really, if the truth must be told. I was restless, and I was tremendously interested in the surface of the sea. I always shall be after this. Never again shall I be able to sweep a bright horizon from a ship's deck without seeing that black hulk rising like a whale come up to "blow."

The Earthquake

Your mind at such a moment is like a film in a camera. It catches and fixes every minutest detail. I remember the white wash of the sea off the submarine decks, though it rose halfway between us and the sky line. I remember the instantaneousness of the flash of fire and the reverberating boom which caught up just in time to mingle with the crack of an exploding shell and the loud swish of a geyser that it threw into the air. It was the explosion of that shell that settled our fate. If the submarine could have used some other kind of signal the panic would not have been so instantaneous and complete. But the concussion shook the ship; and all those buried in the bowels of the ship—firemen, engineers, sailors, steerage passengers, everybody—thought just one thing, and that thing was "Torpedoed!"

A good many years ago I was on a ship in the China Sea, bound from Nagasaki to Manila. We were off the shore of Formosa, and steaming along in a bright midday calm. We were at luncheon in the big saloon and everybody was as calm as the sea was calm. Suddenly we struck something. Or did we? Everybody started up and there was that quick catch of terror which makes for an immediate rush for safety. The Empress of China had been piled up on a rock in that vicinity a short time before, and I am sure everybody thought at once of the Empress of China. I know I did. The American skipper, a fine specimen of the big bluff sea-dog type, was at the head of his table; and, before anybody could really make a move, he was on his feet, shouting above the high murmur and laughing in a way to arrest general attention.

"Say," he said, "don't you know an earthquake when you feel one? What did you think we had struck? Bottom? Not yet! Maybe you think sea water is a liquid. Well, it ain't; it's a solid—and that was an earthquake. It was a terror too! Something happened somewhere!"

By that time everybody had settled down again and the good ship went steaming sedately along. I thought of that when the shell exploded. It had the same kind of "feel," and I had to clutch the rail to steady myself.

Goodness knows how long I stood there. I don't. Moreover, I have no idea how the first impulse of the crowd expressed itself. I suppose there must have been a momentary hesitation of unbelief before a scream was uttered; but when the sobbing sounds of fear did penetrate my daze they curdled my blood—and that I know.

I turned finally and started aimlessly for the gangway that led below to the cabins. I think I had some idea of acting with great poise and deliberation. That would be the first thing, naturally, to occur to an Anglo-Saxon mind. Though *Kultur* has done

(Continued on Page 97)

Why the Year of Manufacture is rolled in

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED

THE destruction by rust of water, gas and steam pipes is of large economical consequence to the nation in general and to the individual pipe user in particular. For the nation's rust bill amounts to millions and millions of dollars every year.

Many pipe users do not appreciate what a great difference there is between the life of different kinds of pipe, because they have had no opportunity for personal observation.

To enable every user of Byers pipe at any future time to identify it and tell how long the pipe has been in service, the Byers name and Year of Manufacture is rolled in the pipe, every 3 or 4 feet apart. (See illustration.)

For Time and Service only can tell the life of pipe—all other tests are usually too limited in time and scope to be of any value whatever.

Byers pipe not only stands on its past record of over half a century, but invites future observation as to its service by this newly established practice of rolling the Year into the pipe.

The Year on the pipe symbolizes, on the part of the makers, a degree of faith without a parallel among pipe manufacturers. It invites comparisons on what should be, to every pipe purchaser, the only acceptable basis. For no reasoning, apology, or promise can prevail against the bulwark of performance.

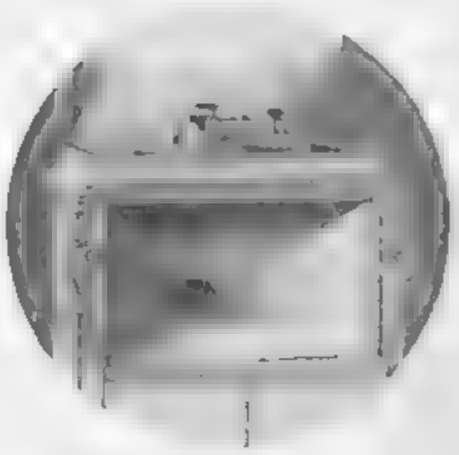
So again we say: "Watch and compare the service given by Byers pipe with that of pipe of any kind." The name and Year of Manufacture, rolled in Byers pipe, and in Byers only, will facilitate such comparisons.

Write for booklet "The Selection of Pipe" and other information about Byers Pipe.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY, ESTABLISHED 1864 PITTSBURGH, PA.

BRUNSWICK

ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE



Advanced Acoustic Ideas

In The Brunswick please note particularly the sound chamber. It is the throat.

This sound chamber is built entirely of wood—like a violin. Not of metal.

This all-wood construction—acousticians declared—was necessary to insure all those full, round overtones, mellow low notes, the clear, vibrant "high C" and the delicate nuances so difficult to attain.

Only with an all-wood sound chamber could The Brunswick reproduce the exact shadings of the human voice or instruments.

A metal sound chamber would have been a compromise with quality. The House of Brunswick could never consent to that—since it has never stinted.

Hear The Brunswick play *any* record—whatever make. Then compare. You will note the difference quickly.

That is why so many music lovers prefer The Brunswick's tonal values.

Plays All Records

Any record—whatever make—is heard at its full value on The Brunswick. This includes the famous Pathé Records, for which a special sound box is provided, without extra cost. We know of no better combination than The Brunswick Phonograph and Pathé Records. And experts agree.

Ask the nearest dealer to let you hear this treat.

Your Ear Will Decide

The Brunswick not only opens up a broader field of music because it plays *all* records, but—

The Brunswick is held in such high esteem by discerning music lovers because of its exquisite renditions.

Do not imagine, however, that it takes a delicately trained ear to detect Brunswick superiority.

Brunswick tones are instantly self-evident. Chiefly because they lack all nasal and metallic sounds.

Hear The Brunswick yourself and you will appreciate the all-wood sound chamber. And other features—such as the tone modifier and the accurately timed stopping device.

Rare Cabinet Work

Speaking of wood—note especially the cabinet work of The Brunswick—the selection of rare woods, the hand-carving and the finish. The House of Brunswick has held first place in the woodworking art in America for 76 years.

The cabinet and the tone are truly outward evidences of other perfections and values. The Brunswick has well been called "All Phonographs in One"—for it combines all the chief features of the many.

Why have a lesser instrument? The Brunswick costs no more.

Didur—Pathé Star

The principal basso of the Metropolitan Opera—Adamo Didur—sings exclusively for Pathé.

His rendition, on a Pathé Record, of "I a Calunnia" (Slander's Whisper) from "The Barber of Seville" is superb. This is one of the greatest and most difficult arias for any basso—and Didur does it full justice.

Brunswick and Pathé

Pathé Records—offered by all Brunswick dealers—bring all the latest and most desired American and European successes. Operatic—orchestral—instrumental—vocal—miscellaneous. Old and new favorites.

Pathé offers such famous artists as Muratore, acknowledged as the world's greatest tenor—Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful Soprano—Giorgini—Anna Fitzia Didur—Thomas Egan—Ancona—de Cisneros—Muzio—Ober—Titta Ruffo Slezak—Urlus—Herman Weil—Grace Hoffman.

Pathé Records—hitherto barred from many homes—may now be enjoyed by all Brunswick owners. For The Brunswick does not restrict to one make of record.

Aside from The Brunswick's own superiorities, the fact that it plays Pathé Records should win many friends.

Hear The Brunswick play Pathé Records—and others—before you decide on an instrument.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

623–633 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago N. W. Corner 7th and Main Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio 29–35 W. 32nd Street, New York

DEALERS—Write for our unusual proposition covering Brunswick Phonographs and Pathé Records

PLAYS ALL RECORDS

(Continued from Page 54)

much for us by way of steeling our nerves to the shock of horror, our instinct to conceal fear and to meet the great crises of our lives with decent decorum is not a product of *Kultur*. It is a matter of age-long pride of blood; of age-old boast and precept. Besides, I had been enjoying the steadying effect of much talk with those almost ludicrously cool British sailors. I remember that a terror-stricken child ran into me first, and that I took him firmly by the shoulders, and was whispering something to him when his even worse terror-stricken mother clutched him away from me.

Then I got caught in the crush at the gangway, I being seriously bent on going down when everybody else was in frantic haste to come up. I remember blackened firemen and uniformed officers and sailors fighting women and children and other men in a way that chilled my heart and closed the very shutters of my mind. In a dim, far-away kind of illumination I now see fear-maddened eyes and faces, and feel the tight grasp of hands that thrust me here and there, and back at last against the deck rail.

It was toward the Englishmen's lifeboats that the crowd stampeded. They were the only lifeboats instantly available, and more than three hundred persons had gone insane with a determination to get into them. More than three hundred? Yes; I should think there must have been. There were that many passengers, and all my most vivid memories are of men of a stampeding crew.

There was a Greek sailor standing in the bow of the boat toward which I had been rushed by the mob, and I turned in time to see him cutting away like a madman at the ropes that held it. I had just sense enough left to observe instantly that nobody was doing anything at all to the ropes at the other end; and then it was, I think, that I lost my reason too. The boat was already overloaded and people were still crowding into it, and I got a swift, terrible vision of its being loosed at one end only, and of the whole struggling, screaming lot of them being plunged into the sea. I reached out and caught the sailor's arms; but ——

I think I went over just as that boat fell. How? I wish I knew. There was a clutch of hands behind me, a sudden lift, a long sickening drop—and I was looking wide-eyed through the blue seethe of the sea. Some noble soul, of course, had tried to lift me into the lifeboat and had caught me off my balance as I struggled with the sailor. When I came up and caught my breath in the air, and began mechanically to keep my head above water, I was still thinking that I must go to my cabin and get a life belt. I had been thinking this subconsciously all the time; and that shows how quickly it all happened.

The Austrian Commander

By the time I had adjusted myself and had stroked my way out into a space by myself—away from the clutching hands and the struggling others—our submarine had come up and was lying under our bows, with two twelve-pound guns trained on our water line. It was the English captain who told me afterward that they were twelve-pounders, else I should not have known. Hereafter, though, I think I shall always know a twelve-pounder when I see one, because I looked straight into their muzzles from where I floated in the sea.

My eyes ran down the gleam of them, seeing photographically their every detail, including the folding apparatus that held them up. Behind them stood two gunners, as straight and still as statues of men. They were awaiting the order to fire, and I had a sort of frantic feeling that I was exactly in range and was likely to be blown to bits. Such a story needs no lugubrious trimmings; but in telling it I am convinced that I am detailing the experience of hundreds of others, and I experience in my thoughts of these others a deep horror which clamors to express itself.

The commander of our submarine was an Austrian; and if the German idea is right he should have been court-martialed and shot for being weak—and merely human. I wish I knew who he was, because he ought to be known and noted as an astonishing and admirable exception. And he may be alive yet, though in his occupation the chances were all against him. I imagine that he was once just a proud, upstanding navy man, with swashbuckling thoughts, perhaps, and dreams of brave fights with fighting ships. But he was not fitted to command a submarine under orders to be ruthless. He wept!

After all, my experience has its differences, has it not? When I say it is like the experience of hundreds of others I mean only that drowning is drowning, and the utmost in terror is the utmost. But we had our advantages. The water of the Mediterranean was warm and so buoyant that even our drowned kept afloat. But the North Atlantic, where American and British ships pass and pass—treading softly these days—the North Atlantic is bitter cold, and its waves are crested with strangling spray.

They got me. I was picked up by one of the lifeboats. And I could go on for fourteen pages telling about my absorbing thankfulness for that little craft when I sank into it, exhausted. But that is not important except that I always think of it when I read about lifeboats being shelled. This is the supreme crime in which I cannot believe; yet I know—if I know anything—that people who have been through such a thing cannot lie about it.

In the Lifeboat

Do you realize how difficult it is to launch a lifeboat in the first place? Do you know anything at all about the blessed feel of one when it is the only thing between you and the illimitable awfulness of black sea depths? Frail-seeming safety at best, it is the very absolute in defenselessness. I cannot by any effort of imagination conceive what my feeling would have been like had the guns of that submarine been turned upon us. Yet even that has been included in the experience of some.

I am going to skip all the particulars about how my lifeboat was filled with sailors and firemen mostly; how we rowed round afterward and picked up others, until the big chief steward, who was in command, decided we had all we could take care of; how three lifeboats were stampeded as they were launched and swamped as soon as they touched the water; how one woman after another threw her children into the sea, screaming to God to let them be saved by someone, somehow; and how the long swells caught little bodies and swept them far out beyond reach of rescue.

Yet I would, if I could, make you see the pitiful ship drifting aimlessly and dejectedly there under the guns; and I would, if I could, make you see how the sunset bathed all the horrors in a marvelous light. I would, if I could, make you hear the feeble wails of the little Arab baby I picked up and tucked away under my wet coat, and feel the weight of the dead woman they dragged in and threw across my knees. I would, if I could, call up before you all the twenty-five drowned—fourteen of them children, and only three of them men—and have you listen to their stories. But these are details, only details.

When I read the other day about a woman from the destroyed Laconia wrapping her long hair about the neck and shoulders of a freezing, dying man, I thought to myself: "Details!" If details could really be grasped; if we had not been made incapable of regarding details; if we could think in anything but figures and values—so many dead and so much lost—just one such incident would be enough to rouse the whole civilized world to rebellion.

Suddenly, above the clamor and crash of disaster, I heard a sound of English; and it came from the submarine. Everybody in my boat was talking—shrieking in Greek or Arabic; and the big chief steward, who was sitting just in front of me, was making more noise than anybody. I pounded him on his round fat shoulders with my fists and managed to top his pitch in an effort to quiet him. Then suddenly, though only for an instant, everybody was quiet and the sound of English came to us again. It was a curious coincidence that at that moment the steward caught sight of a red flag, hanging limp from a staff on the submarine, and exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu, c'est Anglais!*"

But just then a light breeze spread the flag out before us and showed us the star and crescent. Turkish? No; Austrian, without a doubt. But they used different flags on different occasions to make it appear that they were numerous.

We pulled over as fast as we could and came up under the hull of the submarine, I insisting and insisting that we must hear

How a Failure at Sixty Won Sudden Success

From Poverty to $40,000 a Year—
A Lesson for Old and Young Alike

By R. D. RAINES

The old-time millionaire "made his pile" by squeezing the pennies, by overwork and self-denial. A much bigger army of men today are piling up millions without denying themselves the comforts and little luxuries of life—by giving up poor jobs for better ones, by preserving their health and strength, and by retaining their manhood and independence all through the struggle. Theirs is a new secret and one well worth learning.

Our story is about one who learned it—an old man who got hold of some of these young ideas. If you could have met him in the summer of 1915 you would have pitied him. For forty years he had been true to the old creed—hard work, long hours, patience, faithfulness, and economy. By dint of scrimping and scraping he would save a few dollars only to have them swept away by a season of illness in his family.

And his reward? It came at sixty, when he was thrown out of employment, onto the scrap-heap.

His old-fashioned rules for winning success had failed to work. "What was wrong with them or with him?"

He reviewed, one by one, the careers of some of his old business associates who had prospered. A suspicion entered his mind. He turned his attention to several young men who were forging rapidly to the front. Suspicion became conviction. In one respect all those men were identically alike. The climbing youngsters and the prosperous oldsters were strong-willed fellows of determined purpose. It was almost amusing, the way he and others of his kind scurried to get out of the way of these men whenever they set out to accomplish any purpose.

Slowly the full truth came to him. Success was not a matter of age. It was not luck. It was not even a matter of opportunity. It was simply a question of dominating will power—determination that brooks no interference, commands respect, and easily leaps all obstacles.

Somewhere, lying dormant within him like an unused muscle, he too possessed a will. He knew it. He would uncover it. He would exercise and train it and put it to work.

For a long time he had believed he could make a success in a certain line of manufacturing. He had some new ideas about it. But he had never been bold enough to even mention his thoughts to others. Now he sought out some business friends. Instead of begging a small loan with which to pay his rent, he presented and explained his plans for launching a business of his own. His friends' first response was to smile. But as they listened they were struck by a new note in the old man's voice, a new self-confident poise in his bearing; his tone was magnetic, compelling; his argument sound and convincing. This gentleman was not to be denied.

In two days he raised $600 capital for his plant. Three days later his little factory was in operation. In three months he repaid every penny of the loan and at the end of one year his books showed profits of $20,000, and his second year's operations promise $35,000 to $40,000 more.

A better understanding of the tremendous power of the human will as a force in business and in fortune building may be had by studying the successes of any of our big money makers.

Interesting and inspiring are several cases that have come to my personal attention, because the same methods are open to us all no matter how young or how old we may be.

One is that of a man who was $6,000 in debt three years ago. Since then he has accumulated $200,000 without speculating and today is earning $1,000 a week. He is only one of many who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very remarkable book, "Power of Will." Another is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. M. Taylor, the noted efficiency expert, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased to more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will power development, as published in "Power of Will," he told the author that they would be worth $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will power training by Haddock's system has enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

In this new book Prof. Haddock, whose name ranks with Bergson, James, and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world for the first time a practical, simple system of rules and exercise for will power training that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just as susceptible to exercise and training as any muscle of the body.

"Power of Will" is being distributed by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. Any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money. If, after five days, you do not feel that this book is worth the $3 asked for it, return it and you will owe nothing.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the key to wealth and achievement. But intelligent men and women will investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk.

Among the 150,000 owners who have read, used, and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others equally prominent.

As a first step in will training, act on your present impulse to write a letter or address this coupon to the Pelton Publishing Company, 1" H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life. Do not hesitate.

PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
1" H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I will remail the book in 5 days or send you $3 in payment for it.

*Name*_____

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SMOOTH ankled, their luster undimmed through launderings—sheer, yet of surprising strength—Black Cat Silks are the ideal of darnless durability as well as appearance.

Where *appearance* is all-important, Black Cat is first choice.

Where *value* is the primal requisite, Black Cat gets the preference.

Beauty is their outward expression of in-woven quality. The sheen of silk has no substitute—and Black Cats are the pure silk of the Orient. Unwrinkled fit and evenness of texture comes from fine-gauge knitting machines that limb-shape them from toe to top—even making many styles extra wide for those who need it. And reinforcements give double strength at wear points.

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Black Cat Textiles Co.
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Cooper's Bennington Spring Needle Underwear for Men is Made and Marketed by Black Cat Textile Company.

WANTED—AN IDEA [illegible] simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D.C.

He got a $35.00 Raise

Floyd B. Crandall is the cashier of a big Ohio manufacturing company. He has a wife and a small son to support.

CRANDALL wasn't "hard up," but he wanted an income independent of his regular earnings. He couldn't afford to throw up his job and burn his bridges behind him. So he decided to turn his spare time into cash. He secured appointment as a local representative of The Curtis Publishing Company.

By giving less than an hour a day to subscription work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* he now earns thirty-five dollars a month—an average of over a dollar a day.

How about yourself? Do you need more money—for a savings fund, for the children, for a home of your own? If you do, we'll tell you how to get it.

Agency Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, 289 Independence Square, Philadelphia

what the commander was saying. And it was then that I observed his extraordinary weakness. I have said he wept, and that is what he actually did, while his eighteen boys were in a state of intolerable excitement—all but the two at the guns. They stood like graven images—waiting.

Nearly every man on the deck of the submarine was engaged in trying to resuscitate someone, and the drowned or half drowned were nearly all children. The submarine had launched a collapsible boat, and the only thought then in any of their minds seemed to be a thought of rescue. They were almost frantic about it. The commander had a little unconscious Greek boy by the belt of his knickerbockers; and in a mechanical kind of way he was pounding him on the back and, at the same time, calling out at the top of his voice, over and over again:

"Are there any more people aboard?"

I suppose if someone had just then said to him, "No, sir; all off!" he would have given the command to fire. But nobody did. I have no idea what other kind of response he got; but I, at least, put every ounce of myself into an insistent and reiterated "No!" And I added: "Can't you see? Can't you see?"—together with some wild cries, on my own account, about women and children. It was the only sound of English he heard. I suppose he had tried both German and French, without results, but I assure you he spoke English with a perfect Anglo-Saxon accent. He turned and looked down into my face and, with a kind of sobbing effort, said:

"Well, go on back to your ship. We are not murderers!"

So? So? Could it be true?

I want to draw a long dash here to indicate that after this came a dazed, unthinking submission to demands as they presented themselves—for hours on hours. There was a busy, hysterical rush of rescue and resuscitation, but all the details in my mind are connected with individual cases: some saved and brought back to life, others given up for dead after everything possible had been done for them. And all the time we were drifting, drifting there, with the submarine lying by, not knowing in the least what should be done. It must have been three or four hours later when I met the English captain on the deck and asked him, quite casually, whether or not we were going to be sunk after all.

And he said:

"I don't know. What is it you Americans say? Oh, yes—'Search me!' They are still down there and I rather fancy they are in a nasty kind of mess. They don't know what to do. They 'ave betrayed themselves, you see; and if they let us go we can run faster into the arms of the British Navy than they can run to safety. But that captain can't murder us! 'E ain't the murderin' kind, else 'e would 'ave 'ad the job over with by this time. 'E bit off more'n 'e could chew—poor chap! I feel a bit sorry for 'im. 'E ain't used to pickin' up ships loaded to the rails with lunatics and babies, and without a lifeboat to bless 'emselves with. But don't you worry—and, for Gawd's sake, go and get some dry clothes on! You'll be ill, first thing you know!"

The Gallantry of the British Crew

Wasn't that too delightful! I could do nothing but laugh with unqualified appreciation of the man; but he never escaped a bear-hug by a narrower margin in his life. I started at once to obey him—I was used to obedience by that time; but as I was walking along the corridor that led down to my cabin a woman came rushing after me. She was shrieking in utter madness; but I could not know, of course, that she was mad. I reached out to get hold of her, and there were comforting and quieting things on my tongue's end to be said. . . . She had maniacal strength; but, before I could even begin to struggle with her, some men had laid strong hands upon her, and I caught the sickening odor of something that one of them pressed to her nostrils. She had thrown her three children into the sea and had jumped in after them. She was rescued. They were all drowned! They tied her to a berth in a cabin.

And now I must add that it would not be fair to write this story, even in this sketchy way, without telling something of what those Englishmen did. When I got back to London a month later I went to the British Admiralty and detailed to an officer there every incident connected with their conduct of which I was sure. And I really thought I should hear later of their being decorated—or, at least, honorably mentioned. But, you see, they were only British merchant sailormen, and "England expects every man to do his duty!"

Their ship was the Sailor Prince; they were nearly all Scotchmen, as a matter of fact; and they were bound from Cyprus to Hull, with the same kind of cargo of exchange merchandise that they would have carried at any time.

But they exchanged the comparative safety of their lifeboats in the open sea for the horror they encountered on our ship, and when the horror descended upon us not one of them made a single panic-stricken move. After they had seen their own boats stampeded they went, under their captain's orders, to the other boats and helped to cut them loose. Then they saw these, one after another, rushed by the frantic mob and swamped before their eyes.

Not one Englishman went off that ship in a lifeboat. They stood back and did everything they could to preserve order and to get the women and children over first. And, even when the sea was filled with struggling maniacs, they had coolness enough left actually to organize themselves for rescue service. They lowered a gangway on each side of the ship and threw over rope ladders. By twos and threes they took up positions at the deck rails with life lines and life belts and pieces of light cargo; and one person after another they brought back to the decks.

A Woman of No Importance

They did all this mechanically, the captain said. They had no idea that they would be permitted to live; but he had ordered them not to leave the ship until the submarine began to fire into her, and they intended, when that happened, to go over with anything they could lay their hands on that would help to keep them afloat.

You understand, of course, that within a very few minutes there were no more lifeboats—and there were no rafts. When the women began to throw their children into the sea three of the boys broke away and went in after them. One of them brought back the child he had jumped for, but the two others were dragged down and drowned. The report of the dead, when I saw it in Alexandria two days later, read: "Twenty-three—and two British sailors."

The Englishmen did most of the subsequent rescue and resuscitation work; and afterward, when the Greek firemen and engineers struck and refused to go below, they had to go down and man the engines and take the ship into port.

There now! It sounds tame enough in the telling, perhaps; but if I were King George I should look up every one of them and pin some kind of a medal on his chest!

One of them told me later of an incident that insists upon being remembered. In the steerage there was a troupe of Japanese acrobats, and with them was a woman with a tiny baby. She was the wife of one of the men. As the British sailor told it:

"I was workin' aft there, usin' a rope to catch some of the loonies with, and when I could get one of them to take hold I would drag him round to a ladder or the gangway; then I'd chase back after another one. That little Jap woman floated round from under the rudder somewhere, and I saw she was holdin' on to a wee bit of a baby. I threw her the rope and yelled to her like I was crazy. She caught it, all right; but what do you think she did? She just turned her face up to me and called out somethin' about her not amountin' to anything. It was something like 'I nobody! I got nobody! Nev' mind!' And she deliberately passed the rope over to someone else. Well, so did I. It was more than I could stand."

He added something about having to live decent the rest of his life; because nobody could remember that little Japanese face and be anything but decent.

"Talk about your nerve!" he exclaimed.

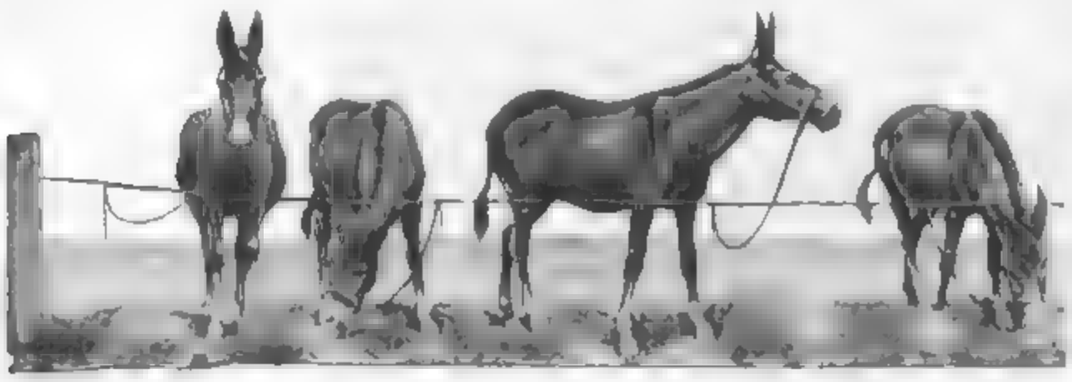
Two weeks later I crossed that spot on a Dutch ship, which I boarded at Port Said for Genoa; within a month I had crossed the English Channel and was on an American Line ship bound for New York. I can only add that, until I came within sight of the Statue of Liberty, I was subject to occasional heart contractions which felt exactly the way you do when you are dropped suddenly in an elevator.

I went back before the Germans completed their arrangements for unrestrained ruthlessness.

A little story that will appeal to the man who pays the coal bills—

RECENTLY a salesman of the Spencer Heater Company took a customer to see an installation of the Spencer boiler in the Fenway Theater of Boston.

As the manager of the theater was conducting them to the cellar he remarked:



"The Spencer is like a mule."

The salesman trembled, not knowing what kick was coming; but the manager went on:

"The Mule is the thriftiest animal in the world—the least wasteful.

"Years ago I had charge of a railroad-construction camp in the West. We had a lot of mules and a lot of horses.

"We found that the mules never wanted to eat any more than they exactly needed, so we would throw enough fodder into their corral for a week, and it would last a week.

"The horses were kept separate. They, of course, would stuff themselves. What they couldn't eat they would waste, so we had to calculate for them.

"But Mr. Mule thought for himself. He ate just the same amount each day and left the rest in good shape.

"That's why the Spencer Heater is like a mule—it eats no more coal than it needs. Fill it up with a quarter of a ton of Buckwheat, set the draft at the degree you want, and that coal drops down as regularly as if it had intelligence.

"The Spencer is as thrifty as a mule at his fodder."

Then the customer looked into the internals of the Spencer and saw *why*.

He saw the Spencer's matchless combination of magazine-feed and sloping grates. The magazine held the full day's supply of coal. The sloping grates took care of it as it fed down on the fire and distributed it always at an *even depth*. No pyramid with a lot of dead fuel in the middle; but an automatic coal-action whereby all the fire was on its job all the time at maximum efficiency, and no waste at all. *(See diagram at right.)*

He also saw the unusual coal, a very small, hard coal which other heating-boilers can't burn successfully, but which the Spencer was especially built to burn.

That small coal cost 40 per cent. less than the large sizes of domestic coal required by the ordinary heaters.

Yet it was as perfectly good coal as the larger sizes and no more tons of it were needed.

That low-priced coal—over a third less in cost than the ordinary coal—and the superior economy of the coal-action was all the argument he needed. *He bought*, and is today another "booster" for the Spencer.

Those are strong reasons, too, why *you* would like the Spencer Super-Standard Heater.

Other very forcible reasons for the Spencer are:

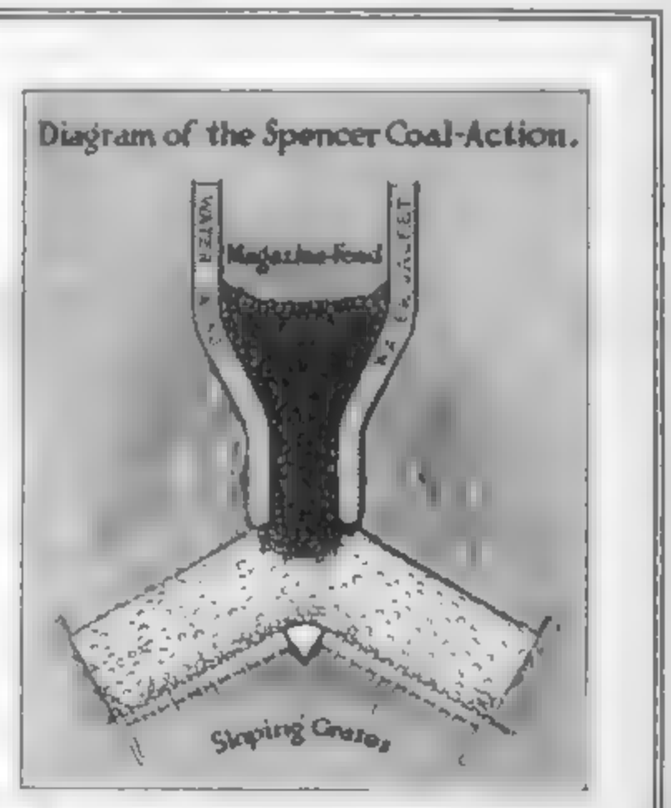
(1) Its Saving of Labor, as it requires attention but twice a day in coldest weather, and only once in mild weather.

(2) Its perfectly Even Heat, at any degree you desire, day and night.

Send for the Spencer Booklet. Take it up through your Architect with his Consulting Engineer and Heating Contractor. The Spencer is adapted to *any* system of steam, vapor, or hot-water radiators.

The Low-priced Coals

The low-priced hard coal usable in a Spencer may be No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea in the East; Semi-anthracite or Lignite may be used in the West; Buckwheat and Pea-Coke, anywhere. These coals cost, in normal times, from One-Third to One-Half less than the large domestic sizes needed for the ordinary heating-boiler.



This diagram shows the Magazine which feeds the coal all day, and the Sloping Grates which distribute the coal at even depth, keeping it all afire all the time, with no waste.

The SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
400 People's National Bank Bldg.
Scranton, Pa.

BRANCHES: New York, 101 Park Ave.; *Chicago*, Railway Exchange; *Philadelphia*, Otis Bldg.; *Boston*, 136 Federal St.; *St. Louis*, Syndicate Trust Bldg.; *Detroit*, Ford Bldg.; *Buffalo*, 1377 Main St.; *Denver*, 230 Fifteenth St.; *Minneapolis*, Plymouth Bldg.; *Des Moines*, Observatory Bldg.

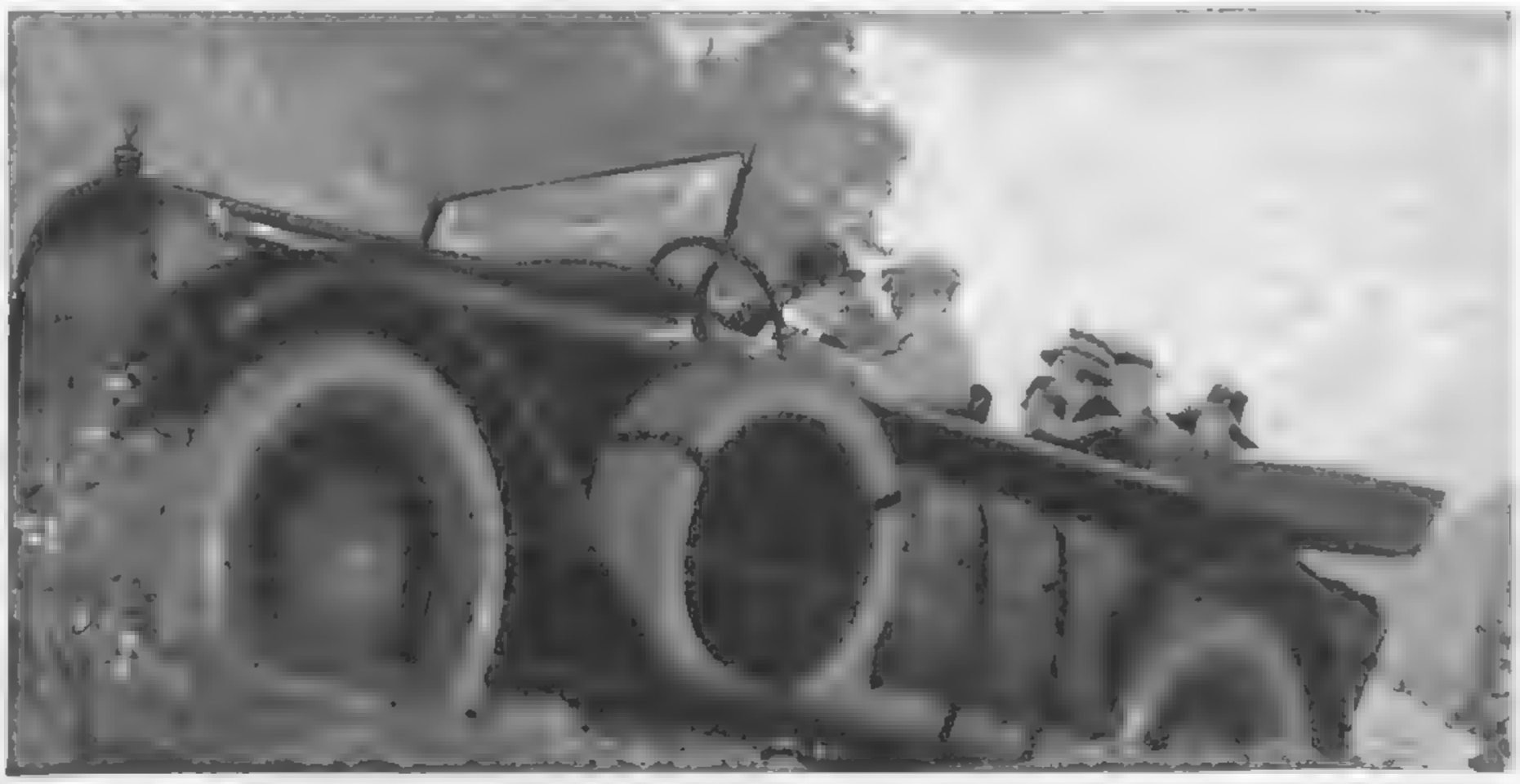
CANADA: Spencer Heater Co., of Canada, Limited: *Toronto*, 68 Adelaide St., East. *Winnipeg*, 185 Portage Ave., E.

Spencer
Super Standard Heaters
Steam—Vapor—Hot Water
"Burn Low-Priced Coal"

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Spencer Heater Co.,
400 People's National Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.
Send me the Spencer Booklet

Name Address My heating contractor is



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CHOOSE your storage battery as carefully as you choose your car. It must meet and overcome strains in daily service greater than those your engine encounters in the stiffest mountain climb.

In exacting tests by automobile manufacturers, as well as on hundreds of thousands of cars, the Prest-O-Lite Battery has proved its greater endurance, reserve power and durability, under the severest conditions of use.

There is a Prest-O-Lite Battery of correct size and capacity for your car. Its superior construction, materials and workmanship insure longer life—quick, sure starts—and the elimination of the greater part of battery troubles.

Every Prest-O-Lite Battery is backed by a great, country-wide Prest-O-Lite System of Service. Each Prest-O-Lite Service Station and Direct Factory Branch carries a complete stock of new batteries and battery parts—with facilities for handling every storage battery need of the motorist.

No matter what car you drive, or what battery you use, this expert battery service—including inspection and tests, repairs and recharging—is everywhere at your disposal.

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STORAGE
BATTERY

Not only a better battery but backed by Prest-O-Lite Service

THE BRITISH CENSORSHIP

(Continued from Page 7)

One of his principal subordinates was Col. Arthur C. Tidy, resident executive in charge of the censorship of American mails at Liverpool. Colonel Tidy was a retired army officer, more than seventy years old.

He had long believed that a great European war was inevitable, and had so shaped his life that he might be an efficient soldier ready to play his part when the hour struck. It had been his fondest hope that, when the time came, he might command a regiment, and it was with poignant regret that he reached, a decade ago, the age of retirement. Moreover, like so many true soldiers, it had been his wish that his life might eventually end in death in the service of his country.

When the great war finally broke over Europe he humbly volunteered for service in any capacity, great or small, wherein he could be of the slightest use. He was assigned to the censorship, and there his ability and tact soon raised him to his high position of responsibility. He who had feared he was a "reject" came to command fifteen hundred picked linguists, or more than the equivalent in numbers of a British regiment.

For nearly two years he held his post; and during that time he supervised the censoring of almost a quarter of a billion letters and packets, without ever having allowed a single harmless American letter, after its arrival in his department, to miss the next outgoing steamer. Millions of Americans have, during the past two years, promptly received their mail without in the least realizing how much credit was due to the fidelity and intelligence of this splendid old patriot.

I visited his office in Liverpool on February 17, 1917, and at that time took the accompanying photograph of Colonel Tidy. The old man was then ill with a severe cold, which he had contracted a few days before when overworked by a big rush of American mail. The very morning of my visit the doctor had ordered him to go home and go to bed, but was met with an uncompromising refusal, because the old soldier, with a disregard of his own comfort or safety, refused to leave his post of duty.

The following day his cold suddenly became worse; and three days later he died—twenty-four hours before his name was mentioned in dispatches. He died without learning of this fitting culmination to his career. It seems to me scarcely an exaggeration to say that the old man attained his fondest wish and met death while on duty in command of his regiment, though he himself probably never realized the analogy.

Picked Men of High Ability

From the highest to the lowest, all persons in the censorship are picked men, selected from a much larger number of candidates. Examiners of letters are accepted for duty only after a most exhaustive research has been made into their qualifications, antecedents and parentage, and after they have spent nearly four weeks in a special school of training, where the course is so strict that from thirty to forty per cent of its students are rejected as unable to qualify.

A candidate for the position of examiner must, first of all, fill out a long application blank, giving full particulars as to his past history and previous occupations, and, also, must present the names of three responsible British subjects who are willing to vouch for his reliability. All these statements are finally verified by Scotland Yard, which makes an additional investigation with a view to discovering any facts that might cast doubt upon the honesty of the applicant.

Even when candidates have fulfilled all these requirements, and have been definitely accepted, they are still under constant supervision.

Each receives definite consignments of letters to censor, and must, when his work is completed, invariably return to his superior a correct tally of all the mail that has passed through his hands. Moreover, each examiner is known by a number, which he is required to affix to every letter he opens, so that if any addressee objects to the manner in which his mail has been treated the cause for complaint can be traced back to the particular examiner who dealt with it.

No examiner is allowed to hold up a letter on his own responsibility; he has but two alternatives—he must either pass the letter as harmless, or affix a statement of his grounds for suspicion and then refer it to a higher authority for final decision. His routine work is constantly submitted to reëxamination, not only to guard against stupid mistakes but also to insure neatness and rapidity.

This supervision is uniform and is applied to every individual in the censorship, so that it is practically impossible for an inefficient or careless individual to escape detection.

A Very Obscure Dialect

The tests applied are most effective, but sometimes amusing for their very simplicity. One candidate for service in the Uncommon Languages Department, for instance, posed as an authority on Slavic languages, but was suspected of pretending to more knowledge than he actually possessed. A supervisor conceived the idea of writing a letter in exaggerated Yorkshire dialect, and, with several others, submitted it to him for verification.

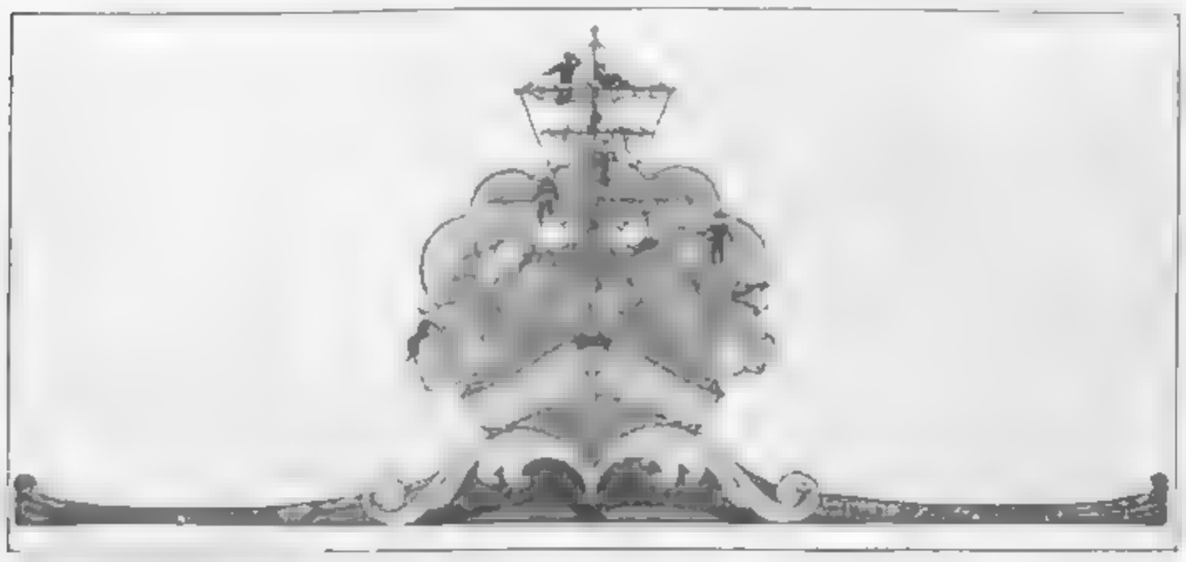
The downfall of the *soi-disant* language expert occurred when, after puzzling over this letter for a considerable time, he finally announced that it was written in an obscure dialect of Northeastern Lithuania and was quite guiltless of military information.

Broadly speaking, the British Censorship has two principal functions: To act as a deterrent to all the enemy's undertakings; and to collect and coördinate information for the use of the various departments of its own government.

Its effect as a deterrent can no longer be estimated by the number of prize cargoes captured or by the number of spies convicted.

It is analogous to the wire fences charged with electricity that surround prison camps, of which the deterrent effect cannot be judged by the number of corpses hanging on the strands; for the more impassable the fence, and the more the danger of approaching it is understood, the smaller will be the number of prisoners who attempt to escape; and consequently the fewer will be the resultant corpses.

As a deterrent, the effect of the British Censorship has been twofold: It has paralyzed the enemy's commercial enterprises in foreign lands and cut him off from the receipt of supplies, credit and securities. It has also foiled his plots in allied and neutral countries and checkmated his widespread



Try Carnation Milk during "Welfare Week"

THE national observance of "Baby Welfare Week" the first week of May at once turns the mind of the modern mother to the household milk supply. There is no milk problem for the housewife who relies upon Carnation Milk—she is assured of its *safety.* Its purity and quality are retained in the hermetically sealed and sterilized can. It is not exposed to contamination in shipping or handling.

When Carnation Milk is opened it is always clean, sweet, pure and safe—the only milk supply your home requires. Add an equal amount of pure water to it and you "bring it back" to its original state—with the added betterment of purity and safety. If you have been using skimmed milk for cooking, simply add more water to reduce the richness.

Carnation Milk absolutely answers every milk need of the home. Use it diluted for cooking, baking and drinking. Use it undiluted for coffee; make ice cream and candy with it.

Baked Custard

2 eggs, beaten light, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, grated nutmeg, 1 cup of Carnation Milk diluted with same amount of water. Mix together and pour into buttered pan and grate nutmeg over the top. Set in a larger pan of boiling water, and bake in a moderate oven. Insert clean knife blade, and when it comes out clean the custard is done. Watch it closely to avoid cooking too much.

Order a few cans of Carnation Milk from your grocer and try it in every way. Directions on each can.

Write to us for our handsomely illustrated booklet of special recipes for using evaporated milk in everyday cooking, as well as for fancy desserts, ice creams, etc. Address Carnation Milk Products Co., 432 Stuart Building, Seattle, U. S. A.

Remember—Your Grocer Has It!

Carnation Milk

The answer to the Pure Milk Question

Discover the "Rich-Mildness" of a Blend of Good Tobaccos

Do what thousands of other pipe-smokers are doing. Dip into a tin of Harmony and prove for yourself how much more delicious a blend of *several* good tobaccos is than any *one* kind of tobacco smoked alone.

For, it requires a blending of *several* good tobaccos, with their several distinct flavors, to give a pipe-smoke just the right amount of mildness, "character" and richness.

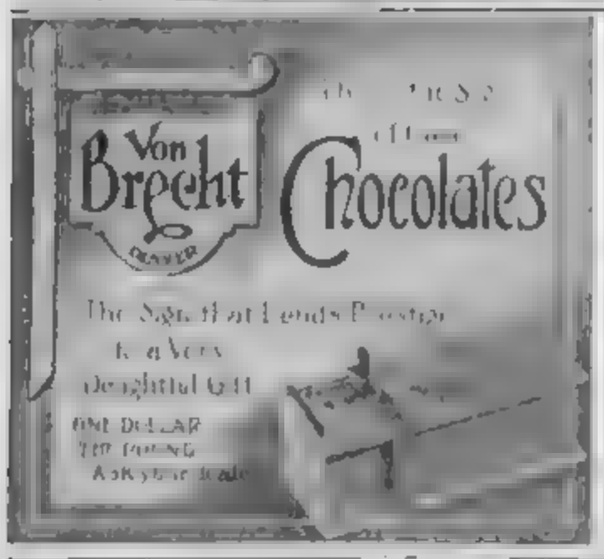
So intimately are the rich tobaccos and the mild *blended* in Harmony that you will not know where richness leaves off and mildness begins. You will only know, and care, that Harmony seems to grow more delicious the longer you smoke it—and with never a trace of harshness or discord. But it takes your own pipe to prove this to you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

HARMONY
A PIPE BLEND

If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, for the full sized 2-ounce tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

15¢ *In the cream-colored mut-brown tin*



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You must see and ride a Black Beauty to appreciate how really different it is. Its style, durability and speed defy imitation.

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NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Let us send you (freight prepaid) a Black Beauty on trial. If you like it you pay only $1 a week.

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WRITE TODAY for Black Beauty Color Catalog showing all sizes and styles.

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A Private Watchman For Your Car

Day or night you can have *individual* theft-protection for your car and spare tires by using

Powersteel Autowlock

This great little thief-discourager is four feet of waterproofed Yellow Strand Wire Rope with an eye in each end. A non-picklike lock is furnished. Fastened around wheel and spring, or spare tire and rack, Powersteel Autowlock causes auto thieves to give your car the go by.

Some insurance companies grant a 10% rate reduction if you use a Powersteel Autowlock. Price, east of Rockies, $2.25.

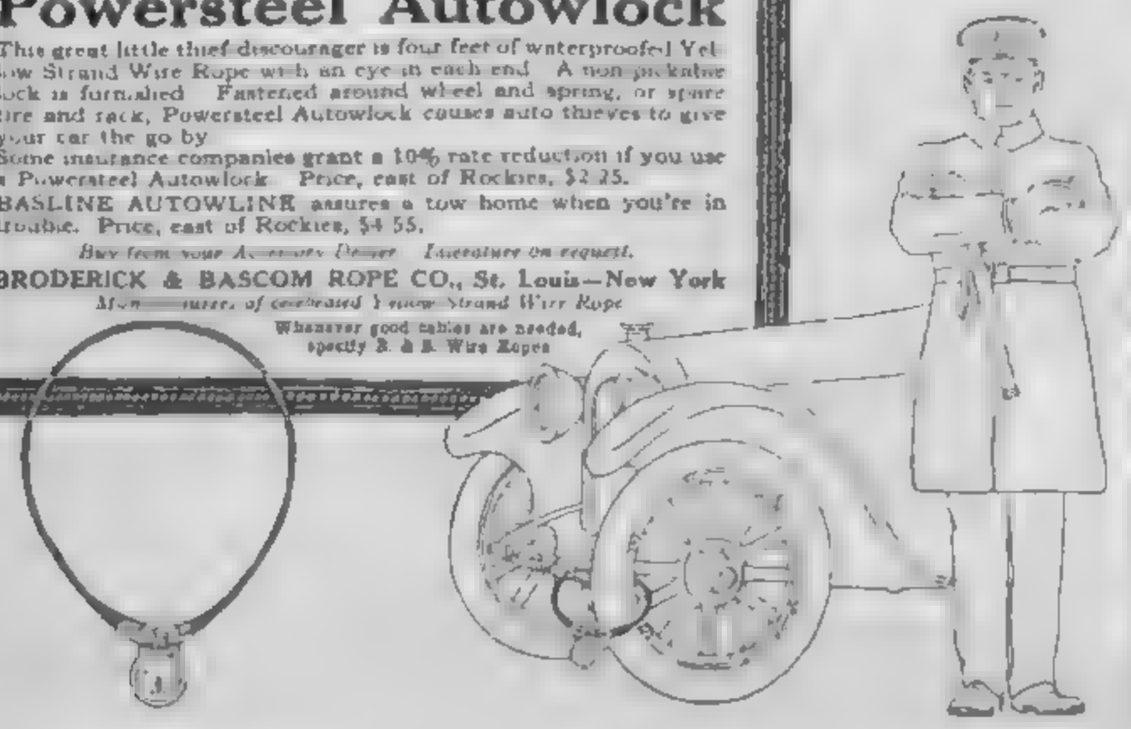
BASLINE AUTOWLINE assures a tow home when you're in trouble. Price, east of Rockies, $4.55.

Buy from your Accessory Dealer. Literature on request.

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO., St. Louis—New York

Manufacturers of celebrated Yellow Strand Wire Rope

Whenever good cables are needed, specify B. & B. Wire Ropes



spy system. Thus, the deterrent effect of the censorship upon German trade correspondence has become so great that German business men have been forced to abandon the effort to correspond with their trade associates to such an extent that, though five hundred thousand business letters between America and Europe were examined in the month of January, 1917, less than ten were found to belong to enemy traders.

In deterring German spies the censorship has become so effective that it has forced them to abandon writing as a means of communication almost entirely, and compelled them to resort to the slower and less dependable method of sending information by word of mouth. So that, though the censorship has constantly become more efficient in detecting spy correspondence, it now finds but one spy letter for every thousand it detected in 1915.

In addition to its effect as a deterrent the censorship is a compiler of information that far exceeds, both in quantity and in quality, all other available sources combined. Moreover, a great part of its invaluable intelligence could not be obtained in any other manner. It is a clearing house for the millions of messages that pass through England each month, all of which are potential intelligence carriers. It searches them indefatigably for bits of information and coordinates them with all the bits already gleaned from other sources. It takes a thousand meaningless little variegated fragments and fits them into the completed picture puzzle. Starting with a thousand colored threads, spun from a hundred different spools, it reconstructs the fabric of the enemy's secret thought.

Once it has obtained and coordinated this intelligence, the responsibility of the censorship ceases. It is no part of its duty to take action upon the information gathered. Its business is to detect, to coördinate, and to forward promptly to the various departments of the War Office, the Admiralty, the Trade Bureau and the Foreign Office the results of its work. Here its responsibility ends.

If it learns, for instance, that Zeppelins are about to raid London, it informs the Home Defense Department of the War Office, the Naval Air Service Department of the Admiralty, and any other department interested in anti-aircraft operations; and leaves subsequent action to them.

When I had devoted something over a month to the study of the censorship I was still very far from possessing a complete knowledge of its organization. But I had begun to comprehend its importance and had arrived at a thorough appreciation of the fact that its suppression would give free play to the German spy system throughout the world, would expose Great Britain's cities to the danger of destruction by German incendiaries, would risk the lives of her statesmen to assassination by German agents, and would rob her of many of the fruits of her hard-won sea control by enabling the enemy to obtain many of those sinews of war from which he is now cut off.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles. The second will appear next week.

THE GRATEFUL MAN

By Lowell Otus Reese

HE HIT my camp on a rainy day,
a-comin' from God knows where,
With a busted place in his overalls and burs
in his tangled hair.
He wasn't a fop and he wasn't a dude; but he
surely was kind to me;
For he said that my method of cooking beans
was the finest he ever see.

II

(Now don't forget that the hills are high and
the lone days wide between,
Till a man forgets that he's got a tongue and
his starvin' soul grows lean;
For God he put in the first man's heart the
longin' for human praise;
And down through the millions of changing
years that hankerin' stays and stays.)

III

I bedded him down the best I could and
showed him the whisky jug;
I didn't sleep good on the ground that night,
but the stranger was warm and snug;
I didn't sleep good, but I didn't mind, for I
listened to what he said
When he swore that my blankets reminded
him of his grandmother's feather bed.

IV

Oh, he was the gratefullest man, I think, that
ever came up the Pass;
He praised my claim and he praised my grub,
and he bragged on my old jackass;
He praised the coffee I brought to him before
he was out of bed,
Till my worn-out hat got far too small for the
size of my swelling head.

V

He stayed and stayed till the spring sun came
and the hill slopes all turned brown,
And the drab flood riffled the old sluice box
with the snow thaw comin' down;
Then he went away. I was needin' help, for
the bacon was low, you see,
And the sluicin' water it don't last long; but
he'd been so kind to me

VI

He'd been so kind that I couldn't bear to
mention, you understand,
That I needed help; so he shed some tears
and gratefully shook my hand;
Then he borrowed my shovel and fryin' pan,
tobacco and grub; and then
Went singin' away up the Trinity Fork, and
he never came back again.

VII

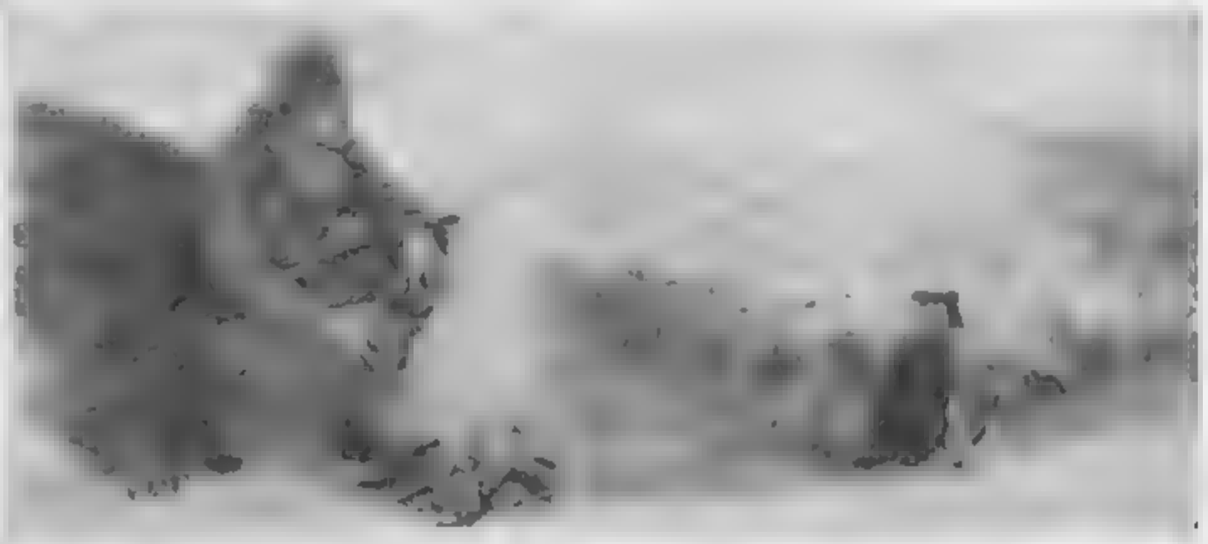
He never came back; but he struck a lead at
the forks of the Little Bear—
A six-foot lead of the Peacock Blue, and now
he's a millionaire.
I met him once, plumb face to face, on the
Red Bluff Road last fall;
He looked my way as his car went by, but he
never saw me at all!

VIII

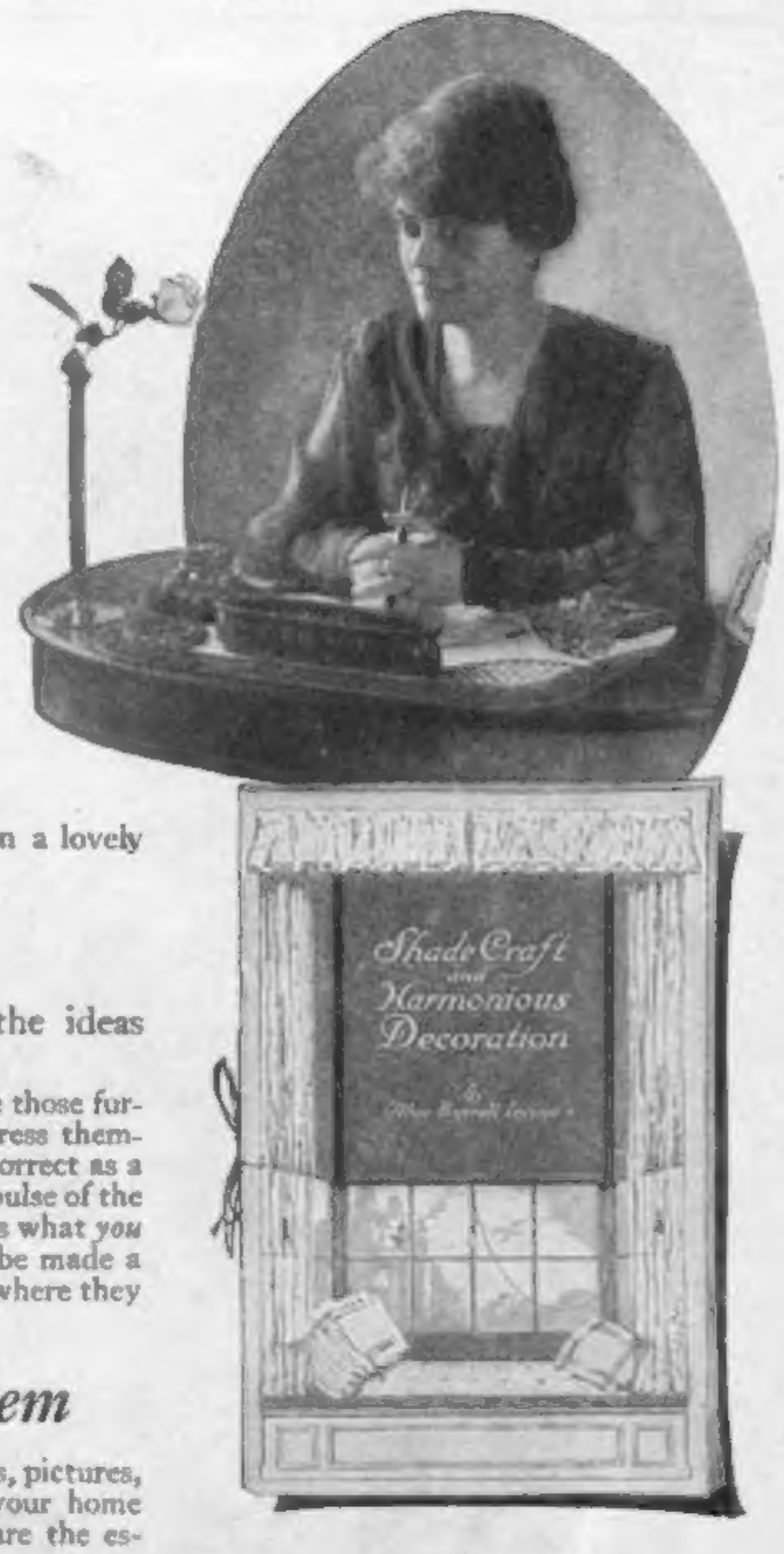
He never saw me; and my feelin's acked as I
stood in the dusty trail.
A cheery grin—it was all I asked—and
maybe a friendly hail;
For the hills are high and the days are long
and the lone times wide between;
I wanted a grin—and all I got was the stink
of his gasoline.

IX

Well, I suppose there's a lot of things, when a
feller's a millionaire,
That fill his mind till his poor old friends are
crowded clean out of there;
Yet once he was terrible kind to me. He's
rich, and I sure am glad—
But I wish that he'd bring my old shovel back,
for I'm needin' it mighty bad.



For you who take pride in the Harmonious Decoration of your home, Mrs. Alice Burrell Irvine, Specialist in Interior Decoration, has written this unusual book



IN "Shade Craft and Harmonious Decoration" we are offering a truly remarkable book. You will be glad to have it. Send for it today. It costs you nothing. In it you will find help and inspiration. When you receive it read it carefully. Compare your own home with the beautiful interiors pictured and described in this book. See how—by choosing the right color schemes—by proper groupings—harmonious backgrounds—effective lighting—correct draperies and appropriate furniture, rugs, pictures—you can make your home more attractive.

Mrs. Irvine shows you in "Shade Craft and Harmonious Decoration" how to make low ceilings seem high and how to make high ceilings appear lower. How to choose wall coverings and draperies that will brighten a dark room and subdue one too glaring. She tells you everything you want to know about artistic home furnishings, about reproductions of period furniture and their fascinating histories, and romantic stories of rare old Oriental rugs and their present day descendants. She shows you how to take a bit of inexpensive tapestry and do wonders with it in adding a smart touch to a chair or a table-square, or a cushion-top. She tells you how to avoid discords in your melody of color—and how to make every room a lovely note in the harmonious whole.

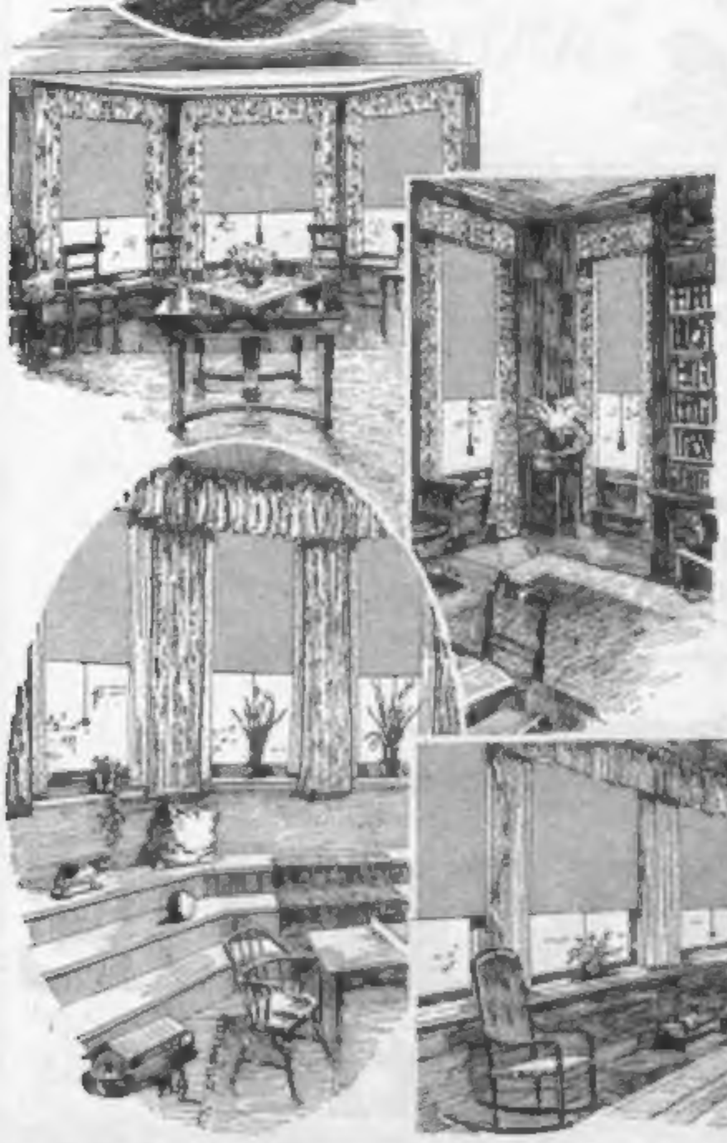
Is your home all that you would have it?

If it is not—you can easily make it so—by reading this book carefully and carrying out the ideas suggested. An artistic home is not so much a matter of *spending* as a matter of *knowing*.

It is like being smartly dressed; the most expensively gowned woman is not always the most perfectly or harmoniously attired. Very likely by a little rearrangement—new hangings here—a different grouping of furniture and pictures there—a more pleasing color scheme—you can make your rooms over and give them a livableness which perhaps at present they lack in some measure.

Mrs. Irvine believes that every woman should express her own individuality in decorating her home. She would tell you that some of the bleakest of houses—not *homes*—are those furnished by professionals for people who fear to express themselves in decorating their homes. Everything is as correct as a museum—but the life, the warmth, the glow, the impulse of the personality behind the home is wanting. And that is what *you* supply. With the proper guidance your home can be made a lovely, comfortable nest for your family—the place where they spend their happiest hours.

Your windows—and how to dress them



No matter how much thought you give to your walls, ceilings, floors, doors, pictures, furniture, rugs and other furnishings—you will ruin the artistic effect of your home if you do not use the right kind of shades at your windows. Your windows are the essential part of your decorative plan. Think of them *first*.

You want shades that are made of fine muslin, heavy, flexible, opaque, closely woven—of a color to harmonize with your furnishings and of a quality that will look crisp and fresh from the outside. You want shades that will not fade, crack, tear, wrinkle or ravel at the sides. You want shades that hang straight and smooth, that roll up evenly—that stay up when you want them up and down when you want them down. Beautiful, durable, fine-textured cloth shades on rollers that really *roll*. And this is what you get when you ask for

Stewart Hartshorn

TRADE MARK

SHADE ROLLERS

WITH

OSWEGO CHOUAGUEN

SHADE CLOTH

You have known Hartshorn Rollers all your life as the standard shade rollers. And now the Stewart Hartshorn Company controls the large factories in which are made Oswego Opaques, Tints and Chouaguen Shade Cloth, so that a superior shade of fitting quality can be supplied with the world-known Hartshorn Roller.

Make sure that you get OSWEGO or CHOUAGUEN (Shoo-a-gen) SHADES on HARTSHORN ROLLERS—the kind that will add the last touch to your window. Tell your dealer this is what you want. He has them or will get them for you. Oswego and Chouaguen Shade Cloths come in a wide variety of rich, mellow colorings and you can easily find one that will harmonize with your rooms.

If you have any special decorative problems write to Mrs. Irvine and she will give you helpful advice and suggestions.

STEWART HARTSHORN CO. 250 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Dealers: We have special plans to co-operate with you. Write us.

S.E.P. 4-24-1

STEWART HARTSHORN CO., 250 Fifth Avenue, New York
Please forward a free copy of your book "Shade Craft and Harmonious Decoration."

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

Smothering America's Bonfire

THIS burnt offering to the gods of waste and ruin is one of our great national losses. In the last twelve months it has cost the nation Two Hundred and Fifty Millions in money, and who can measure the misery?

The passing news of a distant city gutted by fire is soon forgotten. But if you were one who has stood beside the blackened heap, that a little while before was home or place of business, you would realize the grim tragedy of it. The community fire is a personal thing to each of us. Its prevention is only secured by the safeguarding of individual buildings—your property. And this is mostly a matter of choosing a roof. Roofs are the targets at which fire aims as it cuts its horrible swath. A Johns-Manville Asbestos roof checks its course, turns it back and protects the property under it. Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing is nature's own fire repellant mineral fashioned into roofing—a type for each building, whether house, factory, barn, church, school or public building. When you decide on Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing you have solved your problem of property protection against the roof-communicated fire. You have done your share toward the elimination of a local fire hazard. You are helping to smother the national bonfire.

You will find your roofing in this list: Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-Up Roofing for flat roofs; Asbestos Ready Roofing for sloping surfaces; Transite Asbestos Shingles for the home; Corrugated Asbestos Roofing for skeleton frame structures.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 55 Large Cities

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are examined, approved and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Service in Fire Prevention

A *Good* Night Drink

PURE, refreshing, undiluted orange juice! "A little something" just before retiring often means a more rejuvenating sleep. Drink orange juice for *more than merely deliciousness.* The organic salts and acids aid digestion and produce a gentle laxative effect. There are few better ways to begin a day or end one than to "drink an orange."

Try it for ten days. It's nature's best spring tonic.

Remember to say "Sunkist" when you order oranges, for Sunkist are *uniformly good*—luscious, juicy, tender, practically seedless. You can get *these oranges* fresh *the year 'round.* Every first-class dealer has them every day all summer.

And here is a fresh fruit *protected* through the summer months by nature's germ-proof package—the *orange skin*—which *insures* its healthfulness.

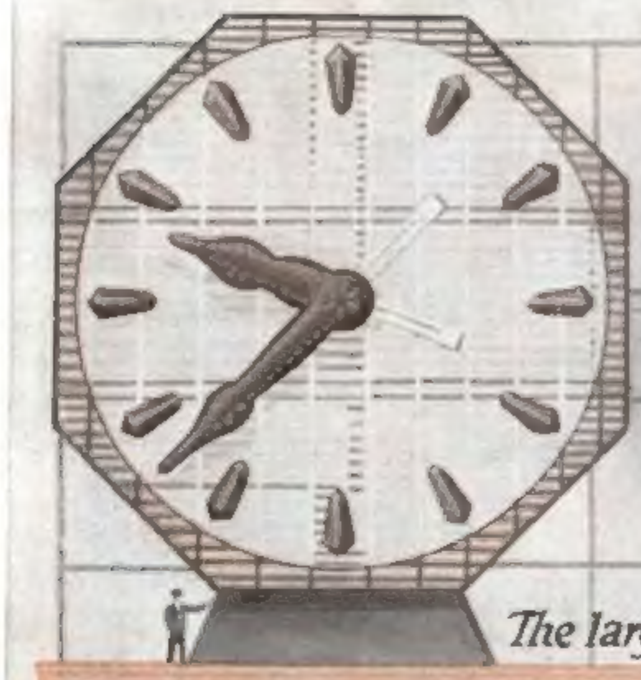
Miss Alice Bradley's Recipes

A valuable illustrated book containing 200 tested Orange and Lemon recipes by Miss Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., will be sent without charge to housewives who answer this advertisement. Send for your copy now, giving your dealer's name and address.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

California Fruit Growers Exchange. A Co-operative, Non-Profit Organization of 8000 Growers. Dept. M 63, Los Angeles, California.



COLGATE'S SOAPS-PERFUMES

The largest clock in the world is on top of the Colgate Factory—diameter of face 38 feet

Daylight Saving under the Colgate Clock

How it has worked in one big establishment

UNDER the Colgate Clock we save an hour of daylight in summer by taking it from the time of darkness and adding it to play-time—leaving work-time and sleep-time at their former length. This sounds a little complicated—but it is really very simple—as all advocates of "Daylight Saving" know.

A National Daylight Saving Bill has been introduced in Congress but as this advertisement goes to press has not been reached for consideration. Its purpose is—

To Set All Clocks Ahead

For instance: On the last Sunday in April everybody goes to bed at the usual hour, but before doing so, sets all the clocks in the house an hour ahead. If your bed-time is 10.30, set the clock to 11.30. All clocks all over the country are moved ahead the same way. You get up next morning at what used to be 6 o'clock—it is now 7. For that one night you lose an hour's sleep, but your other nights are just as long as usual. And your days run just the same—office hours, home duties, trains, mail, morning and evening newspapers—all is just as before, EXCEPT that when work stops for the day the sun is an hour higher than before and there is an hour more of daylight for recreation and social pleasures.

On the last Sunday in September, when the days are shortening, the hour hand is changed back again.

Our Two-Year Experience

Under the Colgate Clock—the biggest in the world—is surely a fitting place to practice this helpful changing of Time. We tried it two summers ago for a few weeks. A vote of our office workers showed 96% in hearty favor of continuing the plan. The 4% voting against it could not get convenient train service to and from work—which would not happen if everybody—railroads and all—adopted the plan. We have worked under this plan for two years now, and there would almost be a riot if its abandonment were suggested.

Our experience has convinced us that National Daylight Saving would get practically unanimous approval by the people of this country—if they would but try it. We, ourselves, shall continue it this year and it is our sincere wish that another summer will see Daylight Saving in effect throughout the country.

COLGATE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Established 1806

Oldest Manufacturers of Fine Soaps and Perfumes in America and the Largest in the World